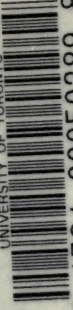


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John Lane's Continuation  
of  
Chaucer's 'Squire's Tale,'  
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John Lane's Continuation

of

Chaucer's 'Squire's Tale.'

EDITED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. VERSION OF 1616, DOUCE 170,  
COLLATED WITH ITS MS. REVISION OF 1630, ASHMOLE 53,

BY

FREDK. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., HON. DR. PHIL.,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE CHAUCER SOCIETY.

WITH NOTES ON THE MAGICAL ELEMENTS IN CHAUCER'S  
'SQUIRE'S TALE,' AND ANALOGUES,

By W. A. CLOUSTON,

AUTHOR OF 'POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS: THEIR MIGRATIONS  
AND TRANSFORMATIONS,' ETC.

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Dedicated  
TO  
CHAUCER'S CHIEF PRAISERS  
AMONG MODERN POETS,  
WILLIAM MORRIS  
AND  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.





# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
FOREWORDS, BY F. J. FURNIVALL . . . . .	ix
<i>John Lane's Continuation of Chaucer's 'Squire's Tale.'</i>	
TITLES OF THE TWO MSS. . . . .	2
FIRST DEDICATION . . . . .	3
FRESH DEDICATION . . . . .	5
THE MUSE TO THE FOWRE WINDES . . . . .	6
COMMENDATORY POEMS :	
BY THOMAS WINDHAM . . . . .	7
„ EDWARD CARPENTER . . . . .	7
„ MATTHEW JEFFERIES . . . . .	7
„ JOHN MILTON . . . . .	8
„ GEORGE HANCOCKE . . . . .	8
THE POET SPENCER, CONCERNINGE THIS INVENTION OF CHAUCERS	8
THE DISCRIPION OF THE SQUIER, AS IT WAS WRITTEN BY CHAUCER . . . . .	10
HEERE FOLLOWETH THE SQUIERS PROLOGE, AS IT IS IN CHAUCER	11
LANE'S PROEM TO CHAUCER'S <i>SQUIRE'S TALE</i> , PART I . . . . .	12
LANE'S PROEM TO CHAUCER'S <i>SQUIRE'S TALE</i> , PART II . . . . .	12
LANE'S "CONTINUATION" :	
LECTORI ACROSTICUM . . . . .	13

	PAGE
PART III.—CAMBUSCAN HOLDS A JOUST ... ..	13
„ IV.—ALGARSIFE REBELS ... ..	30
„ V.—THE PEOPLE WISH FOR WAR, CANACÉ FOR PEACE	48
„ VI.—CAMBUSCAN TAKES THE FIELD—QUEEN ETHELTA STAYS IN SERRA ... ..	73
„ VII.—ALGARSIFE AND CAMBALLO FIGHT—CAMBUSCAN BESIEGES FREGILEY ... ..	91
„ VIII.—ATTACK ON FREGILEY ... ..	118
„ IX.—ALGARSIFE IS IMPRISONED, AND CAMBUSCAN IS SLAIN ... ..	138
„ X.—FREGILEY IS TAKEN, AND KEPT BY AKAFIR ...	161
„ XI.—ALGARSIFE IS FORGIVEN—CAMBUSCAN'S GUESTS COME TO THE TOURNAMENT ... ..	192
„ XII.—ALGARSIFE WINS THEODORA—CANACÉ IS WON BY AKAFIR—VIDEREA IMPRISONED—TWO FALSE KNIGHTS BRANDED—THE FALSE TERCELET LA- MENTS HIS LOST FALCON—CANACÉ RESTORES THE FALCON SAFE AND SOUND—THE FALCON AND TERCELET ARE LOVERS AGAIN ... ..	210
GLOSSARY AND INDEX, BY MR. THOMAS AUSTIN ... ..	239

*On the Magical Elements in Chaucer's 'Squire's Tale,'*

with Analogues, BY W. A. CLOUSTON ... ..	263—471
INDEX TO MR. CLOUSTON'S PAPERS ... ..	472
CORRECTIONS FOR THE TEXT OF LANE'S <i>SQUIRE'S TALE</i> ...	477



## FOREWORDS.

JOHN LANE was the friend of Milton's father, 'most loving of musick,' who wrote Lane, not only the Fore-praise Stanza to his *Squire's Tale*, p. 8 below, but also a like Sonnet in laud of his MS. version of *Guy of Warwick* now in the British Museum.<sup>1</sup> Milton's

<sup>1</sup> Both Milton father and son lie buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripple-gate. See Mr. J. J. Baddeley's late book of 1888 on the Church.

See also Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. i. (1859), p. 42-3. Here (with its own stops, &c.) is Citizen John Milton's Sonnet of Praise to John Lane, set before "The corrected historie of SIR GWY, Earle of Warwick, surnamed the Heremite; begun by Don Lidgate, monke of St. Edmunds Berye; but now dilligentlie exquired from all Antiquitie by John Lane. 1621," in its long music-4to MS. Harleian 5243.

"Johannes Melton, Londinensis Ciues, amico suo viatico,  
in Poesis Laudem. S. D. P.

If Virtewe this bee not! what is? tell quick!  
for Childhode, Manhode, Old age, thou doest write  
Loue, Warr, and Lustes quell'd, by ann Heroick;  
instanced in Gwy of Warwick (knighthodes light.)  
Heraldes records, and each sownd Antiquarie,  
for Gwyes trewe beinge, lief, death, eake hast sought,  
To satisfye those which præuaricari:  
Manuscript, Cronikel, (yf mote bee bought)  
Coventries, Wintons, Warwicks monumentes,  
Trophies, Traditions delivered of Guy,  
With care, cost, paine, as sweetlie thou presents,  
to exemplifie the flowre of Cheualrye.  
From cradle to the sadle, and the beere;  
for Christian immitation, all are heere.

J. M.

Lane's poem, with the Title and Dedication, takes up 130 leaves of the double-columnnd MS. The *Guy* had 'licence to be printed. Jul: 13<sup>o</sup>, 1617. John Tauerner.'—leaf 132 of Harl. MS. 5243. Joseph Hunter was the first to print the Sonnet. Masson reprinted it, in modern spelling (*Milton's Life*, i. 43), and also part of the following lines, Lane's compliment to John Milton, the Poet's father, in Lane's *Tritons Trumpet*, MS. Reg. 17 B XV, leaf 179 (pencil; 182, ink) back.

"At this full point, the Ladie Musickes hande,  
opened the casementes wheare the pupilles stande,  
to whome, liftinge that signe which kept the time,  
lowd organs, cornetes, haggbuttes, viales chime,  
lutes, cithernes, virginals, and harpsicordes,  
bandoraes, orpharions, statelie grave,  
otherboes, classhers, sweetest of the thrave,  
and everie instrument of melodie,

nephew, Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, thus describes our author:—

“*John Lane.* A fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman, who was living within my remembrance, and whose several poems, had they not had the ill fate to remain unpublisht,—when much better meriting than many that are in print,—might possibly have gain’d him a name not much inferiour, if not equal, to *Drayton*, and others of the next rank to *Spencer*; but they are all to be produc’t in Manuscript: namely, his *Poetical Vision*; <sup>1</sup> his *Alarm to the Poets* [1648]; <sup>2</sup> his *Twelve Months*; <sup>3</sup> his *Guy of Warwic*, a Heroic Poem (at least as much as many others that are so Entitled); and lastly his Supplement to Chaucer’s *Squire’s Tale*.”—1675, p. 111-112; ed. 1824, p. xxiii.<sup>4</sup>

Edmund Howes, who in 1615 publisht *Stowe’s Annales*, ed. 1605, with a *Continuation*, doesn’t mention Lane in his list of English poets, among whom is “Willi. Shakespeare, gentleman,” p. 811, col. 2. Anthony Wood, in 1691-2, writing of John Lane of Christ Church, who died in 1578, says, ‘There was one John Lane, a poet, about this time.’—*Fasti Oxonienses*, Part I, col. 189, notes, under A.D. 1572.

Besides the works which Phillips names, John Lane publisht in 1600 a poem of 120 six-line stanzas (*ababcc*) on the vices of his country-men and women, entitled

‘Tom / Tel-Troths / Message and / his Pens Com- / plaint. /  
A worke not vnpleasant to be read / nor vnprofitable to be fol- / lowed.  
Written by Jo. La. Gent. / . . . London ./ Imprinted for R. Howell,  
and are to be sold at his shop, / neere the great North doore of  
Paules, at the signe of / the white horse. 1600./’

---

which mote, or ought exhibite harmonie,  
did fore the muses all theire coninges spend,  
so excellent! as note by ynck bee pennd:  
for whie? before the close concludes theire noyses,  
in strake to all these sweetes, a chirme of voices,  
warblinge, dividinge, turninge, relishinge,  
accentinge, airinge, curbinge, orderinge,  
those sweete-sweete partes Meltonus did compose,  
as wonders selfe amazd was at the lose,<sup>1</sup>  
which in a counterpoint mayntaininge hielo,  
gan all summe vp thus, Alleluia Deo.

The musick ended, silence hushd them all” . . . .

<sup>1</sup> See my *Percy Folio Ballads and Romances*, ii. 522, col. 1, at foot. The *Poetical Visions* was to have ‘first and second partes.’

<sup>2</sup> See Lowndes, and Heber’s *Sale-Catalog*, Part IV. <sup>3</sup> See next page.

<sup>4</sup> See also Winstanley’s *Lives of the Poets* (1687), p. 100 (which only repeats part of Phillips), and Hazlitt’s *Hand-book*, p. 326, col. 2.

<sup>1</sup> Masson prints ‘close.’



This I reprinted in my *Tell-Troth* volume for the New Shakspeare Society in 1876, pp. 107—135 ; and as it mentions the Globe theatre in which Shakspeare had a share,<sup>1</sup> and also possibly alludes to his *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* (st. 109, p. 132), readers of the present volume may perhaps care to look at it. It is better worth reading than this Continuation of the *Squire's Tale*, little as that is to say for it. I have sketcht its Contents on pp. xiii-xv of my *Tell-Troth* Forewords, from which I take the present details.

Lane also publisht

"An Elegie vpon the death of the high and renowned Princesse, our late Soueraigne Elizabeth. By I. L. Imprinted at London for John Deane, at Temple-barre. 1603: 4to. 7 leaves. *Bodleian* (Malone)."

What Phillips calls Lane's *Twelve Months*, is

"Tritons Trumpet to the sweete monethes / husbanded and moralized by / John Lane / poeticalie adducinge /

1°. The seauen deadlie sinnes practised into combustion.

2°. Their remedie by their contraries, the Virtues, gratioously intendinge the Golden meane ; so called of perfectinge to felicitie.

3°. The execrable Vices punished, alludinge eternalie.

Virtus perijt et inventa est. / 1621 /." MS. Reg. 17 B xv. Brit. Mus. The poem is on 201 leaves, 4to, after two prose Dedications.

Lane's re-telling of the Romance of *Guy of Warwick* may possibly be edited by my friend Prof. Zupitza for the Early English Text Society, for completeness' sake, when he has finisht the other versions of the story. The prose Forewords to this *Guy* I printed in the *Percy Folio Ballads and Romances*, ii. 521-5, from the Harleian MS. 5243 in the British Museum.

The present reprint is due to no merit in Lane's poem, for it has none, but only to the fact that it is a continuation of one of Chaucer's

<sup>1</sup> Then light-taylde huswiues, which like *Syrens* sing, [p. 45] 679

And like to *Circes* with their drugs enchant,

Would not vnto the Banke-sides round-house fling,

In open sight, themselues to show and vaunt :

682

Then, then, I say, they would not maskèd goe,

Though vnseene, to see those they faine would know.

684

Stanza 114, page 133.

Tales, and therefore ought to be put in type for the Chaucer Society. Most folk, on reading it, will be ready to treat Lane's memory with the 'black obloquie' he invokes for the defacers of Chaucer's figure :

'And they which Chaucer's figure deigne deface,  
ô lett them live in shame, die in disgrace;  
and never meete with other memorie  
then is repeated of black obloquie.'

But they will recollect that the old versifier did love Chaucer, did search for the missing (and never-written) part of the poet's *Squire's Tale* 'in all old libraries, and Londons towre' (p. 234, l. 553), and did believe that he was honouring Chaucer by writing the miserable Continuation he has produced, of

'him that left half told  
The Story of *Cambuscan* bold,  
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,  
And who had *Canace* to wife,  
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,  
And of the wond'rous Horse of Brass,  
On which the Tartar King did ride.'

Milton. *Il Penseroso*. (Urry, sign. i.)

Remembering this, the readers who would otherwise have curst Lane, will withhold their swears, and, if they can't feel for him, will pity him : he'd have written a better poem if he had been able. Be sure, he did his best, for his Master's love.

The completion of the *Squire's Tale* would have taxed Chaucer's utmost power, even when he was at his best. The subject is one into which he could have imported little humanity. The Continuation would have been a constant strain on his invention and fancy. The work wouldn't have repaid the effort, and so the Poet turnd it up, as he did the *Good Women* when he'd done nine of them out of the proposed nineteen. Who of us, in his own line, has not done the like? Man is mortal ; and when a fellow man doesn't see his way thro' a bit of work, it bores him, and he drops it.

Naturally no real Poet tried to take up Chaucer's unfinisht task.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I mean, the whole of it. Spenser chose and changed one incident for use in his *Faerie Queene*, and made the fay-born trin brethren, Priamond, Dyamond, and Triamond, fight Camballo in order to see which of them could win Canace. As we all know, Camballo (preserved by Canace's Ring) was allowd to kill Priamond and Dyamond, the first two trins, but was reconciled to the third, Triamond (who secured Canace), by their sister Cambina, whom Camballo speedily married.—*Faerie Queene*, Book IV, Canto ii, st. 30, to end of Canto iii.



But where Angels dare not tread, we know who rush in ; and so the Poetaster Lane wrote his Continuation of the *Squire's Tale*, and we wise folk have printed it.

Chaucer has told us what he meant to do in the completion of *his Tale* :

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
| (1) First, wol I tellë yow / of Cambynskan,            | 661 |
| That in his tymë / many a Citee wan ;                  |     |
| (2) And after / wol I speke of Algarsif,               |     |
| How that he wan / Theodera to his wif,                 | 664 |
| For whom ful ofte / in greet peril he was,             |     |
| N' hadde he be holpen / by the steede of bras.         |     |
| (3) And after / wol I speke of Cambalo,                |     |
| That faught in lystës / with the bretheren two         | 668 |
| For Canacee / er that he <sup>1</sup> myghte hir wyne. |     |
- (From the Ellesmere MS. Group F, § 2. *Six-Text*, p. 427, col. 1.)

He had also to tell us how the Falcon won back her false Tercelet by the mediation of Cambynskan's younger son, Camballo or Camballus ; to tell

"How that this Faucon / gat hir loue ageyn,  
Repentant / as the storie telleth vs,  
By mediacioun of Cambalus  
The kynges sone."—*Ibid.* 656

to invent something for the Magic Mirror to do, and lastly to explain how the Knight who was to win Canace (l. 669) was a namesake of her brother Camballo ; for we cannot possibly suppose that this Knight's fight in lists with the Two Brethren (l. 668) was to rescue Canace from captivity. Chaucer was of course bound to provide Canace with a husband, before finishing his Tale.

Of Chaucer's purposes, Lane carries out all, with variations. He tells us of Cambynskan (or Cambuscan), kills him, buries him, and brings him to life again. Lane also speaks of Algarsif, and weds him to Theodora ; but he does not put Algarsif oft in great peril for his bride, nor, consequently, does he make the Horse of Brass rescue Algarsif from this peril. On the contrary, Lane turns Algarsif into a traitor and rebel to his Father, then makes Algarsif's treacherous Generals put him in prison—from which his re-vivified Father frees him,—then shows Algarsif as a penitent, and lastly, as rewarded not only by Theodora's hand, but by the gifts (from her Father) of India,

<sup>1</sup> Spenser, as we have seen, makes Chaucer's *he* in line 669, mean 'one of the 3 brethren who fight for Canace.'

Arabia, Judea, and Palestine, and (from his own Father) of the Horse of Brass. This is killing the fatted calf for the prodigal son, with a vengeance. His brother Camballo ought to have had Theodora.

As to the Camballo who Chaucer said was to win (and of course wed) Canace,—after fighting the Two Brethren,—Lane turns him into Akafr, the Admiral of Cambuscan. But instead of getting all Cambuscan's country with Canace, as the winner of her was promist before the Tourney (p. 201), he gets only one town—the city Fregiley, which rebelld with Algarsif, and then had its name changed to Canacamor—and the Magic Sword, Morlivo. Still, considering that his opponents the Two Brethren bolted after the first brush, Akafr is well rewarded. He may have been meant to get Cambuscan's land after the latter's death.

Camballo, the younger son of Cambuscan, gets a lady, 'Frelissa faire, with Serra province,' seemingly Chaucer's 'Sarray, in the lond of Tartarie,' where Cambynskan dwelt, and whereof he was King, and which, in Lane's text, p. 201, was promist to the winner of Canace.

Lane finds something for the Magic Mirror to do for Canace, in showing her what has happend at a distance (p. 193). And he continues the power of the Magic Ring in enabling her to understand birds' talk (pp. 192-3, 230-3). Moreover, it is by Camballo's 'mediacioun' with Canace that her Falcon gets the love of its Tercelet again (pp. 229-233).

Lane says nothing about the Knight in the *Squire's Tale* who brings Cambynskan the Magic gifts; but he tells us that these gifts were made, and sent to Cambuscan, by a wondrously-learned friend of his, Bunthoto, King of Ind, who afterwards concocts the Elixir which restores the dead Cambuscan to life, and whose daughter weds Algarsif.

Both Lane's original version of his Poem—which he dates 1616, tho' it was licenst on March 2, 1614-15 (p. 237 below),—and his revised version of 1630 exist in MS. in the Bodleian: the former is MS. Douce 170; the latter, Ashmole 53.<sup>1</sup> The revision does remove

<sup>1</sup> Black's *Catalog* of 1845, col. 91, describes it as

'No. 53. A small quarto volume, containing 81 leaves of paper, gilt at



a few of the blemishes of the first version, and had better perhaps have been taken as our text, with collations from the earlier original. But as the early version of 1616 was copied first, and as it is always more interesting to follow changes of a text in their order of time, the decision was come-to to print the 1616 text, and give all the variations of the 1630. If any one ever reprints Lane's Continuation, he can reverse this plan, print the 1630, and collate the 1616.

Whatever else has to be said on Lane's work and its sources, I leave Mr. Clouston to say in his Introduction on the stories of a Magic Horse, Glass, Ring, Sword, &c., which he has very kindly promised to write for us.

All Lane's frightful word-coinages will be duly entered in the Glossary that will appear in Part II.

Miss Angelina F. Parker, one of the daughters of Mr. George Parker of the Bodleian, has copied the 1616 MS., and collated the 1630 one; and she and Mr. Parker have read the proofs and revised with the MSS. My part has been only to see to the arrangement of Lane's Dedications, &c., to put head-lines and side-notes, refer doubtful forms and letters to Mr. Parker, and to write these Forewords. The latter ought doubtless to be fuller; but I have to start at half-past three, to look at some second-hand Wager-boats at Putney, and to scull up one that I bought last Friday of Ted Phelps at the London Rowing Club Yard: these for the little Wager-boat Club I'm trying to start.<sup>1</sup> So I pray Chaucer-Soc. Members to hold me excused from taking up more of their time and print-money at present.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

*5 September, 1888, 3 p.m.  
3 St. George's Sq., London, N.W.*

the edges, besides three on which are written the title and introductory pieces: it is very neatly written, as for a presentation copy; and the royal Arms are stamped on the cover.'

<sup>1</sup> Club failed to come to the scratch, so I shall keep 4 wager-boats for the best of my Maurice-Club men to practise in, besides 1 for myself.

P.S. In the Marriages at St. Dionis Backchurch, London (Harl. Soc.), p. 17, is one which may possibly be that of our author :

“1611. June 4. John Lane, of St. Katheren Colemans, & Johan de Groote, of St. Buttolphes, Bishopsgate : by *license*.”

Earlier ones in Col. Chester's *Marriage Licenses*, col. 812, are :—

“Lane, John, of St. Andrew-in-the-Wardrobe, and Johanna Noxe, spinster, of St. Sepulchre—at St. Sepulchre. 7 July, 1575.

“Lane, John, of St. Olave, Jewry, London, cordwainer, and Katherine Lloyd, widow, of same, relict of John Lloyd, late of same, cordwainer—at same. 9 Feb. 1587-8.”





John Lane's Continuation of Chaucer's  
"Squire's Tale."

*The Titles of the First Version and the Revised Version  
of John Lane's Poem.*

---

[Douce MS. 170, *First Version.* On fly-leaf, once the cover.]

Spencers Squiers tale,

which hath binn loste allmost three hundred yeers,  
and sought by manie,

is now brought to light by

J. L.

---

1616.

[Ashmole MS. 53, once, 6937, *Revised Version.*]

Chaucers Miller,

beinge his Master-peere, called the Squiers Tale;

which hath binn given lost, for allmost thease three hundred  
yeares: but now fownd out, and brought to light by

John Lane.

1630.



## JOHN LANE'S FIRST DEDICATION.

[Douce MS. 170. *The First Version.*]

<sup>1</sup>To the illustrious Classis of Poetes Laureate [leaf i]  
in bothe the famous Vniuersities.

Ingenious sirrs, I present vnto you the Squiers  
tale, wrought of the same matter, finished on the same  
model, composed in the same kind of verse, and  
prosequuted into the verie same offices, scopes, and  
circumstances convenient, *which* your great ancestor,  
Dan Chaucer began, and promised at the first, in  
mowldinge wheareof (after my owne way of invention,  
for *elles* heereafter might saye, that he did all this, and  
I nothinge), I stragle not from his idea; for that weare  
to committ nullitie of the whole. The taske (I graunt)  
is hard, wheare no byestander cann possiblie plucke  
downe the poetes selfe, out of owne<sup>2</sup> sphere of ideal  
fabricke: and well wee knowe that onlie one rare  
Chaucer lived at once. Which caused Mr Spencer to  
lament the losse of the originale; whoe also assumeth  
that none in Chaucers time, nor since his death, durst  
finishe this peece, but himselfe, though manie made  
essaies, yet all in vaine. Notwithstandinge hee, in his  
Faery Queene, dothe it promiscuouslie, and that in  
longer staves, then couplettes. Whearfore I (thoughe

O Laureate Poets,  
I here offer you  
Chaucer's *Squire's*  
*Tale*, finisht on  
his model.

The task is hard.

Spencer lamented  
the loss of the  
original,

and completed it  
promiscuously.

<sup>1-1</sup> To the — J. L., on next page, are not in the Ashmole MS. 53, the Revised Version of the Poem.

<sup>2</sup> We should expect 'his owne'; but Lane constantly leaves out the adjective pronoun. See p. 13, l. 7; p. 15, l. 29, &c. &c.

#### 4 *Lane's First Dedication, to the Poets Laureate.*

farr his inferior), tracinge out all Chaucers scopes, to  
 one constant ende, have presumed to illustrate the  
 I've done it in 10 Cantos, same in these my tenn Cantoes, three waies varied,  
 vz. : 1<sup>o</sup> by the art of warr in general ; 2<sup>o</sup> by particular  
 and personal instances, officiated at the speare & sheild ;  
 3<sup>o</sup> by the necessitie of musical conclusions. And these  
 and added 'em to Chaucer's two, have I added to Chaucers twaine, in steade of those of  
 his, *which* have binn lost allmoste three hundred  
 yeeres, but now to bee impd on his fether, incase it so  
 seeme fitt, to your magistral censure. ffor my owne  
 part, I arrogate not to my selfe, nor yet dare vendicate  
 with you, in your so wittie and vnderstandinge a  
 facultie, for *which* I never suckd your mothers milke,  
 to professe more then to love it & them *which* cann it  
 aright ; onlie I have composed these vnpolished lines,  
 And though my lines are un- the *which*, if well, will not bee too longe for his tale,  
 polisht, Which meaneth not to entertaine the reader vnder ann  
 absolute tract, least elles it faile in all : in hope *your*  
 I dedicate them to you and Chaucer's memory. loves will pardon what I dedicate to your approbation,  
 and to the memorie of that excellent christian poet,  
 vntill *your* selves shalbee pleased to doe it better. In  
 the meane time, takinge leave, doe betake you all to  
 your divine muses, this of

Your verie Lovinge frende,

J. L.



## LANE'S FRESH DEDICATION.

[*Ashmole MS. 53, Revised Version.*]

<sup>1</sup>The Muse, to the soveraign bewtie of our  
 most noble and illustrious Ladie, the vir-  
 tuous Queene Marie, wief of our adreadded  
 soveraign Lord, Kinge Charles, &c.

M Maie not an olive branch of Peace, Truth, Loue,  
 a att heavnlie zeales flame, tyne more lampes with  
 yee ?

*Acrostic on Q.  
 Mary, wife of  
 Charles I.*

r rouze vp thy fethers O meeke Turtle-Dove !  
 i invert eake the seaes rage ! so heere shall see  
 a, armes yeild to Loue, Truth, Iustice, foes agree.  
 A Above all Virtewes, Loue is soveraigne,  
 n nor was theare ever Faith without trewe Loue,  
 g gives fier to concord, peace, truith, iustice traine ;  
 l Loue conquers Hate, as heere twoe Ladies prove :  
 i in whose perspective mirrour cleere is seene  
 æ: Englandes lacke, supplied in yee Faerie Queene,  
 C Com then ! that Temperances sober feast  
 M. maie all invite, from brawles, to tranquil rest !

Love is the sove-  
 reign Virtue,

and conquers  
 Hate.

'Tis England's  
 lack, supplied by  
 you.

To yee, thearefore, most gracious Queene ! for your  
 highnes recreation, I (in all humilitie and subiection)  
 doe present yonder warlike Squiers tale, tragecomi-  
 calie handled ; beinge in deed our Chaucers longe lost

To you, then, O  
 Queen,  
 I offer my ending  
 of Chaucer's Tale  
 of Love.

<sup>1</sup> This and the next page are not in the Douce MS. 170, the First Version of the Poem.

6 *John Lane's Substituted Dedication, to Q. Mary.*

trubucent [*sic*] pillare, or model demonstrative of Loue,  
truth, and Justice (his conuertibilia): In which hee  
alludeth that fyerie one, that conducted all Israel  
[for turbulent ?] through the truluculent agitations of that time; but  
Chaucer's Tale  
had only 2 Parts  
and 2 lines. of his lost, or rather suppressed, tale onlie twoe partes  
and twoe lines are extant; the rest, for neere theas  
three hundred yeares passed, could by none bee fownd  
Spencer wrote of  
it 4 stanzas. out, except by me Edm. Spencer: as hee in his fower  
ensewinge stanzas sadlie complaineth, and confidentlie  
maintaineth. Nevertheles, forasmuch as in his Faerie  
Queene hee dealeth with yt promiscuously, and not  
in couplettes (suitinge to the authors institute), I  
I've turnd Chau-  
cer's 2 Parts into  
12, in couplets,  
and thus com-  
pleted his intend-  
ed work. have presumed, takinge Chaucers Q, to make his  
twoe straines tell twelve, wheareby, though his Original  
weare lost, or suppressed, I vendicate into his trewe  
scope and meaninge, though not poetical abilitie. More  
then that, thease my supplimentes may, for sections,  
bee impd on his fether, to flye abrode, rather an  
absolute, then, by the Muses enimies, a winge-clipped  
Poem, vntill som other shall better reclame yt.

Your maiesties most humble subiect,

John Lane.

---

The Muse to the fowre windes.

I might have  
written a fresh  
*Plowman's Tale*,  
or *Guy of War-*  
*wicke*,

but was hinderd.

I had to Poetes an alarum given,  
and told a Plowmans tale of twelve monthes longe,  
and righted Gwy of Warwicke (now in heavn),  
and more Poeticke visions troopd amonge ;  
but Licence and the Press have twoe condicions,  
that hurt more then they heale, yet no Phisiciens.  
thus maie this Philomel hush vp her Lay,  
sith Printers maie not preach, yet they will pray.

J. L.

[Commendatory Poems. Douce MS. 170.]

<sup>1</sup>Thomas Windham, Kensfordiae, Somerset-  
tensis, armiger, ad authorem.<sup>1</sup>

[leaf 1, bk]

The ivie needes not, wheare theare is good wine,  
nor thy booke, praises of my slender muse,  
<sup>2</sup>sithe love, truith, iustice, in it cleere doe shine,<sup>2</sup>  
which iron<sup>3</sup> age hathe driven out of vse :

This book needs  
no praise from  
me.

<sup>4</sup>no tonge, nor penn,<sup>4</sup> cann this thy verse abuse,  
but Bayard blind, that drosse for gold dothe chouse /

Only blind Bayard  
can abuse it.

---

Edwardus Carpenter.

Thy poem shewes, wheare love the scales dothe hold,  
iustice, and truith, convertes at everie ende,  
from whence no hurt cann comm to younge or old ;  
concord and musicke doe the same intend ;  
Which fyve, reduced, somms vp one vnitie,  
as sweetlie chauntes thy tragecomidie

Lane's Tragi-  
comedy combines  
Love, Justice,  
Truth,

Concord and  
Music.

---

Matthew Jefferies, *master* of Choristers of the  
cathedral church of welles, to his frende.

I was the firste that, with ann oten quill,  
(skoringe thy lines), fast caught dread James his eare,  
With serious heede, to love Apolloes skill,  
thoughe of my notes, no notice woold appeare :  
but dienge now, frend, thy love-tyninge muse  
awakes my spirit, which but awaites for heavn  
to contest with thie musical issues,  
Which all the speares,<sup>5</sup> harmoniouslie reweaven,  
Whither (naie higher farr) I now ascend,  
and leave my memorie with thee, my frend /

My music to your  
poem taught  
James I. to love  
Music.

Now I die, and  
leave my memory  
to you.

<sup>1-1</sup> *Ashm. MS.* Thomas Windham, de Keinsford in Com. Somerset, Armiger : Justiciarius &c. alter, ad authorem. *Only this one verse is in the Ashmole MS.*

<sup>2-2</sup> sith in it ! love, truith, iustice cleerely shine,

<sup>3</sup> th' iron.

<sup>4-4</sup> nor tonge, ne penn, <sup>5</sup> speares = spheres.



John Melton, Cittisen of London, most lov-  
inge of musicke, to his frend J. L.

Music hates dis-  
cords,

Right well I knowe, that vnites, eightes, fyvths, thirdes,  
from discordes, and cromatickes, doe abhorre,  
thoughe heavnlie reason bares with those absurdes  
to musickes Class, for love sake, to restore.

yet we, loveless,  
write Music.

but tell me, Lane, how canste thow this approve,  
that wee presume on musicke, with-out love?

George Hancocke, Somersettensis, to his  
frende, J. L.

Ring the peal of  
Love,

So ringe the peale of love, truith, iustice out,  
as it, into theire choire, all heerers chime;

and stop the bells  
of Discord,

so cease the belles, of discordes dismal rowt,  
as it entwene this harmonie divine;

as Chaucer and  
Spencer did and  
do.

so virtues flame woold loves sweete lampe entine,  
as Chaucer, Lidgate, Sidney, Spencer dead,  
yett livinge swanns, singe out what thow haste sedd?

[leaf ii]

<sup>1</sup>The Poet Spencer, <sup>2</sup>concerninge this invention  
of Chaucers. Lib. 4. Cant. 2. stafe. 31.<sup>2</sup>

31.

*Spencer's Faerie  
Queene.*

Whoe, as they now approched Nigh at hande,  
deeminge them doughtie, as they did appeare,

The Squire reports  
that the comers  
are

they sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand  
what mote they bee: Whoe, viewinge them more neere,  
returned readie newes, that those same weare

twoe of the prowest knightes of faerie land,  
and those twoe ladies their twoe lovers deere,

Camballo and  
Triamond,  
Canace and Cam-  
bine,

couragious Camball and stowte Triamond,  
with Canace and Cambine, linckd in lovelie band /

<sup>1</sup> *This is in both Versions.*

<sup>2-2</sup> *Ashm. MS.* vppon the loss of that peece of Chaucers.  
Libro 4<sup>o</sup>. Canto 31<sup>o</sup>.

32.

Whilome, as antique stories tellen vs,	
those <sup>1</sup> twee weare foes, the feloniste on grounde,	foes of old,
and battaile made the draddest daungerous	
that ever shrillinge trumpet did resound :	
though now their actes bee no wheare to be found	tho their deeds
as that renowned Poet them compiled,	cannot be found,
with warlike numbers and heroicke sound,	as written by
Dan <sup>2</sup> Chaucer, well of English vndefiled,	CHAUCER,
on fames eternal beddroll, worthie, to bee fyled /	well of English
	undefiled.

33.

But wicked time, that all good thinges <sup>3</sup> doest waste,	Wicked Time
and worckes of noblest wittes to nought out weare,	
that famous monument <sup>4</sup> hath quite defact,	has robd us of
and robbd the world of treasure endlesse deare,	this Treasure.
the which mote have enriched all vs heere.	
ô cursed Eld, the canker worme of writts,	Cursed Age,
how maie these rimes <sup>5</sup> (so rude as dothe appeare)	
have <sup>6</sup> to endure, sithe workes of heavnlie wittes	that devours the
are quite devowrd, and brought to nought, by litle bittes.	works of heavenly
	wits !

34.

Then pardon, ô most sacred happie spirit,	
that I thy labors lost maie thus revive,	Pardon me then,
and steale from thee the meede of thy dewe merit	happy Spirit of
that none durst ever, whilste <sup>7</sup> thow wast alive,	Chaucer, if I re-
and beinge dead, in vaine, yet manie strive ;	vive thy labours,
ne dare I like, but throughe infusion sweete	
of thine owne spirit, which dothe in mee survive,	
I followe heere the footinge of thy feete,	and follow the
that with thy meaninge so I maie the rather meete /	footing of thy
	feet.

Ashm. MS.    <sup>1</sup> thease    <sup>2</sup> Don    <sup>3</sup> thoughtes    <sup>4</sup> monument  
<sup>5</sup> lines    <sup>6</sup> hope    <sup>7</sup> while

Canace was the  
most learned lady  
of her day.

Caballoes<sup>1</sup> sister was faire Canacee,  
that was the learnedst Ladie in her daies,  
well seene in everie science that mote bee,  
and everie secret worke of<sup>2</sup> natures waies &c /

[Here follow 1. "The Discription of the Squire, as it  
was written by Chaucer," in 22 lines; 2. "The  
Squiers Prologe as it is in Chaucer," in 28 lines;  
and 3. the incomplete Tale (not now reprinted).]

<sup>3</sup>The discription of the Squier, as it was  
written by Chaucer.<sup>3</sup>

[From the Prolog to *The Canterbury Tales*.]

With the Knight  
was his son,

a Squire of 20,

who'd resided in  
Artois, &c,  
and fought well.

His coat was  
flowerd like a  
mead, and he sang  
all day.

His sleeves were  
new-fashiond.

<sup>4</sup>With him, theare was<sup>4</sup> his sonn, a younge esquire,  
a lover, and a lustie batchilier,  
<sup>5</sup>with his lockes<sup>5</sup> crull, as they weare laid in presse,  
of twentie yeeres of age hee was, I gwesse; 4  
<sup>6</sup>of his stature, hee was of<sup>6</sup> even lengthe,  
and wonderlie delivr, and of great strengthe.  
and hee had <sup>7</sup>bee sometime<sup>7</sup> in Chiawctrye,  
in Flanders, in Artoies, and Picardie, 8  
<sup>8</sup>and borne him well, as of<sup>8</sup> so litel space,  
in hope <sup>9</sup>for to stande[n]<sup>9</sup> in his Ladies grace.  
embrodered was hee, as it weare a meade,  
<sup>10</sup>all full of freshe flowers,<sup>10</sup> bothe white and read: 12  
<sup>11</sup>singinge hee<sup>11</sup> was, or floitinge all the daye;  
<sup>12</sup>hee was<sup>12</sup> as freshe as is the month of maye.  
short was his gowne, with sleeves longe and wide;  
<sup>13</sup>well could hee<sup>13</sup> sytt ann horse, and farelie ryde; 16  
<sup>14</sup>hee could songes make, and hee could<sup>14</sup> well endite,  
ioust, and eake daunce; and portrey, <sup>15</sup>and well write.<sup>15</sup>

*Ashm. MS.* <sup>1</sup> Caballoe <sup>2</sup> in <sup>3-3</sup> Discription of the Squier by Chaucer.  
<sup>4-4</sup> Theare was with him <sup>5-5</sup> with lockes <sup>6-6</sup> hee was of stature of an  
<sup>7-7</sup> sometime bin <sup>8-8</sup> and well him born, as in <sup>9-9</sup> to stand faire  
<sup>10-10</sup> and full of flowers, fresh <sup>11-11</sup> and singinge <sup>12-12</sup> and all  
<sup>13-13</sup> and well could <sup>14-14</sup> hee songes could make, so could hee  
<sup>15-15</sup> well and wright



so hott hee loved, that by nighter tale		He was a hot lover,
hee slepte no more then dothe the nightingale :	20	
curteous hee was, lowlie, and serviceable,		
and kerff before his father at the table.		and carvd at table

<sup>1</sup>Heere followeth<sup>1</sup> the Squiers Prologe as it is  
in Chaucer.

Our hoste, vppon his stiropes stode anon,		The Host (Harry Bailey) bids the
and sayd : "Yee good men, herkeneth eueriechone !		Priest tell a Tale.
this was a thriftie tale, evn for the nonce.		

Sir Parish Prieste (quoth hee), for goddes<sup>2</sup> bones, 4  
tell vs a tale, as was thy forward yore ;  
I see well, that yee learned men in lore  
<sup>3</sup>cann much good thinges,<sup>3</sup> by high goddes dignitee."

the pars'n him aunswerd "Benedicite !	8	The Parson rebukes him for swearing.
What ailes the man, so sinfullie to sweare ?"		

our host <sup>4</sup> aunswerd, "ô Jenken, been yee theare ? <sup>4</sup>		The Host says the Parson's a Lollard.
Now good men (quoth our hoste) herkneth to me :		

I smell a Loller in the winde (quoth hee); 12  
abideth for godes deigne passion,  
for wee shall haue a predication ;  
this lollar heere will prechen vs somewhat."

"Nay, by my fathers soule, that shall hee not !" <sup>5</sup> 16		
said the younge squier, "for heere hee shall not preache ;		The Squire declares he'll have no heresy talkt ;
<sup>6</sup> heere shall hee no ghospell nor glosse, ne teache : <sup>6</sup>		

Wee liveth all in the great god (quoth hee) ;		
<sup>7</sup> hee wouold heere sowen <sup>7</sup> some difficultee,	20	
or springe cockell <sup>8</sup> into our cleener corne,		(f. 1 b)

and thearfore hoste, I warren thee beforne,		
my iollie bodie shall a tallye tell ;		he'll tell a merry Tale himself ;
<sup>9</sup> and I shall ringen you <sup>9</sup> so mirrie a bell	24	

Ashm. MS. 1-1 omit. in Ashm. 2 God his 3-3 much good can,  
4-4 him answerd "Jenkyn, ô! b'ye theare ?" 5 nat  
6-6 ne heere no ghospell tell, nor glosses teach,  
7-7 this mate would sowen heere 8 his cockell  
9-9 whearewith I shall yee ringe

not one of Philosophy or Law.

<sup>1</sup>that shall awake[n] all<sup>1</sup> this companie ;  
but it shall not been<sup>2</sup> of Philosophie  
ne Phisickes skill, ne<sup>3</sup> termes quaint of Lawe ;  
theare is but litel Latine in my mawe./” 28

<sup>4</sup>Heere endeth the Squiers Prologe, and  
heerafter followeth his tale, as it lieth in  
Chaucer./<sup>4</sup>

[*Chaucer's Squire's Tale. Part I.*]

Lane's Proem to  
Chaucer's *Squire's*  
Tale, Part I.

Firste Parte. *Canto Primo.*

<sup>5</sup>Cambuscan and Ethel<sup>5</sup> have children three,  
Algarsife, Camballo,<sup>6</sup> with faire Canac ;<sup>7</sup>  
a horse of brasse, and<sup>8</sup> swoord of soveraigntee  
are sent them, with a ringe and lookinge glasse./

Chaucer.

At Serra,<sup>9</sup> in the Lande of Tartarie,  
theare dwelt a kinge that <sup>10</sup>warried Surrey,<sup>10</sup>  
throughe<sup>11</sup> which theare died manie<sup>12</sup> a doughtie man.  
this noble kinge was called Cambuscan,

[*last lines.*]

but thus I lett<sup>13</sup> in luste and iollitee,  
<sup>14</sup>this Cambuscan, his lordes<sup>14</sup> all feastinge,  
vntill well nighe the daie begann to springe.

*Canto Secundo.*<sup>15</sup>

Lane's Proem to  
Chaucer's *Squire's*  
Tale, Part II.

A falcon trewe by tercelet false is trayd  
the virtues of yond horse, Swoorde, Ringe & Glass,  
anon, not heere, <sup>16</sup>must b'in<sup>16</sup> Loves batailles playd  
Wheare love, truith, iustice, theire contraries has.

Chaucer.

The nourice of digestion, the<sup>17</sup> sleepe,  
gann on him<sup>18</sup> wincke, and bode<sup>19</sup> them take to keepe  
that mirth, and drinke, and labor will have rest :

<sup>1-1</sup> *Ashm. MS.* as shall awake all in <sup>2</sup> bee <sup>3</sup> nor  
<sup>4-4</sup> The Squiers tale as it is in Chaucer. <sup>5-5</sup> Cambuscan, Ethel eake,  
<sup>6</sup> and Cambal, <sup>7</sup> Canace, <sup>8</sup> a <sup>9</sup> Sarra <sup>10-10</sup> warred Assurie,  
<sup>11</sup> in <sup>12</sup> full manie <sup>13</sup> leave  
<sup>14-14</sup> Cambuscan with his Lordlings <sup>15</sup> *Ashm. adds,* Second parte.  
<sup>16-16</sup> are in <sup>17</sup> quiet <sup>18</sup> them <sup>19</sup> bid

And after will <sup>1</sup>I speake<sup>1</sup> of Camballo,  
 Who<sup>2</sup> fought in listes with the breathern twoe,  
<sup>3</sup>for Canace : ear that hee might<sup>3</sup> her winn,  
 and theare<sup>4</sup> I left, I will againe beginn.

[*End of Chaucer's Part II.*]

End of Chaucer's  
*Squire's Tale*,  
 Part II.

(f. 4 b)  
*all these are per-  
 formed after-  
 wards.*

[*Douce MS. 170. (Bodl. Libr.) Lane's First Version.*]

<sup>5</sup>Thus farr Chaucer. Now followeth a supplie  
 to what heereof is missinge; finished by  
 John Lane, anno Domini 1615.

*Lectori acrosticum.*

I graunt my bareke, ores, men, too slowe, weake, pale,  
 of standinge within kenn of Chaucers quill,  
 Howbeet, least Elde mote robb his Squiers loste tale  
 neere point of reskewe, pittye steeres my keel, 4  
 Lamentinge with the muses, suche a losse,  
 as richer peece near Poetes head begunn.  
 Now sithe no allegorie blabbs owne glosse,  
 ende, meanlie ended, bett'r is, then vndon.<sup>5</sup>

Acrostic on *John  
 Lane.*

Out of pity I finish  
 Chaucer's Tale.

8 A bad end's better  
 than none.

*Canto Tercio.*<sup>6</sup>

A roial ioust Cambuscan calles,  
 and theareto buildes a theatere :  
 his towne Fregilia stirreth brawles,  
 theventes wheareof Canac<sup>7</sup> dothe feare.

Cambuscan holds  
 a ioust.

*The Collations are from the Ashmole MS. 53, the Revised Version of the Poem.*

<sup>1-1</sup> wee singe                      <sup>2</sup> how

<sup>3-3</sup> for bright Canace! eare mote bove all.                      <sup>4</sup> wheare

<sup>5-5</sup> *Ashm. has* Heere followeth my suppliment, to bee insected in place of  
 that of Chaucers, which is missinge.—J. L.

<sup>6</sup> *Ashm. adds* Third parte: and this is repeated in both MSS. at the top  
 of the pages, and Fourth part, &c.                      <sup>7</sup> Canace



<sup>1</sup> *this Disticon is  
Chaucer's.*<sup>1</sup>

JOHN LANE  
begins.

Glad Spring  
comes;

birds frolic,

beasts rejoice;

but Philomel  
laments.

Cambuscan re-  
grets that he  
wasn't up earlier

to look after his  
servants.

'Apollo whirleth<sup>2</sup> vp his chaire so<sup>3</sup> hye,  
till that<sup>3</sup> the god Mercurius house he flye'  
in glorious progresse, <sup>4</sup>leavs behind him th'In  
of smylinge Gemini (that lustie twin).<sup>4</sup> 4  
<sup>5</sup>now all exhaeld, springes gusslinge in longe raine,  
declard heauns wrath staies, to shine drie againe.<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup>Auroraes soft hand dilld vp haulls, and bowres,<sup>6</sup>  
feildes, gardines, groves, with leaves, buddes, blossoms,  
flowrs, 8  
<sup>7</sup>everye trim sweete, that Zephirs breath had blest;  
frolickd all<sup>7</sup> birdes, for younge ones weale, in nest;  
beastes, eake in new bloodes livelhode,<sup>8</sup> pleasure tooke,  
<sup>9</sup>by fountaines mild, cleere silver spowtinge brooke,<sup>9</sup>  
which neighbourd<sup>10</sup> shadye woodes; <sup>11</sup>whither they  
brize,  
to hide them from the stinges of busye flies; <sup>11</sup>  
<sup>12</sup>all that doffd Hiems old clothes dond newe forme,  
t'enioye owne ioies, and thearewith greete the morn; <sup>16</sup>  
while Philomels dirges had wakinge kept  
her muse, for love gott, whose late losse shee wept.<sup>12</sup>  
"Ô," quoth<sup>13</sup> Cambuscan, "this mote skore<sup>14</sup> my  
shame,  
that golden Titan hathe clomb<sup>15</sup> heauns frame, 20  
and I (a kinge) prævented not his time,  
it moste concernes<sup>16</sup> vs, whose sytt most<sup>17</sup> sublime,  
to have the first ears<sup>18</sup> vp, and wakened<sup>18</sup> eyes,  
<sup>19</sup>to're see and heere<sup>19</sup> our lawlesse companies: 24  
<sup>20</sup>sith to trust servauntes in our stead<sup>20</sup> dothe learn

1-1 Chaucers couplett disticque 2 whirled 3-3 full hie vntill

4-4 takinge vp for In thvncertaine Gemini signd in the twin;

5-5 these lines omitted in Ashm. MS.

6-6 gainst whose aproch haules vp weare dilld, and bowers,

7-7 by Zephirs bounteous breath so richlie blesst. as frolickd

8 livelihod 9-9 sucke-givinge in greene meades, neere cristall brooke,  
10 rann to

11-11 wheareto them hies, to hide close from the stinges of somm proud flies.

12-12 omitted in Ashm. MS. 13 "Hâ," said 14 vrge 15 clombe hath

16 importinge 17 Ashm. omits 18-18 ope and ratherst

19-19 tor'e heere and see, 20-20 sith servauntes in our place to putt.

<sup>1</sup> them bribe-full riche, while all <sup>1</sup> their faultes wee earn."

<sup>2</sup> his care, evn a charge vniuersal stooode,

ore male, female, younge, old, great, small, badd,  
good,<sup>2</sup>

Cambuscan has  
many folk to care  
for;

but chieffye for owne blood, and familie,  
for all collateral interest, thronges<sup>3</sup> so nye,  
as it may sytt, when others muste stande by;

specially his own  
family.

<sup>4</sup> sollicitors it needeth none,<sup>4</sup> for whie,

nature still<sup>5</sup> pleades for consanguinitie,

<sup>6</sup> by th' interest of kind proximitie.<sup>6</sup>

His<sup>7</sup> deerest daughter oft came to his minde,  
ann honorable match for her to fynd,

sithe ripe yeeres<sup>8</sup> now fytt husband craves to gifte,  
which to neglect, maides for them selves will shift,

<sup>9</sup> and chouse them<sup>9</sup> pheares of base disparagement,  
then which nought more abhorrs<sup>10</sup> to the parent.<sup>10</sup>

He wants to find  
a fit husband for  
his daughter  
Canace.

He sawe his twoe sonnes divers dispositions,  
thone carefull, thother carelesse, of conditions.

albeet<sup>11</sup> he fraught<sup>12</sup> theare minde with faire<sup>12</sup> decore  
of truth, <sup>13</sup> iustice (twins), groundes of virtues lore,<sup>13</sup>

to gaine trewe honor <sup>14</sup> bye; meaninge,<sup>14</sup> in deede,  
that as their sensative<sup>15</sup> tradued his seede,

<sup>16</sup> right so hee wouold their reasons fyer divine  
with his shoold ioine, and one loves flame entine.

He founde, though parentes some of these instill,  
yet good and ill choice restes at childrens will.<sup>16</sup>

Againe hee sawe, that but meere speculation

One of his Sons  
(Algarsif) is care-  
ful, the other  
(Camballo) care-  
less.  
(f. 5)

1-1 them boldly faultie, while

2-2 oures beinge th' vniversal care of all,

male, female, yonge, old, good, bad, greate, and small;

3 thringes 4-4 not needinge one sollicitor 5 still nature

6-6 *Ashm. omits this line* 7 Whose 8 age 9-9 and oft chowse

10-10 the syers intent: 11 yea though 12-12 bothes mindes with fitt

13-13 and iustice (twins of him ybore) 14-14 for hee ment

15 sensive sparckes

16-16 so faine wouold that their reasons flame divine,

should (with his ioininge) Virtewes fier entine.

but though the parent hath of thease t' instill,

yet will they good and ill choose b' at their will.

attaines not the full ende of contemplation,<sup>1</sup> 52  
<sup>2</sup>thoughe some sonnes, livinge vnder fathers eye,  
 may chaunce demeane them as preceptualie,<sup>2</sup>  
 but, breakinge loose, deigne<sup>3</sup> purpose what them liste.  
 All which, by longe experience, well hee wiste, 56  
 "for" (quoth hee) "not <sup>4</sup>a daie rolles ore my <sup>4</sup>head,  
 but some <sup>5</sup>badd newes of Algarsife is <sup>5</sup>sedd.  
 some sweare hee riott runns at everie pleasure,  
 and in all companies spendes without measure; 60  
<sup>6</sup>well learnt in glories schoole to glasse to th' eye,  
 th'opinion of him selfe, and it deifye:<sup>6</sup>  
 the fruites<sup>7</sup> wheareof <sup>8</sup>binn anie vile misschife;<sup>8</sup>  
 yet flatterers vaunt, <sup>9</sup>all becoms Algarsife.<sup>9</sup> 64  
 but, by my sword, I sweare, If hee <sup>10</sup>note mend,  
 my<sup>10</sup> heritage to him shall near descend."  
 and theare hee pawzd, while love and indignation  
<sup>11</sup>held in his inwardes serious disceptation,<sup>12</sup> 68  
 what fathers love mote<sup>13</sup> doe, and iustice kept!  
<sup>14</sup>Anon into his minde this proiect<sup>14</sup> stept,  
 that thus hee would his <sup>15</sup>cares and grand<sup>15</sup> affaires  
 distribute (for his ease) amongst<sup>16</sup> his heires, 72  
<sup>17</sup>as thus: His dearlinge Canac, hee<sup>17</sup> propose,  
 to all, that oth'r in vertue overgoes. 74  
 Algarsiue and Camballo, they<sup>18</sup> shall wyve,  
 to trye, if wives wittes makes<sup>19</sup> their husbandes thrive,  
<sup>20</sup>knowinge, this keepes vp th'onor of his house,<sup>20</sup>

Cambuscan hears  
 such bad reports  
 of his son Algarsif,

that he swears  
 he'll disinherit  
 him if he doesn't  
 mind.  
<sup>11</sup>peremptorie  
 vow.<sup>11</sup>

He resolves to find  
 a good husband  
 for Canace,

and wives for his  
 2 Sons.

<sup>1</sup> *Ashm. here inserts:* vntill the worcke doe perfect vp its end;  
 both which One maiestie doe comprehend.

<sup>2-2</sup> accordingelie, theas livinge in his eye  
 hee sawe them to demeane preceptualie:

<sup>3</sup> maie <sup>4-4</sup> one daie runnes ore mine <sup>5-5</sup> vile newes is of Algarsif

<sup>6-6</sup> an vse suckd out of smokes carowsinge trade  
 which cures cares carelesse, so are careles made,

<sup>7</sup> fruite <sup>8-8</sup> to any mischiffe runes <sup>9-9</sup> Algarsife all becomes  
<sup>10-10</sup> nil mend mine <sup>11-11</sup> omitted in *Ashm.*

<sup>12-12</sup> held in him verie serious disputation <sup>13</sup> might

<sup>14-14</sup> wheareof ear longe, this proiect fore him <sup>15-15</sup> care and great

<sup>16</sup> amonge <sup>17-17</sup> Canace his dearlinge! hee will needes <sup>18</sup> both

<sup>19</sup> make <sup>20-20</sup> and setl his state, the honor of whose howse



<sup>1</sup>that knightes bee knightly<sup>1</sup> meritorious : 78  
<sup>2</sup>and holdes this aye, for soundest<sup>2</sup> demonstration,  
 his praesidentes bee to theire imitation. 80

By this, the dialles finger stood<sup>3</sup> noone tide,  
 when as<sup>4</sup> Cambuscan to his diett<sup>5</sup> hied,  
 fore whome stoode store of rare and rathe ripe cate,<sup>6</sup>  
 accordinge as the season them begate ;<sup>7</sup> 84

<sup>8</sup>service, and servitors, cladd lustrant<sup>8</sup> neate,  
 and not a disshe vsurpd his fellowes seate,  
<sup>9</sup>while the tall sewer the first course ledd<sup>9</sup> in,  
 lowd musicke told,<sup>10</sup> what state was theare beeseen : 88

<sup>11</sup>and so as th'<sup>11</sup> first, the seconde course was spedd,  
 with different musickes, in the formers stedd.  
 after<sup>12</sup> the void, praeserves in silvern<sup>13</sup> plate  
 set suche a postscripte to ann<sup>14</sup> antedate, 92  
 as not a common<sup>15</sup> penn knowes<sup>16</sup> to define  
 great Princes dietes in festival time.

<sup>17</sup>Now, as the<sup>17</sup> musickes fild the vaultie<sup>18</sup> haull  
 with glorious straines composd caelestial, 96  
<sup>19</sup>no mans witt knewe by sense<sup>19</sup> to wishe for more,  
 for<sup>20</sup> that owne feelinge felt it<sup>21</sup> theare afore,  
 most iudgementes<sup>22</sup> beinge lost to<sup>22</sup> their owne witt,  
 for<sup>23</sup> so great glories, <sup>24</sup>so gann ravishe<sup>24</sup> it. 100

Above<sup>25</sup> Cambuscan <sup>26</sup>sate his glorious<sup>26</sup> queene,  
<sup>28</sup>good Ethel, veild in blewest<sup>28</sup> heavens sheene,  
<sup>29</sup>which all illuminated with her eye,<sup>29</sup>  
<sup>30</sup>that bore forth<sup>30</sup> suche a soveraigne maiestie, 104  
 as wheather it more<sup>31</sup> daunted, or advoked,

At noon, Cambus-  
can goes to din-  
ner.

The Sewer brings  
in the 1st course;

the 2nd follows  
with music;

then come pre-  
serves.

<sup>27</sup> Ethels bewty <sup>27</sup>  
She is Cambus-  
can's

majestic Queen.

<sup>1-1</sup> intendes his sonnes bee      <sup>2-2</sup> this layinge for their plainer  
<sup>3</sup> pointes      <sup>4</sup> king      <sup>5</sup> dinner      <sup>6</sup> caetes      <sup>7</sup> begettes  
<sup>8-8</sup> whose service as the servitors weare  
<sup>9-9</sup> thus while the sewer led the first course      <sup>10</sup> shewd      <sup>11-11</sup> so as the  
<sup>12</sup> then to      <sup>13</sup> silver      <sup>14</sup> A. omits      <sup>15</sup> vulgar      <sup>16</sup> had  
<sup>17-17</sup> but while thease      <sup>18</sup> ample      <sup>19-19</sup> a man in sense knewe not  
<sup>20</sup> of      <sup>21</sup> was      <sup>22-22</sup> leeinge them in      <sup>23</sup> wheare      <sup>24-24</sup> had to conster  
<sup>25</sup> Theare bove      <sup>26-26</sup> high did sitt his      <sup>27-27</sup> om. in Ash.  
<sup>28-28</sup> Etheelta faire blewe veild in  
<sup>29-29</sup> whoe all illumind with her bewties hie      <sup>30-30</sup> which polisht  
<sup>31</sup> more yt

none knewe, till virtues <sup>1</sup>hand wrote, mowth had<sup>1</sup>  
 spoke it,  
<sup>2</sup>a Goddess<sup>2</sup> in their hartes th<sup>3</sup>installed her.<sup>3</sup> 107  
 Canace looks pure and bright. But<sup>4</sup> when they viewd yonge<sup>5</sup> Canac syttinge ner,<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>so bright, pure, simple, meeke, white, redd, wise, faire,<sup>7</sup>  
 no<sup>8</sup> wonder knewe, how<sup>9</sup> to compare the paire,  
 only<sup>10</sup> they deemd Canac, <sup>11</sup>by so much<sup>11</sup> lesse,  
 as daughters <sup>12</sup>binn, then<sup>12</sup> theire progenitresse: 112  
 howbeet<sup>13</sup> parentale love so equald them,  
 as knowes Astreaes skales and Poetes penn.<sup>14</sup> /  
 Cambuscan drinks to her "Mayd" (quoth<sup>15</sup> Cambuscan), to Canacy then  
 (pleasantlie smilinge): (shee, as blithe agen,) 116  
 "my maydd, I pray,<sup>16</sup> wheare is your hart becomm?"  
<sup>17</sup>with all, takinge the nact'r and tastinge somm,<sup>17</sup>  
 future Husband, <sup>18</sup>"heere, heer's<sup>18</sup> ann helthe to thy first husbandes  
 wife!"  
 At that<sup>19</sup> Camballo laughd, and Algarsife, 120  
 and makes her blush. but Canac blusht as sweetest<sup>20</sup> morn in may,  
 and queene Ethelta<sup>21</sup> ioyd, as att a playe,  
 vrginge <sup>22</sup>the kinge shoold pledgd bee, through the  
 table. 123  
 The Love-draught is past round. so<sup>23</sup> round the loves draught went, like measurable,  
 everie<sup>24</sup> one ioyenge<sup>25</sup> how it wrought (once in),  
 till all the round went on a mirrie pinn.  
 (f. 5 b.) <sup>26</sup>"And" (quoth Cambuscan) "yee, my lovelie  
 Cambuscan says that his 2 boys and girl shall boyes,<sup>26</sup>  
 because I meane, t'endow alike<sup>27</sup> your ioies, 128  
 all be married together. all yee three shalbee marryed<sup>28</sup> on a daye,  
 in my owne<sup>29</sup> court, in best and nobliste raye ;

1-1 own hand writinge 2-2 whome 3 Goddess hie  
 4 Yet 5 A. omits 6 by  
 7-7 so like! bright! pure! cleere! meeke! wise! modest! faire 8 As  
 9 not 10 save that by so much 11-11 A. omits 12-12 vnder  
 13 nathlesse 14 theam 15 said 16 saie now  
 17-17 (the nectar takinge vp for all, and som) 18-18 heere is 19 Wheareat  
 20 as fresh as 21 Ethelta 22 and said 23 tho 24 each  
 25 reioicinge 26-26 "to yoo too" (said Cambuscan) "mine own boies"  
 27 a like t'endowe 28 wedded 29 within my





- and all that Camballs courage makes not good,  
I will : " so signd the warrant with his blood.  
Queen Ethel says Amen. and good queene <sup>1</sup>Ethelta, midst of the haul,<sup>1</sup>  
stood<sup>2</sup> vp, and said " Amen ! " so rose they all.<sup>3</sup> 164  
Folk shout " God save the King ! " <sup>4</sup>At that all people out cried,<sup>4</sup> " God save the  
kinge,"  
<sup>5</sup>and all their hattes gann tosse vp, catch, and flinge;<sup>5</sup>  
for bee it right or wronge <sup>6</sup>a kinge dothe treate,<sup>6</sup>  
most peopl applaude <sup>7</sup>it, as th<sup>7</sup>admire the greate : 168  
<sup>8</sup>full peace<sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup>eccho repeatinge over all againe,<sup>9</sup>  
Trumpets, church bells, trumpetes and <sup>10</sup>shaggbuttess, cornetes, lowd acclaime,  
<sup>11</sup>what everie steeples belles outrange in peale, 171  
which no mans tonge, ne hartes ioie,<sup>11</sup> could conceale,  
string-music, <sup>12</sup>wind and stringe musicke, on all <sup>12</sup>instrumentes  
of sweete touche, <sup>13</sup>quicke shake,<sup>13</sup> nimblest dividentes,  
sound aloud. with <sup>14</sup>straines on straines, exchaunginge mode<sup>14</sup> and  
tyme,  
thithier to <sup>15</sup>call Pernassus sisters nyne ; 176  
to harken at the gardine windowes howe  
these voices, and <sup>16</sup>those violes, they allowe :  
<sup>17</sup>ne Orpheus, Arion,<sup>17</sup> Amphion could more<sup>18</sup>  
then <sup>19</sup>robb men of them-selves<sup>19</sup> to concordes lore :  
concorde proceedinge out of harmonie,  
harmonie, out of concordes melodie,  
melodie, out of musickes euphonie,  
euphonie, out of vnites symphonie ; 184  
Love and Peace rule. The Birds chime in. <sup>20</sup>Love beinge semster, peace<sup>20</sup> the sampler bore ;  
<sup>21</sup>the woodbirdes chirmes contestinge this<sup>21</sup> vprore.
- <sup>1-1</sup> Etheelta amid them all [*Douce had orig.* before them all] <sup>2</sup> stept  
<sup>3</sup> the haul <sup>4-4</sup> the people crienge out  
<sup>5-5</sup> not sparinge hattess ne cappess aloft to flinge <sup>6-6</sup> what kinges repeate  
<sup>7-7</sup> as they <sup>8-8</sup> A. omits <sup>9-9</sup> which Eccho for them oft repeates againe  
<sup>10</sup> with trumpettes  
<sup>11-11</sup> and everie churches belles so range this peale, as that no hart its own ioie  
<sup>12-12</sup> but that both wind, and strungen <sup>13-13</sup> light shakes  
<sup>14-14</sup> novel straines, oft changinge mood <sup>15</sup> did thithier <sup>16</sup> with  
<sup>17-17</sup> Arion, Orpheus <sup>18</sup> no more <sup>19-19</sup> to robb all their hartes  
<sup>20-20</sup> wheare Love the semster, truith  
<sup>21-21</sup> woodbirdes contestinge with this iust

But, ah!<sup>1</sup> some musicke hathe cromaticke tunes,  
 which the sweete notes discordantlie perfumes, 188  
 for then<sup>2</sup> Algarsife<sup>3</sup> oft the lipp gann<sup>3</sup> bytt,  
 when first<sup>4</sup> hee heard his father, (as<sup>5</sup> hee sytt)  
 depose, that hee whoe<sup>6</sup> should Canace winn,  
 should have his kingdom<sup>7</sup> too, and her,<sup>7</sup> and him. 192  
 "But I am eldest sonn," (quoth Algarsife)  
 "wheareby the land is mine after his life;  
 and if it bee my birthe-right to bee kinge,  
 I brooke no partnership in suche a thinge:"<sup>8</sup> 196  
 So foorth hee strooke, and,<sup>9</sup> as he iettes elate,<sup>9</sup>  
 He goes out  
<sup>10</sup>gann wincke with one eye at him selfe in state;<sup>10</sup>  
<sup>11</sup>imbibes eake with his aier, that<sup>11</sup> emulation  
 which soone degenerates owne<sup>12</sup> education; 200  
 sithe<sup>13</sup> castinge, how his<sup>13</sup> formes and faces viewe  
 mote<sup>14</sup> similize his father, yet vntrewe,  
 and keepe<sup>15</sup> in companie the worser sort,  
 to his evil mates,  
 Paridlistes (<sup>16</sup>the vile slaunder<sup>16</sup> of the court) 204  
 alluringe woomen, flattringe servinge men,  
<sup>17</sup>ambitious plotters, tailers prowdinge them,<sup>17</sup>  
 plotters,  
<sup>18</sup>bribers that teach to levie lawlesse coine,  
 stabb-learninge fencers, carrowcers of wine,<sup>18</sup> 208  
 fencers,  
 detractinge parasites, bringers of newes,  
 false dice and carders, with all cheatinge crewes,<sup>19</sup>  
 carders, &c.  
<sup>20</sup>siders that feede, nay blo selfe-gaine-made faction,  
 (f. 6)  
 suche setters idlie thrive, whoe<sup>20</sup> lacke suche action. 212  
 1 ô! 2 harsh 3—3 hard his lipp did 4 once 5 wheare  
 6 that 7—7 with her, Land  
 8 *Ash. here inserts:* Lô sinnes classe, demonstratinge own condicion,  
 all manner crimes broke loose are in ambition,  
 theare love, truth, iustice, sufferinge extirpation,  
 wheare Vice them servile leadeth vnder passion.  
 9—9 so deportes elate 10—10 as winckinge seemes none see taspire in state  
 11—11 with th'aier imbibinge huff snuff 12 prime 13—13 now proiectes with  
 14 to 15 for keepes 16—16 vilest slanders  
 17—17 proiectinge plotters, (Villanies loven)  
 18—18 stabb-teachinge fencers, quaffers beere and wine,  
 vile canvacers extorting all for coyne,  
 19 A. *inserts lines* 207, 208 after line 210.  
 20—20 withsyders gayninge most by th' art of faction, elles sterven setters  
 while they

When Algarsife  
made love to the  
false Lady of the  
Lake,

<sup>1</sup>Naye, when hee by th' mill-pond syde, love did make  
to Merlins false love (th' Ladie of the Lake),  
hee on the liquid-simpringe-cristal sawe  
annother face, the *which* t' him-selfe to drawe,      216  
he calld, huggd, kissd : and to carrowse more pleasure,  
dranck vp a mer-maide, *which* him caught in th'  
seasure,

(set there by false  
Videria) who bred  
deceitful Fancy in  
him.

whome false Videria vnderneathe had sett,  
to conceave by him (as hee liste begett)      220  
Fancie (the chaungelin of imagination),  
*which* blindlie speculates in perturbation,  
and swellinge, to it-selfe gann ravishe sense,  
in th' insolent miste of concupiscence.      224  
since when, of all his owne conceiptes *which* please  
him,

Algarsife's low  
parasites

his humoristes (as midwives) waite to ease him.<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>whence they whoe fetche their counselles from times  
clock,<sup>2</sup>

the shollowe <sup>3</sup>vulgus (waveringe weathercock)<sup>3</sup>      228

flatter him,

<sup>4</sup>on Algarsife bowned<sup>4</sup> Phaetons highe praise,  
"kind man," "brave faerie knight," <sup>5</sup>not one but  
sayes

and say he'll do  
wonders at the  
Tournament.

hee will miraculous-straunge wonders doe<sup>5</sup>  
in daye of turniament, when it comm too.      232

<sup>1-1</sup> *These lines are omitted in Ash., and the following inserted in their place :—*

amongst *which* brothelz spendeth Algacife,  
like those to behonizen [<sup>2</sup>] whiff for whiff,  
that out spilt what they lack, in keepe too much,  
as if minervaes frame ought not bee such,  
but must bee taught by thease, theire waie to patch  
the medcind vnto armes (the tosspott match),  
whoe changinge parboild halfe blood for the rawe,  
doe make a man a Jacke of barlie strawe :  
pott bombard mutinous combustioniste,  
new fieringe illions Troy with that same fist  
that seldom tries what Custom doth recover,  
doth prove a valient mans taske to give over.

<sup>2-2</sup> so now they, whoe tooke counsell of the pott

<sup>3-3</sup> Vulgar (weather-waveringe sott)

<sup>4-4</sup> bowned on Algarsife

<sup>5-5</sup> and so him raise, as yf hee had a worthies taske to doe



- <sup>1</sup>some cleapd him<sup>1</sup> bravest horseman : others guest  
him a stronge<sup>2</sup> pike, and for foote service best.  
some praised his legg, <sup>3</sup>shape, spirit, witt, gesture, face,  
and so insinuate as to grace disgrace ; 236  
othersome on the point of praise gann cavil,  
sithe drinke and smoke had biggd his vngirt navil.  
some smild hee was his fathers livelie bird,  
<sup>4</sup>which lookd and spake like him<sup>4</sup> at everie word : 240  
and, by<sup>5</sup> owne humors, <sup>6</sup>so gann valewe him,  
as hope proiectes owne purchas<sup>6</sup> by his sinn.  
<sup>7</sup>these weare his fleshe-flies, these<sup>7</sup> him magnifies,  
<sup>8</sup>yet bin his moste intestine<sup>8</sup> enimies. 244  
But other folke, of tardier<sup>9</sup> observation,  
<sup>10</sup>noted Algarsifes straunge vnprincelie fasshion,  
how he disranckes him-selfe from<sup>10</sup> noblest ranckes,  
<sup>11</sup>and gives base præfates of looser pranckes. 248  
all which they sawe,<sup>11</sup> yet durst not reprehend,  
sithe <sup>12</sup>principalities binn so esteemd,  
as they <sup>12</sup>escape to pleasures <sup>13</sup>had-I-wiste,  
vnkend, vntaxt of eye, tonge, rule, or fiste : 252  
Yea, theare the great swim<sup>m</sup>, flesht<sup>13</sup> in Libertie,  
<sup>14</sup>Wheare dares no prophet the fault specifye.  
Howbeet, they <sup>14</sup>Camball sawe him<sup>15</sup> beare at feaste  
<sup>16</sup>as sober as the straungest-new-bid gwest,<sup>16</sup> 256  
eake<sup>17</sup> temperate as brave<sup>18</sup> Phocion, stowt, austere,

Some flatterers  
praise Algarsife's  
shape,

some, his likeness  
to his Father:

they are his  
enemies.  
Other folk con-  
demn his base  
tendencies,

and self-indul-  
gence.

They see Cam-  
ballo his brother  
temperate, self-  
controld.

- <sup>1-1</sup> him cleapinge                      <sup>2</sup> tall  
<sup>3-3</sup> lookes, bodie. Others cavil that smoke and drinke bigg swelt him at  
the navil.                      <sup>4-4</sup> lookd like him, spake alike                      <sup>6</sup> and so by their  
<sup>6-6</sup> valuenge him as their own private should gaine  
<sup>7-7</sup> thus flattringe parasites  
<sup>8-8</sup> then whome hee had no greater                      <sup>9</sup> soberer  
<sup>10-10</sup> taxd Algarsifes distempred princeles fasshion, sith him disrancketh  
from the  
<sup>11-11</sup> wheare quicklie publisheth ignoble pranckes, whome though so sawe  
<sup>12-12</sup> princes by stronge hand not love, ascend, and theare  
<sup>13-13</sup> as them list, without accompt to rule by tonge and fist : flesh theare  
exvltinge most,  
<sup>14-14</sup> whear not one prophet dares faultes specifie. Yet all men  
<sup>15</sup> to                      <sup>16-16</sup> mid pleasures, of all gwestes the modestest,  
<sup>17</sup> as                      <sup>18</sup> grave

Folk hold Cam-  
ballo better than  
Algarsife;

<sup>1</sup>so with Algarsif him they nould compare,  
sithe thone seemd but to pillere fame by chaunce,  
thother<sup>1</sup> by temperate-virtuous<sup>2</sup> valiance 260

Algarsife has the  
land, Camballo  
the wit.

<sup>3</sup>to shewe, thoughe gule and avarice hunt for store,  
nature hath but owne needes, excesse hathe more.  
whence theire opinions thus gann halson it,  
how th'elder hath the land; th' yonger the witt.<sup>3</sup> 264

<sup>5</sup>great theater  
for y<sup>e</sup> marriage<sup>5</sup>  
Cambuscan gets  
rare architects,

<sup>4</sup>Whearefore they valued Camball, as of right,  
that promisd proofes of<sup>4</sup> a trewe faerie knight.

carvers,

<sup>6</sup>Cambuscan, in the meane time, had designd<sup>6</sup>  
the rarest artisans that coste mote find; 268

painters,

some architectes, which<sup>7</sup> knewe all Geometrie,  
some curious kervers of imagerie,  
some liefse infusing painters at the eye,  
some arras weavers, some of tapestrie, 272

and one Poet,

<sup>8</sup>some astronomers; some trewe cronoclers,  
(ô rare! of times gestes not<sup>8</sup> false registers.)

a Phoenix,

and but one poet: <sup>9</sup>swearinge it in rime,  
one Phœnix lives, one Poet at one time.<sup>9</sup> 276

and bids them  
build a large  
Theatre

<sup>10</sup>With these rare wittes, Cambuscan pleasd conferr<sup>10</sup>  
to build a large, highe<sup>11</sup>-sumptuous theater,  
all to containe that coms,<sup>12</sup> younge, old, riche, pore,  
<sup>13</sup>openinge fro th' easte to th' weste,<sup>13</sup> one throughfare  
dore 280

as round as the  
Globe, and with  
many Spheres or  
Floors.

<sup>14</sup>to widen with the daye,<sup>14</sup> and shutt at night.  
<sup>15</sup>th'whole forme to bee as round<sup>15</sup> as globe edight,  
with all the sphears, and each starr which<sup>16</sup> dothe err,  
<sup>17</sup>with the fixt starrs,<sup>17</sup> and th'all sphears commover

<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> so wouold not him with Algarsife compare, whoe seemd but fame to robb  
by errors chaunce; but this

<sup>2</sup> rule, and <sup>3</sup>—<sup>3</sup> omitted in *Ash*.

<sup>4</sup>—<sup>4</sup> they therefore Cambal deemd in his own right, prooffe promisinge him

<sup>5</sup>—<sup>5</sup> om. in *Ash*. <sup>6</sup>—<sup>6</sup> This while Cambuscan carefullie designd <sup>7</sup> whoe

<sup>8</sup>—<sup>8</sup> some trewe Astrologers, some Croniclers of times gestes, not to plaie

<sup>9</sup>—<sup>9</sup> idealie Divine, for but one Phoenix liveth at one time.

<sup>10</sup>—<sup>10</sup> with which high wittes! the kinge did oft conferr,

<sup>11</sup> and <sup>12</sup> com <sup>13</sup>—<sup>13</sup> from east to west to ope

<sup>14</sup>—<sup>14</sup> and with the daie to wid'n <sup>15</sup>—<sup>15</sup> the frame as round to move,

<sup>16</sup> that <sup>17</sup>—<sup>17</sup> all fixed starres

its vault stelliferous, of hardist blewe,  
 full of faire lightes, for vp and downes reviewe;  
 with the fowre windes<sup>1</sup> to shutt and open them;  
 the whole to rest vppon one axell stem, 288 This Theatre is to  
 the<sup>2</sup> spindle it sustaininge, streight<sup>3</sup> to stand turn on an axle  
 on well ioind mightie okes of faerie lande;  
 which vnderground, <sup>4</sup>even at the roote,<sup>4</sup> should have  
 wheelles cramp't to wheelles, to move with waters wave. moved by wheels  
 a glorious dial for the sonns hott race, 293 underground.  
 with ground<sup>5</sup> vp-spowtinge springes for blithe solace.  
 ore againste<sup>6</sup> these the learnd<sup>7</sup> sciences seavn  
 (the Cosmical considerers of Heaun); 296  
 Its<sup>8</sup> lowest flore to beare the basest sort, (f. 6 b.)  
 which<sup>9</sup> (so they live) <sup>10</sup>care not a good report;<sup>10</sup> On its lowest floor  
 the higher roomes of mansions to consiste are to be the  
<sup>11</sup>of them which<sup>11</sup> more and more growe worthiest, 300 basest folk;  
<sup>12</sup>weather it bee a<sup>12</sup> knight or ladie bright, above, knights,  
 the balance <sup>13</sup>to weighe out their deedes by right.<sup>13</sup> ladies,  
 and some for soldiers, whoe in service gote and soldiers.  
 graye heares and skarres (the <sup>14</sup>pathes of painefull  
 note<sup>14</sup>). 304  
<sup>15</sup>but th'inner galleries that runn the round, The inner Gal-  
 if not with richest arras, hunge to ground, leries are to be  
 biddes hange vp th'arras of chast Dians storie hung with arras  
 (the cloistred misterie of old virgins glorie), 308 of Diana's story,  
 which once Acteons lust-full eyes misconster  
 so as it blew the flame, selfe blasd a monster,  
 that rann to save owne passions in owne hart,  
 was of them soone devowrd that fedd his smart. 312  
 And those riche tapestries of Dido queene, and tapestry of  
 longinge as muche to see as to bee seene Dido's.  
 of hard harted Eneas t' prove in sense,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> windes &c to    <sup>2</sup> whose    <sup>3</sup> right    <sup>4-4</sup> at the workes roote  
<sup>5</sup> from thearth    <sup>6</sup> and ore gainst    <sup>7</sup> trewe    <sup>8</sup> the    <sup>9</sup> whoe  
<sup>10-10</sup> least care how them deport.    <sup>11-11</sup> of all that  
<sup>12-12</sup> which chauncinge to bee    <sup>13-13</sup> hath to waigh their meedes aright  
<sup>14-14</sup> pledges of promote.    <sup>15-15</sup> 14 lines omitted in Ash.



<sup>1</sup>luste breeds not love, though bloes concupiscence,  
which settinge selfe on fyer, selfelie consumes, 317  
custome begonn is bellowes, fewell, fumes.<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>

And looke what natures selfe hathe<sup>3</sup> not supplied,  
Paintings and Poems shall hang in the Theatre. shall<sup>4</sup> by queint painters hand bee storified,<sup>5</sup> 320  
wheareof what is not <sup>6</sup>vnderstoode of men,<sup>6</sup>  
to bee demonstrated by poetes penn.

In its midst shall be the Tournament ground. <sup>7</sup>lastelie, the local place<sup>7</sup> of turnament  
should<sup>8</sup> keepe the midle ward, or<sup>9</sup> regiment 324  
<sup>10</sup>of bothe those endes whose trophies thus should  
rise,<sup>10</sup>

at th'easte end truith, At the weste end Justice.  
his other embleams and conceiptes that weare  
<sup>11</sup>in store,<sup>11</sup> to bewtifie this<sup>12</sup> theatere, 328

weare infinite, <sup>13</sup>and note by mee<sup>13</sup> bee sedd  
(Don<sup>14</sup> Chaucer, Lidgate, Sidney, Spencer dead);  
The 6 Workmen are to make haste. onlie<sup>15</sup> hee willd his<sup>16</sup> workmen six make haste,  
<sup>17</sup>ne spare for cost, while<sup>17</sup> time owne lampe dothe  
wast.

<sup>18</sup>ill news.<sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup>Cambuscan, glad his worcke was well begonn, 333  
vierende a-round sawe a swifte horseman comm,<sup>19</sup>

A dusty horseman amid the poldred<sup>20</sup> duste that blindeth<sup>21</sup> th'aier,  
to steale th' approche of dismall hastes repaire, 336  
<sup>22</sup>wheare no grasse grewe vnder his horses feete,  
all while his horn blo, speedes his gallop fleete.  
gallops up. some post hee seemd, that gallopd<sup>22</sup> t' out-runne strife,

<sup>1-1</sup> omitted in Ash.

<sup>2</sup> Ash. here inserts :—the final deedes determininge at last,  
whoe weare heroes worthie to bee plact.

<sup>3</sup> had <sup>4</sup> should <sup>5</sup> b'historified. <sup>6-6</sup> right conceavd by men!

<sup>7-7</sup> and lastelie the faire place <sup>8</sup> to <sup>9</sup> for

<sup>10-10</sup> and at both endes! thease trophies to arise <sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>12</sup> this noble <sup>13-13</sup> not heere now to <sup>14</sup> old <sup>15</sup> but <sup>16</sup> all his

<sup>17-17</sup> not sparinge cost, Wheare <sup>18-18</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>19-19</sup> The worcke thus ordred, Cambuscan thitherward to ride  
an hastie horseman

<sup>20</sup> poldred <sup>21</sup> which blinded

<sup>22-22</sup> no greene grasse growinge vnder thacknies feete,  
his horne denouncinge first his message fleet;  
whoe seemd some state post, postinge

<sup>1</sup> yet none that rides in state, but runns for life.<sup>1</sup> 340

The kinge lookes vp<sup>2</sup>; the post alightes at th'<sup>3</sup> gate, The Post dis-  
mounts at the  
Palace gates.  
and with his packet, of that morninges date,  
demaundes his present accesse to the kinge.

<sup>4</sup> the servauntes him respect (hast furtheringe). 344

but Canace stode at her glasse prospective Canace goes to  
him.  
in th'presence windowe, seeinge all arive,  
wheare shee mote lantskipp viewe and seas discrye,  
and wandringe<sup>4</sup> travilers, bothe farr and nye, 348

<sup>5</sup> whence shee with speede discendes<sup>5</sup> to meete the poste.

Who, after baysaunce donn her, it<sup>6</sup> discloste He tells her that  
that Fregiley, the kinges provincial towne,  
tooke armes, and they<sup>8</sup> turnd traitors to the crowne. 7 Fregilia re-  
volteth.<sup>7</sup>  
his other newes weare but as general, 353

suche as the vulgar catche before<sup>9</sup> it fall,  
<sup>10</sup> yet falles of course (as vsual),<sup>10</sup> with state setters,  
<sup>11</sup> to putt lies in postes mowthes,<sup>11</sup> truithe in their  
letters. 356

<sup>12</sup> Shee heard him out<sup>12</sup> in all that was to gather, She will not open  
the letter,  
<sup>13</sup> yet noold the packet ope<sup>13</sup> without her father.

<sup>14</sup> tho, sendinge the post to th' kittchins warme repaste,  
she rann to seeke her fath'r in all the haste, 360 but seeks her  
Father.

<sup>15</sup> thoughe near could find him<sup>15</sup> out, but wheare he  
was.

<sup>17</sup> at length, amongst his workfolke him shee spide,<sup>17</sup> 16 place of the  
theater.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> in which each runes the wager of his lief. <sup>2</sup> out <sup>3</sup> lightes at the

<sup>4-4</sup> whose servauntes readie are him vp to bringe,

While Canace in her mirrours perspective,  
sawe at the presence windowe his arive :

for in it Lantskipp, seas eake, shee mote skrie, and errant  
<sup>5-5</sup> with speed shee thearefore goes <sup>6</sup> thus <sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8</sup> weare turnd <sup>9</sup> vp eare <sup>10-10</sup> of vse, and course betidinge

<sup>11-11</sup> lies in Postes mowthes to putt,

<sup>12-12</sup> whome out shee heard, <sup>13-13</sup> yet would not ope the packe

<sup>14-14</sup> whome to seeke out shee rann in hast post hast,  
while the lad findes the kitchin clerkes repast.

but shee her father tracinge

<sup>15-15</sup> him never could find <sup>16-16</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>17-17</sup> amid his workemen ; Wheare shee him discried

Canace finds Cam-  
buscan in a sweet  
country place.

in a moste pleasinge meade by th' river<sup>1</sup> syde, 364  
<sup>2</sup>of soile most fertile; th' aier, groves, pure and sweete,  
 helthelye<sup>2</sup> temperate, and for pleasure meete;  
<sup>3</sup>woodes gracing th' illes, flowres stord the humble  
 plaines,<sup>3</sup>

ann happier seate longd not to his demaines, 368  
<sup>4</sup>that perfumd all with sweetest balmes adore,  
 and farr prospectes from land to land it bore.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Cambuscan's*  
sorrowe.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> But now all's pleasanter, that shee is comm.

"Deere Daughter," (quothe hee) "what ist<sup>6</sup> makes yee  
 ronn?" 372

She is out of  
breath with  
running;

While shee, <sup>7</sup>quite mute with runinge,<sup>7</sup> breathd so  
 fast,

<sup>8</sup>as if, mild Zephir loste, shee found his blast;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>9</sup>heat openinge chirries, roses, pinckes, and all,

she kneels and  
gives him the  
Letter.

white lillies, violetes blewe (her faces pall).<sup>9</sup> 376

<sup>10</sup>fallinge on knee, gave vp (kissinge her hand)  
 the packett, which badd newes gave tvnderstand.

He opens it,

Hee kindlie tooke yt, and broke vp the seale,

is dismayd,

but oh! its first word gann<sup>10</sup> all mirth repeale. 380

drops it,

<sup>11</sup>whence turninge, lettinge<sup>11</sup> face and letter fall,

and goes off.

<sup>12</sup>stoppd soddainlie, lookd vp: so<sup>12</sup> leaves them all.

(f. 7)

<sup>13</sup>Which seene,<sup>13</sup> page Amidis stoopd for the Letter,  
 in hope the cause or<sup>14</sup> newes woold fall out better. 384

<sup>15</sup>But sadd Canac, seeinge<sup>15</sup> her father gonn,

<sup>1</sup> rivers <sup>2-2</sup> of fertile soile, fresh aier, as pure, as sweete, most helthie

<sup>3-3</sup> flowres deckinge the coole woodes, and modest plaines,

<sup>4-4</sup> perfumd with balmes sweet odors, and, beside,  
 farr fetchd prospectives furthern landes discried,

<sup>5-5</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> all waxinge pleasanter, when shee was comm.  
 to whome hee thus, "What daughter"

<sup>7-7</sup> with runinge, meekelie

<sup>8-8</sup> as Zephir leesinge his, found out her blast, <sup>9-9</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>10-10</sup> whoe, pitching on her knee, the packet gave  
 of no good tidinges, though of battaile brave.

Which hee tooke kindlie, and brake vp the seale,  
 whose verie first line did

<sup>11-11</sup> for turninge lettes both

<sup>12-12</sup> distract in purpose, solie

<sup>13-13</sup> On this

<sup>14</sup> and

<sup>15-15</sup> but Canace seinge thus



shewd in her face her hart was allmost donn ;  
 for, in<sup>1</sup> her mirror, shee foresawe and knewe  
 great mischiffes could not chouse but thence ensewe. 388  
<sup>2</sup>so to her selfe shee sobbd,<sup>2</sup> like churlishe rayne  
<sup>3</sup>which blubbrethe<sup>3</sup> gardines bewties of disdaine.  
<sup>4</sup>after shee hies her, with page Amidis,<sup>4</sup>  
 for it encreasd her grieve her lord to misse, 392  
 whome sorrowfull, or as in extacie,  
 shee founde, or rather, in diepe agonie.  
<sup>5</sup>but then t' have<sup>5</sup> seene how each beheld each other,  
 mote soone<sup>6</sup> impression strooke in anie lover. 396  
 he, sorrowfull for Fregiley his towne ;  
 shee, heavie<sup>7</sup> for the losse of trewe renowne.  
 hee, <sup>8</sup>pittienge her state<sup>8</sup> and the common state ;  
 shee, greevinge<sup>9</sup> what woold followe of debate. 400  
 he melancholie, pale, entynd, offended ;  
 shee meekelie prayenge all <sup>10</sup>weare well amended.<sup>10</sup>  
 Againe of Amidis hee tooke the letter,  
<sup>11</sup>which read, hee<sup>11</sup> thumpd his brest (as faultes old<sup>12</sup>  
 debter) ; 404  
 oft sighinge<sup>13</sup> as hee read <sup>14</sup>it, shooke<sup>14</sup> his head.  
<sup>15</sup>"hâ Fregiley, false Fregiley,"<sup>15</sup> hee sedd.  
<sup>16</sup>to Canac turninge tho (beinge betrayd),<sup>16</sup>  
 thus whispered, "Tis the worse for thee, my mayd,  
 thy fortunes daunger and thy hopes delaye, 409  
 will blowes, blood, death, cost, in a mortal fray."  
 all which, <sup>17</sup>on his smoothe browe<sup>17</sup> engravd thintent  
 of taminge rebelles : so it seemd hee ment. 412  
<sup>18</sup>shee knewe yt well, wittnes more new comm tears,  
 that hartie sighes are griefes betrothd compears.<sup>18</sup>

Canace and

the page Amidis  
go after  
Cambuscan.He reads the  
Letter,and reproaches  
Fregiley for its  
revolt,which will injure  
Canace.

<sup>1</sup> by      <sup>2-2</sup> sobbd thearefore to her selfe,      <sup>3-3</sup> when wasteth  
<sup>4-4</sup> Yet after him shee goes, with Amidis      <sup>5-5</sup> Wheare, to have  
<sup>6</sup> would diepe      <sup>7</sup> hartgreevd      <sup>8-8</sup> her state pittienge      <sup>9</sup> sighinge  
<sup>10-10</sup> mote well bee ended.      <sup>11-11</sup> and readinge      <sup>12</sup> own      <sup>13</sup> pawzinge  
<sup>14-14</sup> did shake      <sup>15-15</sup> and thus, "Ah Fregiley! thou false!"  
<sup>16-16</sup> him turninge to Canace (now quite betrayd)      <sup>17-17</sup> vppon his browe  
<sup>18-18</sup> which shee forespellinge, read it in salt teares,  
 which still are cares, and sorowes diepe compears,

Cambuscan is  
cald to supper,

In this<sup>1</sup> sadd plight a messenger is seene,  
bare headed, sent<sup>2</sup> from Ethelta, the queene, 416  
lowtinge,<sup>3</sup> that supp'r expectes his maiestie.

but not 3 words  
are spoken.

but suche a supp'r as wayters near stood bye, 418  
for not three wordes amongst them all weare spoken,  
which that theire mindes wrought busier, did betoken,

<sup>4</sup> sad cheere<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Onlie queene Ethelta gann storme, and vowe  
vengeance vppon all traiters hartes to plowe.<sup>5</sup>  
Camball sayd nought: Algarsife was not theare,  
Which to new stirrs, more presages mote reare.<sup>6</sup> 424

The Sun sets,

<sup>7</sup> By this bright Titan<sup>7</sup> hidd at west his head  
in freckled <sup>8</sup> white clowdes, turninge<sup>8</sup> white to read,  
and<sup>9</sup> redd to opal blacke: which soddaine<sup>10</sup> lowre, 427  
foretold,<sup>11</sup> the morne woold bringe foorth miste or  
showr.

tokening mist or  
rain.

Part IV.

*Canto quarto.*

Algarsife rebels.

Algarsife gainste his sier rebelles;  
queene Ethel vowe iust death thearefore;  
Canac, Videriaes witchcraftes telles,  
and learnes the brazen horses lore.

Canace learns to  
manage the  
Brazen Horse.

Tho' night comes,

The sable<sup>12</sup> night (thoughtes wakefull counselor,  
cares chamberlaine, <sup>13</sup> daungers percursiter<sup>13</sup>),  
invited bothe the kinge and Queene to rest,  
that<sup>14</sup> slumber mote those<sup>15</sup> indigestes digest; 4  
<sup>16</sup> but shee was so transported into ire,  
as all her d'signes thrett vengeance, sword, & fyer,<sup>16</sup>  
for princelie <sup>17</sup> state (once kinglie honor wounded)<sup>17</sup>  
n'is safe till iustice traitors<sup>18</sup> hathe confounded. 8

Queen Ethelta's  
wrath keeps her  
awake.

<sup>1</sup> which      <sup>2</sup> comd      <sup>3</sup> sayinge      <sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>5-5</sup> sith angrie Etheelta did dieplie vowe,  
her vengeance on all traiters heades to plowe.

<sup>6</sup> beare      <sup>7-7</sup> so now sad Titan      <sup>8-8</sup> clowdes soone turnd from

<sup>9</sup> from      <sup>10</sup> neves sad      <sup>11</sup> forespelld      <sup>12</sup> sulleine

<sup>13-13</sup> busnesses harbinger      <sup>14</sup> if      <sup>15</sup> theas

<sup>16-16</sup> but all in vaine; for shee's so bent to ire

as her designes but vengeance thrett, and fire:

<sup>17-17</sup> honor, feelinge, kingdom, wounded      <sup>18</sup> treason

To this, the kinge <sup>1</sup>addes, Algarsif was<sup>1</sup> missinge  
 from supper, without<sup>3</sup> cravinge parentes blissinge.  
 this more<sup>4</sup> encreasd Etheltaes indignation,  
<sup>5</sup>to tax him att th'vndutifull boyes fasshion. 12  
 but<sup>5</sup> thoughe Cambuscans love his passion stayd,  
 yet deemd hee,<sup>6</sup> such ann absence ought bee wayd,  
 specialie now,<sup>7</sup> when Fregiley revolteth.<sup>8</sup>  
 thus the sadd twaine<sup>9</sup> the matter long consulteth;<sup>10</sup> 16  
<sup>11</sup>his love yet lothd to turne it selfe to hate<sup>11</sup>  
 againste that statelie towne, which hee of late  
 with so<sup>12</sup> rare kerved workes had polished,  
 highe<sup>13</sup> sumptuous towres and trophies garnished, 20  
<sup>14</sup>that trulie to distroy't<sup>14</sup> on iuste occasion,  
<sup>15</sup>would forage hates hart, for loves emulation.

<sup>2</sup> *anxietie in difficulties*<sup>2</sup>  
 Algarsife's absence enrages his Mother.

His Father hesitates

to destroy his fine city Fregiley.

Thus vengeance, ire, love, lodginge<sup>15</sup> in one nest,  
 spent till<sup>16</sup> a snuff the nightes lampe without rest, 24  
 till<sup>17</sup> morpheus ebon mace, ytipd with lead,  
<sup>18</sup>had spred his sable curtaine o're theire head.

But ear sonn sett,<sup>18</sup> Canacies lookinge glasse  
<sup>20</sup>had to her glassd<sup>20</sup> from farr the verie case, 28  
 Which shee beholdinge, from her closet rose,  
 and, weepinge, <sup>21</sup>quicklie to her parentes goes:<sup>21</sup>  
 'fore whome, on knees, shee sayd, her hap was bad  
 to bee the bringer still of newes vnglad. 32

Canace's magic glass tells her  
<sup>19</sup>her foresight<sup>19</sup>  
 (f. 7 b.)

the bad news of Algarsife's revolt.

"Whie so?" (<sup>22</sup>quoth they) "tell yt vs<sup>22</sup> daughter  
 deere,  
 thoughe badd newes, rifer bin,<sup>23</sup> then good to heere."

<sup>1-1</sup> did add Algarsifes      <sup>2-2</sup> A. omits      <sup>3</sup> with not      <sup>4</sup> both which  
<sup>5-5</sup> to tax in him vile boies vndewteous fashion. wheare,  
<sup>6</sup> Yet thought that      <sup>7</sup> especialie      <sup>8</sup> revolted      <sup>9</sup> paire      <sup>10</sup> consulted  
<sup>11-11</sup> howbeet his love, lothd yt to turne to hate,      <sup>12</sup> much      <sup>13</sup> with  
<sup>14-14</sup> to raze yt thearefore though  
<sup>15-15</sup> hee deemd love ought impugn hates provocation.  
 Lō thus ire, vengeance, love, lodgd  
<sup>16</sup> to      <sup>17</sup> though  
<sup>18-18</sup> strove with his curtaines blacke, to hide theire head. Vntill by dawne,  
<sup>19-19</sup> om. in Ash.      <sup>20-20</sup> had glassd to her  
<sup>21-21</sup> to her parentes quicklie goes;      <sup>22-22</sup> said they, "it tell vs"  
<sup>23</sup> are



Canace prays  
Cambuscan to  
pardon Algarsife.

<sup>1</sup>“Pardon my brother, pardon ô,” shee sayde:<sup>1</sup>  
“my brother Algarsife (I feare) betrayd, 36  
whome the Fregiliens <sup>2</sup>have gott<sup>2</sup> in their handes,  
and him have captive <sup>3</sup>made vnder<sup>3</sup> their bandes.”

<sup>4</sup>*ye queenes  
indignation*<sup>4</sup>  
Q. Ethelta, his  
Mother,  
denounces Algar-  
sife's iniquities.

“Captive! nay Captaine,” (quoth<sup>5</sup> the queene) “them  
o're”  
<sup>6</sup>so rowsinge her,<sup>6</sup> vowd hee shoold dye thearefore; 40  
“false caitiff, traitor! thy stolne liberties,  
thy pleasures vnrestraine, thy surquedries,  
thy gracinge publicke <sup>7</sup>ill, good in private,<sup>7</sup>  
thy surphetes, luxuries, <sup>8</sup>plottinges in state,<sup>8</sup> 44  
weare presages enuff, what thow wooldst bee,  
but, as thow art,<sup>9</sup> thow doest, so comm to thee.”

<sup>11</sup>*Canacies  
grief*<sup>11</sup>

This<sup>10</sup> while, Canace melted into teares,  
for brothers faultes, which weare no faultes<sup>12</sup> of hers,  
<sup>13</sup>and while shee pittie beggd for fathers love,  
noold from Cambuscan once her eies remove.

<sup>14</sup>*love of a  
father*<sup>14</sup>

Who (good kinge) felt more bruntes<sup>13</sup> by this vprore  
<sup>15</sup>then yet in wisdomm hee ment to explore.<sup>15</sup> 52  
his Queenes revenge, his daughters mercie suite,  
his sonns falshode,<sup>16</sup> his owne truithes condispute,<sup>17</sup>  
his love and iustice, falshode to exile,  
<sup>18</sup>and serve all turnes, woold crave some longer while.  
more sayd hee not, sith tini's now t'mend all harmes,  
and thearefore rowzd him vp, to goe to armes.

but resolves to  
arm.

*allusio.*<sup>19</sup>

Tho sadd Lord<sup>18</sup> Phebus, in a drippinge morne, 59

<sup>1-1</sup> “Ô then my brother pardon,” oft shee praid, <sup>2-2</sup> now have  
<sup>3-3</sup> ledd into <sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>5</sup> said <sup>6-6</sup> then rowzinge vp  
<sup>7-7</sup> illes, good in thie state, <sup>8-8</sup> gaines by debate, <sup>9</sup> so now as th'art  
<sup>10</sup> All this <sup>11-11</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>12</sup> fault  
<sup>13-13</sup> and beggd with meeke eies fixd on Cambuscan,  
for love! and pittie sake! to spare the man,  
and hee (kind kinge) well felt  
<sup>14-14</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>15-15</sup> more bruntes, then hee in wisdom ment explore,  
<sup>16</sup> vile falshode <sup>17</sup> dispute  
<sup>18-18</sup> would, to serve eithers turne, crave longer While,  
more would not saie, but to amend thease harmes,  
did resolutelie him prepare to armes.

By this Dim

<sup>19</sup> *om. in Ash.*

peepd through his tawnie lockes (forespellinge storme),  
<sup>1</sup>and rufflinge auster made all clowdes one clowd,  
 to dight a mantl', him gainste the raine to shrowd.

Now<sup>1</sup> Canac havinge oportunitie  
 of time, place, grace (devoide of companie), 64  
 besought her parentes leave t'affoord<sup>2</sup> her speeche :  
<sup>3</sup>they, givinge Lovinge Leave<sup>3</sup> to her beeseche.

Canace gets leave  
 to speak to her  
 Parents.

"It yrekes my verie soule and hart" (quoth shee),  
 "posethe<sup>4</sup> my wittes and iudgmentes depth, to see, 68

She is wroth that

<sup>6</sup>that suche a divelish witch, flinger of trickes,  
 should exercise on vs her slye magickes,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup>a hurtfull  
 witch<sup>5</sup>  
 should charm and  
 infest their ani-  
 mals,

orelooke our cattell, <sup>7</sup>and infect all thinges;<sup>7</sup> 71  
 distort their bodies, <sup>8</sup>and their limbes round wringes;

wrest the streight crooked,<sup>8</sup> the right eyes besquint;

<sup>9</sup>poison the spirites, their sinewes wreath and stint;<sup>9</sup>

thrust ouglie fowle shapes on the fairest stature;

misshape men,

blowe opposition twixt nature and nature; 76

<sup>10</sup>the matter stupifie, of youths gen'ration;

counterfeate, yet ne cann vse copulation;

traduce the witt, from own witt,<sup>10</sup> to her will,

make suicides,

by charmes obsequious, till them selves they kill; 80

<sup>11</sup>with good commix badd,<sup>11</sup> imbibd willingelie,

till frend to frend, <sup>12</sup>turne mortal enimye;

and turn friends  
 into foes.

demolishe all thinges, as spites spoliator,<sup>12</sup>

in spite off (yet suffred by) their creator; 84

in natures sicke distempers, the slye dealer,

that to gaine credite, stealer plaies and healer.

1—1 and Auster havinge swept all clowdes int' one  
 putt on his pensive mantle during moan. tho

2 to afoord <sup>3—3</sup> whose lovinglie gave eare

<sup>4</sup> doth pose <sup>5—5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6—6</sup> that such a wicked—hateful—divelish witch,  
 should on vs exercise her magicke twitch,

<sup>7—7</sup> everie thinge infect,

<sup>8—8</sup> skinnes and limbes distrect, the strait wrest crooked

<sup>9—9</sup> their arteires poison, nerves stretch, shrinke, & stint,

<sup>10—10</sup> the spirites eake stupifie of generation, to counterfeate, yet cannot  
 copulation; their wittes traduce from their wittes,

<sup>11—11</sup> the bad mix with good,

<sup>12—12</sup> turnes hatefull enimie all thinges demolish, as hates dire privator,

- A woman's Malice  
is infinite. <sup>1</sup>my Lord, her drugges<sup>1</sup> weare yet withstoode by no man,  
for malice hathe no bottomm in a<sup>2</sup> woman." 88
- <sup>3</sup>"What? what? pray whose that?" (quoth the kinge  
& queene),  
for her discourse gann to them pleasant seeme,  
in that theire daughter, a great secret telles,<sup>3</sup>  
of radicke witchcraft, <sup>4</sup>and of horrid spellles.<sup>4</sup> 92
- This Witch and  
Hellcat is Viderea, "saye on, Canac" <sup>5</sup>(quoth they), "whoe is this beast?  
or<sup>5</sup> wheare keepes th'ellcatt, <sup>6</sup>dares all these infest?" <sup>6</sup>  
"Good Lord, tis false Viderea" (quoth Canac),  
"a bewteous ladie once, and rich of grace, 96
- daughter of Lord  
Homnibone, <sup>7</sup>sithe theldest<sup>7</sup> daughter of lord Homnibone,  
a baron bold abrode, and kind at home :  
whoe, for his prowesse and magnificence,  
with hospitalitie<sup>8</sup> of most dispense,<sup>9</sup> 100
- honourd thro' the  
world, was honord throughe the world, bothe farr & nye,  
as<sup>10</sup> great grandfather of all faire<sup>11</sup> chivalrie.  
his<sup>12</sup> court a schoole was, bothe of artes and armes,  
whither,<sup>13</sup> whoe so complaind of wronges or harmes  
had to theire cause a noble knight assignd, 105
- <sup>14</sup>which should theire wronges right, & beat tirantes  
blind :<sup>14</sup>  
accordinge to that <sup>15</sup>brave societie<sup>15</sup>
- and a follower of  
King Arthur. of nobliste<sup>16</sup> Artur of old Faerie, 108
- <sup>17</sup>whoe fetcht from thence his verie president  
of love, iustizd by truith magnificent.
- <sup>18</sup>a witch<sup>18</sup> This false<sup>17</sup> Videria, prienge into state,

1-1 Whose drugges my Lord, <sup>2</sup> that  
3-3 "Yea, Whoe is that? how? whie?" said th' Kinge and Queene,  
for this (made probable) did to them seeme  
a secret pestilence, which shée reveles  
4-4 cantinge horrid spellles. <sup>5-5</sup> what is this miscreant beast? and  
6-6 daringe thus to infest? <sup>7-7</sup> the eldest <sup>8</sup> hospitalities <sup>9</sup> expense  
<sup>10</sup> as the <sup>11</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>12</sup> whose <sup>13</sup> to which  
14-14 that should all wronges right; and the tyrantes bind  
<sup>15-15</sup> noble misterie <sup>16</sup> mightie.  
17-17 whoe from thence fetchd his famous president,  
of truith! by iustice grown magnificent. then this  
<sup>18-18</sup> om. in Ash.



- <sup>1</sup>and, through a false glasse, dressinge her elate, 112  
 Which glasse (it seemd) was caste in Alchymie, (f. 8)  
 to<sup>1</sup> amplifye thinges to monstrositie, His daughter  
<sup>2</sup>fell to selfe likinge, which sh' admird in that<sup>2</sup> Viderea took to  
 shee sawe, how in<sup>3</sup> her selfe to factitate, 116 self-love,  
 and proiectes to begett of greatest great;  
<sup>4</sup>where, deeminge eminence the iolliest seat, strove for emin-  
 that,<sup>4</sup> turninge courtier, woold<sup>5</sup> protest as trewe ence,  
<sup>6</sup>for falshode, cann make purchase by the shewe. 120  
 her<sup>6</sup> pride and avarice (not yet content)  
<sup>7</sup>blasond her exemplars (her mindes casement), sought applause,  
 that all eares woold, and eies her partes admire,  
 meaninge (in deede) but<sup>7</sup> to alluer folke nye her, 124 allured folk,  
<sup>8</sup>whome, with sweete blandishmentes, shee deignd re-  
 grette  
 (as the character<sup>8</sup> of ann hipochreete):  
 for it is all daie seene, <sup>9</sup>whoe sittes at gaze,  
 had rather to bee caught, then catch by th' blaze. 128  
 In short time shee so traffickd with them all,  
 as shee caught, and was caught of Quadrumal,<sup>9</sup>  
 and baggd full great (<sup>10</sup>which was ann<sup>10</sup> hainous crime)  
<sup>11</sup>of fowr base<sup>11</sup> miscreant bastardes att one time, 132 and had 4 bas-  
 which to her syde <sup>12</sup>had drawne a iollie faction, tards at once by  
 in hope to beare the swaye at her direction.<sup>12</sup> Lord Quadrumal.

<sup>1-1</sup> where lookinge through a false glasse on her fate  
 (idealie forgd by art alchymie) did

<sup>2-2</sup> selfe likinge givinge to admire, in that <sup>3</sup> for

<sup>4-4</sup> that shee mote sitt most eminent in seat. where <sup>5</sup> durst

<sup>6-6</sup> that falshodes purchase made, seeme faire in shewe. whose

<sup>7-7</sup> blazd her exemplars as her document,  
 so that all eies, and eares, should her admire,  
 intendinge, theareby, so

<sup>8-8</sup> as, with sweet blandishmentes, mote them invite; Há! the characters

<sup>9-9</sup> to sitt at gaze,

as well lookes to bee caught, as catch with blaze.

and so in time, shee traffickinge with all,

was caught of catchinge, by Lord Quadrumal,

<sup>10-10</sup> which provd that

<sup>11-11</sup> that bore foure

<sup>12-12</sup> soone drewe a potent faction,

which hopd to beare all swaie by her direction.

Her Father, Lord  
Homnibone,

but Homnibone, whoe was most provident,  
knewe hers,<sup>1</sup> and her conspirators intent, 136  
<sup>2</sup>and, iust at th' instant calld from her all grace,  
ne left one iote of goodnes in the place.  
for whie? what<sup>2</sup> seemd as it, and was not it,  
his reverend mowth <sup>3</sup>it quicklie foorth did spitt, 140  
and raught the sorceresse fast by the throte,  
without regarding ought<sup>3</sup> the strumpetes note,  
<sup>4</sup>in whome was left no matter to amendment,  
after all favors reft weare for avengement. 144  
"Counterfeate" (quoth hee), "packe thee, with thy  
crewe!"

and thrust her out  
of doors.

so<sup>4</sup> her and hers quite out of dores<sup>5</sup> hee threwe,  
<sup>6</sup>and lockd the gates with suche a secret seale,  
as<sup>6</sup> near more state newes shoold to her reveale." 148

Theare Canac breathd, a <sup>7</sup>trew-e-sweete<sup>7</sup> oratresse,  
that<sup>8</sup> ne'ar learnt shiftes of<sup>9</sup> gaine by slye degresse,  
<sup>10</sup>but with that purest<sup>10</sup>-pure simplicitie,  
<sup>11</sup>which hidd no wrinkle from the coningst spie,<sup>11</sup> 152  
look't pittifullie vp in Parentes face,  
and thus proceedes, "Now, since this hegges<sup>12</sup> disgrace,  
what villanie! what mischiff! what contagion!  
what mutinie! rebellion! strife! invasion! 156  
what loosenes (*which* this drabb<sup>13</sup> calles Libertie)!  
what faleshode (*which* this witch termes veritie)!  
what tonge-plages<sup>14</sup> (cowardlie scurrilitie)!

Since then, this  
Witch has stird  
up mischief,  
strife,

falsehoods, and  
tongue-plagues.

<sup>1</sup> her

<sup>2-2</sup> at th' instant thearefore, reft from all her grace,  
no iote of goodnes leavinge in ites place:  
for that *which*

<sup>3-3</sup> did instantlie out spitt.  
the sorceress fast catchinge by the throte,  
without regard had of

<sup>4-4</sup> intendinge eake to leave her nought to amendment,  
when once his gracious favors turnd to avengement,  
dyd bid the counterfeate packe with her crewe: thus

<sup>5</sup> dore <sup>6-6</sup> the gates fast lockinge with that secret seale, that

<sup>7-7</sup> faithfull <sup>8</sup> *which* <sup>9</sup> to <sup>10-10</sup> but that of singl &

<sup>11-11</sup> (*which* not one wrinkle havinge of a spie) <sup>12</sup> haggess <sup>13</sup> quean

<sup>14</sup> stabbes?

what quill-gvn<sup>1</sup> bownces dares shee not let flye? 160 This Witch  
 Viderea  
<sup>2</sup>Naye, whoe or what ist<sup>2</sup> not, that spite, or hate,  
 that luste, or coste hathe, but shee shootes at <sup>3</sup>state?  
 for, lett but soldiers walke without the gates, saps soldiers'  
 shee or her bastardes shape to court her mates, 164 loyalty,  
 wheare-in shee trades, or traines them to her weeles;  
 nay, everie one shee tracethe close at th' eeles, and corrupts  
 wheare simbolizethe to insinuate, every one,  
 th'imposture of a snake ayminge the pate. 168  
 but, farr more glibb, persuades, and slipps all in<sup>3</sup>  
 at that same <sup>4</sup>humor, that's<sup>4</sup> most apt to synn,  
<sup>5</sup>wheare (warninge her) shee busilie collectes  
 fraile moral natures corrupt-impious textes,<sup>5</sup> 172 collects impious  
 exhaeld from eithers distances<sup>6</sup> extreame,  
 and theareof imitable<sup>7</sup> deignes declaime,  
<sup>8</sup>to force a truth<sup>8</sup> out of neutralitie,  
<sup>9</sup>which is abhorringe to pure sanctitie, 176 perverts trust,  
 in spite of all the muses (as I deeme),  
 elles (but for her) print never them had seene.<sup>9</sup>  
 but pious canons<sup>10</sup> of synceritie  
 and flouts Sin-  
 cerity,  
<sup>11</sup>shee flowtes (as novices stupiditie), 180  
 and (as too cold) to lift hott spirites alofte,<sup>11</sup>  
 so (the good spirit her leavinge) tries the noft,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> what papern      <sup>2-2</sup> naie, what thinge is yt  
<sup>3-3</sup> th' state: for lett but one sole soldier once out scape,  
and shee, and her sly bastardes, chaunge their shape,  
and therein trie to traine all to ther weeles,  
and everie one so traceth at the heeles,  
as simbolizinge, insinuation makes,  
more glibb then either land or water snakes,  
and there more sly persuaides, and slippeth in,  
                <sup>4</sup> <sup>4</sup> humor is

5-5 in *which* her warninge busilie collectes  
natures corrupt, and morales impious textes.

<sup>6</sup> mixtures most      <sup>7</sup> for imposture      <sup>8-8</sup> a rackd truth, forced

9-9 which most abhorrs to sing integrity,  
in spite of th' muses pure simplicitie,  
which her caught gullies traduce at sickerlie.

11-11 flowtes as of novices observancie,  
found too to cold to reare hott spirites aloft,  
12 naught



"I, Canace, fear  
this Viderea's  
wiles.

(f. 8 b.)  
She is the Witch  
who has ensnared  
Algarsife.

<sup>13</sup> her suite<sup>13</sup>  
Pray forgive  
him!"

<sup>15</sup> a iust denial<sup>15</sup>  
Queen Ethelta  
swears, that as  
Algarsife sind  
wilfully,

to the dishonor of <sup>1</sup>all antique normes,<sup>1</sup>  
which ne'ar appeard yet but in pious formes. 184  
Lô,<sup>2</sup> these snakes egges shathe<sup>3</sup> hatcht in Faerie lande,  
<sup>4</sup>Wheare none (as yet) dares her designes withstand.<sup>4</sup>  
Ah, father, mother (parentes deerest deere),  
I, your poore<sup>5</sup> daughter, may her witchcraft feare; 188  
<sup>6</sup>her night croes, battes, howles, ravens, cattes, todes,  
snakes,<sup>6</sup>  
so fright <sup>7</sup>mee, that<sup>7</sup> my fleshe and sinewes quakes.  
<sup>8</sup>vah, but ift<sup>8</sup> bee your fortunes to goe hence, 191  
leave mee some suer<sup>9</sup> gard for my weake<sup>10</sup> defense!  
<sup>11</sup>for shee this witch is, which with temptinge weele  
hath snard my brother Algarsife by th' eele,  
or snake-wise stunge him: ah,<sup>11</sup> I feare to death."  
Tho Canac wept and sobbd, quite out of breath, 196  
<sup>12</sup>praienge them sweetlie, thoughe great weare his fault,  
to weigh his weakenes, weaker then th' assault,<sup>12</sup>  
and signe his pardon with their lovinge hand: 199  
<sup>14</sup>which donn, shee'l<sup>14</sup> call him home to Faerie Lande.  
"No" (swore sterne Ethelta<sup>16</sup>), "that raskall boye  
shall feelee hee wrote<sup>17</sup> his owne, not our annoye.  
<sup>18</sup>Yea, thoughe<sup>18</sup> hee ioine him to<sup>19</sup> our enimies,  
<sup>20</sup>and purchas make of their iniquities,<sup>20</sup> 204  
his reason knewe<sup>21</sup> his parentes trewe and iuste;  
<sup>22</sup>his reason knewe<sup>22</sup> theire foes false and <sup>23</sup>iniuste,  
his will was choise, his choise was reasons will;<sup>23</sup>

1-1 your virtuous normes    <sup>2</sup> om. in Ash.    <sup>3</sup> shee hath

4-4 wheare none yet her designes cares to withstand.    <sup>5</sup> sole

6-6 whose nightcroes, Owles, battes, quappers, cattes, and snakes

7-7 as all    <sup>8-8</sup> then yf yt    <sup>9</sup> certaine    <sup>10</sup> om. in Ash.

11-11 for this thattemptinge witch is, with her weele,

hath snaerd Algarsife my poore brothers heele,

or stunge him by some snake

12-12 them yernelie praienge, though his fault weare greate,

to waigh, that weakenes aunswers his defeate,

13-13 om. in Ash.    14-14 that shee mote    15-15 om. in Ash.

16 Etheelta stern,    17 wrought    18-18 although    19 with

20-20 and slyly swallowe theire iniquities,    21 yet knewe

22-22 the same reasn wist

23-23 vniust, choise was his will, will was his reasn also,

and that, the traitor <sup>1</sup>conscientlie shall feelee,<sup>1</sup> 208 she'll not forgive him.  
 in whose fowle soule, as thear's no expiation,  
 so, twixt vs <sup>2</sup>three, n'is<sup>2</sup> reconciliation."

<sup>3</sup>Teers after teers<sup>3</sup> ran downe Canacies eyes, Canace weeps,  
 sithe in those termes shee Barbara discries, 212

<sup>4</sup>great argument, so vniuersal that  
 admittes not one exception (hard estate).<sup>4</sup>  
 "Yet, noblist mother" (<sup>5</sup>quod this humble mayd),<sup>5</sup>  
 "beare with your child, whoe ofte hathe heard it  
 sayd, 216

that thoughe a<sup>6</sup> father bee a lovinge<sup>7</sup> frend,  
 Yet, naturalie, mothers are more kind.

<sup>8</sup>tis to your love, Deere Dame, that I appeale : and appeals to her  
 Love<sup>8</sup> brought you and my ffather so to deale, 220 mother's-love for her son.  
 as wee your childrenn are : whome, if yee<sup>9</sup> kill,  
<sup>10</sup>nature maye sweare love is oreruld by will."

"Gearl" (quoth the queene), "I note my selfe  
 mistake ;<sup>10</sup>

I love my sonn while hee dothe vs partake ; 224 Queen Ethelta  
 but hee is gonn. Now love I <sup>11</sup>iustice better ; still refuses to  
 my <sup>12</sup>iustice shall my love paye, <sup>13</sup>trew loves debter,<sup>13</sup> forgive Algarsife.

<sup>14</sup>which iustice cann no partial love admitt :<sup>14</sup> 228  
 nor will I separate mee to annother,<sup>15</sup>  
 no, thoughe<sup>16</sup> I weare tenn thowsand times his mother."

<sup>17</sup>Then sobbd the seelie-meeke-deiected mayd,<sup>17</sup>  
 "so bee it, sacred mother, as you<sup>18</sup> sayd. 232  
 graunt yet,<sup>19</sup> that, as vnheard I begg for him,

1-1 feelingelie shall kno 2-2 is no 3-3 tho floodes of teeres

4-4 ann argument so general ymade

as cann give no exception for evade,

5-5 said this woefull maid, 6 the 7 faithfull

8-8 it is, Deere Dame, t' your love that I appeale, which 9 you

10-10 nature maie plead, love gives place to selfe will.

"Gearl, gearl," said shee, "I n'ote my selfe misstake,"

11 I love 12 which 13-13 as sinnes debter :

14-14 which can no partial indulgence admitt, 15 to him (annother)

16 although 17-17 then quoth this humblie meeke-deiected maid,

18 yee 19 Yet graunt

Canace entreats  
that she may die  
with Algarsife.

I too bee made<sup>1</sup> partaker of his synn,  
and die his death : Let me not see the daye  
<sup>2</sup>that our twoe loves shall<sup>2</sup> parted bee a tway : 236  
<sup>3</sup>his liefē, my death may not concomitate ;  
ô, let vs bothe die, or bothe live one fate !  
wee bee twoe<sup>3</sup> graffes, twoe blossoms of one stocke,  
let one sharpe pruninge knife <sup>4</sup>addresse our blocke ;<sup>4</sup>  
my grace cannot his disgrace overlive : 241  
I will die with thee, my<sup>5</sup> owne Algarsiuē."

Q. Ethelta leaves  
her.

<sup>6</sup>The queene woold heere no more, but strooke vp  
stairs,  
Leavinge sad Canac sprent with teers and praiers ; 244  
and as the queene rose cryd, " Good Ladie mother,<sup>6</sup>  
bee good t' Algarsife, <sup>7</sup>my owne<sup>7</sup> eldest brother !"

antipathie.<sup>8</sup>

Heere fell a notable antipathie  
twixt ffathers and the mothers propertie : 248  
her nature (on iust cause) wox iustelie fell ;  
his nature (on trewe<sup>9</sup> cause) Love did impell.

K. Cambuscan,  
for Canace's sake,

<sup>10</sup>but all this while Cambuscan inwardlie  
dranke vp Canacies teeres, hyd in his eye : 252

tries to forgive  
Algarsife.

courage with truith, pittye with iustice, bothe  
fought hard<sup>10</sup> in him, to salve his sonns vntrothe,  
But all was for his lovelie Daughters sake,  
Yet made no showe, <sup>11</sup>no, thoughe<sup>11</sup> his hart did  
ake, 256  
but volvd, revolvd, in diepe perplexitie,

<sup>1</sup> I also bee      <sup>2-2</sup> whearein our twoe loves  
<sup>3-3</sup> but lett his death my liefē concomitate  
that both die one, or both survive to one fate :  
wee twoe are

<sup>4-4</sup> the pollardes knocke      <sup>5</sup> mine  
<sup>6-6</sup> Nathles the Queene n'oold heere, but strake vp staires,  
Canacee left in teeres, and bootelesse praiers.  
out crienge lowd, oft said, " Good Ladie mother,"

<sup>7-7</sup> mine      <sup>8</sup> om. in Ash.      <sup>9</sup> iust  
<sup>10-10</sup> and all this while the roial Cambuscan  
dranke vp Canacees teeres, as fast as rann !  
his courage, pittie, love, iustice and troth,  
strivinge

<sup>11-11</sup> although



<sup>1</sup>how to fitt love, and iustice remedie. 258

Oh, noblest Love (active), the baies bee thine,  
which deignst annothers faultes say, "they bee mine."

Boreas, by this, had<sup>1</sup> swept the firmament, The Sun shines.

<sup>2</sup>and rolld vp wett clowdes, backe to seaward sent ;  
Phebus, discurtaininge his murninge face,  
shewd his longe absence dult the worldes solace. 264

"Come, Canac" (quoth Cambuscan), "goe with mee<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>they ride y<sup>e</sup>  
brassen horse.<sup>3</sup>  
to yond faire towr." Shee runns<sup>4</sup> as quick as bee.  
Wheare, downe hee raught<sup>5</sup> the bridle, which<sup>6</sup> his  
frend, Cambuscan and  
Canace get the  
bridle

kinge Thotobon of Arabce and Ind, 268

had sent him, with a swoord and horse of brasse, of the Horse of  
Brass,

<sup>7</sup>which trye hee will<sup>7</sup> in this disastrous case.

<sup>8</sup>plaine was the bridle, of well tand leather hunger,  
buckled, to lett longe, short, not o're or vnder ; 272  
the bitt, a canon bytt, of won stuff,<sup>8</sup>

with a canon bit

able to tame<sup>9</sup> the wildest colt in<sup>10</sup> proff ;  
howbeet so pleasaunt, after some while<sup>11</sup> worne, 275

as with glad cheere <sup>12</sup>and ease mote well bee borne ;

Which held the curb, or water chaine so nye, and a curb chain.

as could checke stumblinge, and teach remedye.<sup>12</sup>

from whence <sup>13</sup>they ventred<sup>13</sup> to the mantled greene, (f. 9)

<sup>1-1</sup> to fitt his love to iustice remedie.  
O noblest love! the coronal bee thine,  
that deignest saie annothers faultes are mine.  
by this had Boreas

<sup>2-2</sup> and rolld vp Zephirs wett clowdes t' seaward sent,  
and Sol disvelopinge his bashfull face,  
provd, without him, the world bath no solace.  
Then said Cambuscan, "Canace goe with mee"

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>4</sup> rann <sup>5</sup> reachd <sup>6</sup> that  
<sup>7-7</sup> thease now to trie

<sup>8-8</sup> Yt beinge plaine, of well dressd leather hungere,  
which longe, or short, did not lett ore, or vnder,  
the canon bitt beinge of surest stuff  
<sup>9</sup> breake <sup>10</sup> by <sup>11</sup> times

<sup>12-12</sup> mote without paine bee born,  
whose water chaine, or curbe, was fixt so nie  
as checkd all stumblinge, and causd remedie.

<sup>13-13</sup> this paire walkd

wheare Phœbus <sup>1</sup>would have Canac<sup>1</sup> gladder seene,  
 out of her murninge weedes : but<sup>2</sup> murners lawes 281  
<sup>3</sup>affoorde no mirth<sup>3</sup> duringe the murninge cause.  
 As Cambuscan and Canace walk  
 amid daisies <sup>4</sup>They had not oftenn<sup>4</sup> measured the plaine  
<sup>5</sup>(powned with white deisies, died with flowrs in graine,<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup>checkred with primrose, dyed with cowslips mild, 285  
 and violets, strewd with blewẽ violetes, amiling the feild);<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>but as theire eies the lantskipps viewe weare fetchinge,  
 iust with th'orisons furthest clowdes out stretchinge,<sup>7</sup>  
 the Brazen Horse comes thro' the  
 air behold, amidd<sup>8</sup> the aier, the brazen horse 289  
 came in his mayne carryer, of sourse deorse,  
<sup>9</sup>rougher then Neptunes wilcolt-fominge waves,  
 when all the sandes and sowndes with frothe hee  
 laves :<sup>9</sup> 292  
 that wonder was to see him sore so hye,  
 not havinge Pegasus his winges to flye ;  
<sup>10</sup>as wondrous to expect<sup>10</sup> his then repaire,  
<sup>11</sup>havinge so longe a time binn weft and straier. <sup>11</sup> 296  
 at Cambuscan's  
 secret call, the reason was Cambuscans privie call  
 (secretlie<sup>12</sup> whisprẽd to th' etherial),  
 had first, as swift as thought, flown to the stead,  
 which heard, hee<sup>13</sup> comms, the world mote not forbẽad.  
<sup>14</sup>Cambuscan tho, so rounded in his eare,<sup>14</sup> 301  
 and stands still  
 before them. as still hee standes,<sup>15</sup> not offringe muche<sup>16</sup> to steare ;  
 like as of old, when wise Pithagoras  
 sawe a wild oxe devoure <sup>17</sup>the corne or grasse, 304  
 gann<sup>17</sup> virtuous wordes so round into his eare,

1—1 would Canace have      2 could      3—3 graunt anie mirth,

4—4 Wheare longe they had not

5—5 (with deisies violetes powned, and flowres in graine)      6—6 om. in *Ash*.

7—7 but as theire eies farr lantskipps kennes weare fetchinge,

Lô, with thorizontes farthest point out stretchinge,

8 vp in

9—9 more rough, then Neptunes fominge wilcolt taves,

when all the sowndes, sandes, strandes, with froth belaves ;

10—10 as wonderfull to see

11—11 so longe time havinge binn a weft and straier      12 in secret

13 soone      14—14 Whoe comd, Cambuscan roundd so his eare      15 stood

16 once      17—17 mens corn, and grasse, did

<sup>1</sup>as foorthwith gann the lowlie beast forbear,  
 yea, wox tame, and went<sup>1</sup> vp and down the streate,  
 nor once woold eate, but what men gave<sup>2</sup> to eate; 308  
 so stooode this brasen horse as still as stone,  
 till kinge Cambuscan gann<sup>3</sup> the bridel done,  
 and<sup>4</sup> clombe his backe, as light as bucke or doe;<sup>5</sup>  
 but then<sup>6</sup> the horse gann startel, tripp,<sup>7</sup> and goe, 312  
 curved, carrier, bound, rear, rebound, and daunce,  
 obayenge yet<sup>8</sup> the bridelles observaunce.  
 Tho bode<sup>9</sup> hee Canac gett vp him behind.

Cambuscan  
 mounts the Horse  
 of Brass;

<sup>10</sup>shee did so, fearinge nought hee t' her assignd, 316  
 so confident of him was Canace,  
 as shee durst walke with him vpon the sea.

Canace gets up  
 behind him,

Whome, vp and settled, bides sitt close and fast,  
 holdinge by him, and<sup>10</sup> bee of nought agast. 320  
 Meane while the kinge said, "hollo, hollo, boye,"  
 shee wondrous gladd to feele the stead obaye.

"But now, my gearle," Cambuscan said to her,  
 "looke to thy selfe:" the rodd then<sup>11</sup> made him  
 sterr, 324

and is bidden to  
 look to herself.

the kinge him bearinge <sup>12</sup>faire & streight<sup>12</sup> in seate,  
 for better knight no age did ear beate,  
<sup>13</sup>wheather it<sup>13</sup> weare on horsebacke or on foote,  
<sup>14</sup>hee vsd to putt his horse and him selfe toot. 328

first, easelie trottes, endlonge, all the greene,  
 liftinge his pasternes<sup>14</sup> (goodlie to bee seene),  
 with suche a countenance as gave to knowe,  
 the kinge had to commaund the beast to bowe; 332

The horse trots,  
 lifting his pas-  
 terns high.

<sup>1-1</sup> as foorthwith lowlie causd the beast forbear,  
 and wox tame, wendinge  
<sup>2</sup> gave him <sup>3</sup> did <sup>4</sup> then <sup>5</sup> Roe, <sup>6</sup> tho <sup>7</sup> runn  
<sup>8</sup> Yet still obaied <sup>9</sup> Tho willd  
<sup>10-10</sup> shee nothinge fearinge, did as hee assignd,  
 then vp, and settled, bides her to sitt fast,  
 and by him holdinge,  
<sup>11</sup> tho <sup>12-12</sup> strait, and faire in seate, <sup>13-13</sup> whoe wheather  
<sup>14-14</sup> still vsd to putt him selfe, and his horse toot.  
 and first trottes endlonge easelie the greene,  
 his pasternes liftinge



The Brazen Horse  
gallops, stops,  
leaps,      then gallops<sup>1</sup> out, then makes<sup>2</sup> a suddaine stopp,  
then fortie foote into the ringe hee lopp.  
the people howtinge,<sup>3</sup> "oh, most gallant horse."  
<sup>4</sup>for whie? hee had not tried on them his force,      336  
and<sup>4</sup> theare in mayne carrier, he trode th'essaye  
does a Lover's  
knot,      <sup>5</sup>that simbolizeth trew loves rundelaye:<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup>whence, crossewise, viers twoe roundes, like eightes bi  
figure,  
trew lovers simbole gemelized one creature.      340  
When hee had donn all smooth trickes on the ground,  
hee tooke the paralel, neighbringe the round,  
trots forward,      wheare in hee trottes, vnto the pathes farr ende,  
then tail back-  
wards,      but theare, on thinder heeles, turnes to rewend:      344  
thence retrottes tailewise backwardes, whence he cam  
to charge foreright, as dothe a busshinge ram.<sup>6</sup>  
Thus havinge founde his horse at plaine worke readye,  
<sup>7</sup>hee warnd Canac, aye to sitt fast and steadye.      348  
tho, with the rodd and spurr, th'orse rose alofte,<sup>7</sup>  
prances front and  
rear,      twentie curveddes before, behind as ofte,  
that never horse was known<sup>8</sup> comm off so hye,  
<sup>9</sup>which seene, "God save Canac!" all people out  
crye.<sup>9</sup>      352  
"Harcke" (quoth<sup>10</sup> the kinge), "these praie for thee,  
with cries,  
<sup>11</sup>Yet bin thy most malitious enimies."  
tho<sup>11</sup> (with a trice), Cambuscan trilld the Jyn  
that in his horses ear movd with a pinn,      356  
and whispred<sup>12</sup> secretlie, a word or twaine:  
and then bolts up  
to the sky.      <sup>13</sup>th'orse boltes vp right in th'aier, and left the mayne.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> gallopd      <sup>2</sup> made      <sup>3</sup> out crienge

<sup>4-4</sup> hee havinge yet not bent on them his force. but

<sup>5-5</sup> which simbolizeth Loves own rundelaie      <sup>6-6</sup> 8 lines om. in *Ash.*

<sup>7-7</sup> againe hee warnd Canace to sete her steadie,

then with the rodd and spurr, hee rose aloft,

<sup>8</sup> seene

<sup>9-9</sup> wheareat, "God save them both!" the peopl out crie.

<sup>10</sup> said

<sup>11-11</sup> Yet are thine, nay theire own most enimies. then

<sup>12</sup> whispringe

<sup>13-13</sup> the horse vp boltes in th'aier bove plaine, and mayne;

<sup>2</sup>The people, it seeinge, soone awaye rann all, 359 <sup>1</sup>*vnstable people.*<sup>1</sup>  
 fearinge the beast woold on their heades down fall.<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>but soone the stead sord highe and out of sight,  
 leavinge them weepinge, in a mazefull plight.  
 some sighd for their good kinge,<sup>3</sup> some for his daughter ;  
<sup>4</sup>others wisshd they mote ride awaye soone after.<sup>4</sup> 364  
 some wondred how Canace (so towzd and tosst)  
 could keepe her seate, and sitt her horse so fast.  
 some said, " If they had suche ann horse,<sup>5</sup> be bould 367  
<sup>6</sup>to heavn with ease, when so them liste, they would."<sup>6</sup>  
 some fell to counsell, " Whoe shoold be their kinge ?"  
<sup>7</sup>others said, " none,<sup>7</sup> but Ethelta the Queene."  
<sup>8</sup>some dreamd of chaunge, some of succession prate,  
 others weare sicke, till they had taxt the state.<sup>8</sup> 372  
<sup>9</sup>some thought it best to chouse annother kinge ;  
 others thought twoe too muche, wheare one did wringe.  
 some mockd at somme, for state-mongers absurd,  
 till scarce one of them all had one wise word.<sup>9</sup> 376  
 Now, when the kinge had brought vnder her eye  
 all regions, <sup>10</sup>nations, kingdoms,<sup>10</sup> farr and nye,<sup>11</sup>  
 hee<sup>12</sup> bore vp, till her head was in the sonn ;

The Horse of  
 Brass bears Cam-  
 (f. 9 b.)  
 buscan and Canace  
 out of sight.

The people think  
 they're lost,

and wonder who'll  
 be the new King.

The Brazen Horse

bears Canace to  
 the Sun,

1-1 *om. in Ash.* 2-2 *om. in Ash.*

3-3 and soerd so hie as bove the peoples sight ;  
 soone gladded them, for chaunge is theire delight :  
 as soone some sighd theire kinge,

4-4 and others wishd that they mote thence ride after <sup>5</sup> one

6-6 they would to heavn with ease ride, yea, they would.

7-7 som woold have none,

8-8 som alteration ! some succession prate !  
 and not one but was skilld to tax the state ;

9-9 *om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—*

them leavinge theare to all posteritie,  
 the type of ignorance and inconstancie.

<sup>10-10</sup> climates, nations,

11 *the following lines inserted here :—*

thence bore vp mongst the spheares of musickes tones,  
 whence are derived all harmonious sones,  
 theare foes thideal formes, configuringe  
 all our sweet flowres, trees, fruites, dilled for the springe,  
 shed from Elisium, thearth to bewtifie,  
 till faded home againe vnseene vp stie.

<sup>12</sup> thence

then to the Moon; whence<sup>1</sup> (with a trice) her feete weare in<sup>2</sup> the  
moone;<sup>3</sup> 380

then homewards. <sup>4</sup>thence, downhill, softlie homewardes bore againe,<sup>4</sup>  
Cambuscan and in his daughters handes<sup>5</sup> hee placd<sup>6</sup> the raigne,  
teaches Canace <sup>7</sup>teachinge and helping how to rule his steade,<sup>7</sup>  
by a discreete hand, borne vppon his head; 384  
<sup>8</sup>for twas his purpose,<sup>8</sup> glorie, ioye, and glee  
that shee should ride <sup>9</sup>his horse as well as hee.<sup>9</sup>  
how to guide the and theare belowe hee shewd her all thats<sup>10</sup> donn,  
Horse of Brass. He shows her all that goes on in  
the World. publicke, and <sup>11</sup>privatelie, vnder the sonn;<sup>11</sup> 388  
in states, courtes, counsell<sup>es</sup>, benches, consistories,  
schooles, vniuersities, celles, oratories,  
<sup>12</sup>fares, marketes, burses,<sup>12</sup> shoppes, heades, hartes,  
handes too,  
in closetes, studies, chambers, <sup>13</sup>where men doe <sup>13</sup> 392  
all policies of them, which<sup>14</sup> factitate  
all stratagems of them who<sup>15</sup> machinate,  
<sup>16</sup>a wondrous thinge to see, which I note tell,<sup>16</sup>  
vnlesse Canacies glasse stode<sup>17</sup> centinell. 396

They reach home But when the people <sup>18</sup>him cominge home discried,  
again. capps, cries, and friskalles, to the welkin hyed.

Their folk are Naie, when they sawe Canac comm well againe, 399  
glad. no ground, no reason, mote theire tonges containe,<sup>18</sup>

<sup>1</sup> thence <sup>2</sup> on

*Ash. inserts here:—*

where marketh thaereal spirites of colord hiewe,  
most chaungeable starres infinite of viewe.  
and in her glasse, white soles ascendinge, spied  
the narrow waie to theire Lord glorified.  
and all blacke misscreantes, delect, confind  
to infernal Jailers, and to Darknes chaind.

<sup>4—4</sup> thence homeward softlie down hill bore againe, <sup>5</sup> hand <sup>6</sup> putt  
<sup>7—7</sup> her gracinge, teachinge, helpinge t'rule his stead,  
<sup>8—8</sup> his purpose beinge <sup>9—9</sup> and rule his horse as hee <sup>10</sup> thinges  
<sup>11—11</sup> private vnderneath the moon, <sup>12—12</sup> fares, burses, markettes,  
<sup>13—13</sup> what they doe, <sup>14</sup> that <sup>15</sup> that  
<sup>16—16</sup> too wondrous thinges to see, which none maie tell <sup>17</sup> stand  
<sup>18—18</sup> sawe him wellcom home  
theire cappes, knees, friskalles, wise cries, vp weare thrown.  
so when they fownd Canacee comd againe,  
they weare of her, more then afore, full faine,





not to bee movd by all the peoples force, 424  
<sup>1</sup>no, thoughe they gazd & shovd, b'yond all decision,  
 calles gladlie, what they knewe not, superstition.

*allusio.*<sup>2</sup>

Tho titan pursd vp all his somms of coyne  
 emplotd at vsurie, in bancke, or moyne,<sup>1</sup> 428

The Sun goes.

and lockd his golden rayes<sup>3</sup> in thazure cheste,  
<sup>4</sup>convold by torche and candel light to weste,<sup>4</sup>  
<sup>5</sup>dismissinge eglet scyntills on the flowres,  
 which causd the gardins blusshe of silver showres.<sup>5</sup> 432

The Bat flies.

the leathern batt, shades hawnter, lothinge light,

Folk say, "Good  
 night!"

<sup>6</sup>strooke in : all takinge leave to bidd good night.<sup>6</sup>

*Part V.*

*Canto quinto.*

The Vulgar want  
 War,

The vulgar much desireth<sup>7</sup> warr ;

Algarsife it apologizethe ;

Cambuscan callethe<sup>8</sup> Akafir ;

Canace, Peace.

<sup>9</sup>Canac th'armie to love advisethe.<sup>9</sup>

Before the weepinge gearles, Pleiades,  
 had leapt th' orison, to <sup>10</sup>the brinische seas,  
 a post gallopinge, whoe by starr light rann,<sup>10</sup>  
 knockd at court gates ; <sup>11</sup>the porter quicklie camm,<sup>11</sup> 4  
 and speedinge vp the packett to the kinge,  
 for newes was all the peoples<sup>12</sup> questioninge,  
<sup>13</sup>whoe, since the late rebellious practisinge,  
 made of Algarsife, but tantologinge ;<sup>13</sup> 8  
<sup>14</sup>for none but descanteth vppon his action,  
 which, at their litle ears, enlargeth faction,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> though heavd, sheavd, gazd, beyond their wittes decision,  
 did thearefore wiselie call yt superstition :  
 till Titan from them all incalld his coyne,  
 Vnworthie to bee lent them longer time,

<sup>2</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>3</sup> goldie lockes

<sup>4-4</sup> where those him vnderstanden least hee blesst : <sup>5-5</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> in strooke, to bid his like blind gwidess good night.

<sup>7</sup> enquire for <sup>8</sup> calles in <sup>9-9</sup> Canace to Love the armie feirce adviseth.

<sup>10-10</sup> down the brinie seases an earlie Post by starrlight havinge runn,

<sup>11-11</sup> soone is the Porter com, <sup>12</sup> Courtiers <sup>13-13</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>14-14</sup> where none but descanted Algarsifes action,  
 to lett in at their busie eares his faction,

theventes wheareof <sup>1</sup>not one but dares divine,  
 and officers vnto the campe assigne, 12 Officers begin to  
 and looke what newes the post hathe not to tell,<sup>1</sup> talk :  
 they dare supplie. and to <sup>2</sup>the world<sup>2</sup> reuell,  
<sup>3</sup>vntill so many truithes binn out at once  
 as hathe our Ladie new begotten sonnes.<sup>3</sup> 16  
<sup>4</sup>"Now, now," vauntes one,<sup>4</sup> "packes idlnes awaye,  
<sup>5</sup>and now tall men who lacke shall lacke no pay,<sup>5</sup> we shall get pay  
<sup>6</sup>but leave base seekinge dinners, at each table, now,  
 which, to vs soldiers, writes dishonorable ; 20  
 ne wayt at court, for court smoke, elles in vaine,  
 without our salaries, a yeere or twaine ;  
 ne care to gage Jackes leathern panche by oures,  
 with lookinge bigg on all that on vs lowres ; 24  
 ne princke our outsides fasshion with new suites,  
 while purses insides pennillesse disputes."<sup>6</sup> and have money  
 for new clothes.  
<sup>7</sup>"Naye, now the world will mende, so wee may winn,<sup>7</sup>  
 elles, goe the Divl' withall," quoth Tomallin. 28  
<sup>8</sup>for so the vulgar rable prophecie,  
 as if their warrs woold all folkes wantes supplie,<sup>8</sup>  
<sup>9</sup>whearefore, th'vnrulie wisshe for hopefull warrs, They wish for  
 till feelingelie they bringe home curelesse skarrs ;<sup>9</sup> 32 war.  
<sup>10</sup>and so they ianglen, wheare they herd togeather,<sup>10</sup>  
 opinions, for opinions, chouse yee wheather,  
<sup>11</sup>that never are vnfurnishd of this fasshion,<sup>11</sup>  
 to hold with either partie contestation. 36

<sup>1-1</sup> allreadie they Divine, and how to doe all readie waies assigne,  
 for looke what Postes newes theareof could not tell,

<sup>2-2</sup> their mates <sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>4-4</sup> one vauntinge now

<sup>5-5</sup> because tall men that lacke shall have their paie,

<sup>6-6</sup> 8 lines *om. in Ash.* <sup>7-7</sup> which will amend the world, so they maie win

<sup>8-8</sup> for still the Vulgar so deign prophecie

as yf their warr could right all is awrie,

<sup>9-9</sup> *om. in Ash. and the following lines inserted :—*

themselves enablinge still so good deservrs,

as faine woold warr should bee their hungrie kervers,

presuminge violence bringes best to pass,

till warres disaster alter all the case,

<sup>10-10</sup> wheareof they iangle, as they meete togeather,

<sup>11-11</sup> never vnfurnishd of this their old fasshion,



<sup>1</sup> *Algarsifes  
rebellion.*<sup>1</sup>

Cambuscan tells  
the Queen of their  
Son's rebellion,

and that Fregiley  
&c. have joind in  
it.

Algarsife's folk  
will fight,

hoping to get from  
him Cambuscan's  
lands.

The<sup>2</sup> packett opened, and the letter seene,  
the kinge impartes his<sup>3</sup> newes vnto the<sup>4</sup> queene,  
<sup>5</sup> how that, besides, their wicked sonn's gonn out,  
" the man at Fregiley bears all the rowt,<sup>5</sup> 40  
<sup>6</sup> plaies Captaine General of all disorders,  
and calles vnto his partie all the borders,  
specialie those hee holdes to him most nye,  
whoe gainste vs have donn greatest villany, 44  
buildinge most saftie vppon their defense,  
who have to aunswer for the like offense.  
ô, but o're them beares the most ielleous eye,  
whoe standes not vnto vs, most contrarie. 48  
Now wheare the Prince prætetendes his iuste de-  
fense,  
his folke will challenge armes of false offense,  
sithe, sooner dothe a false truth bleare their eies  
as they woold (by suspition) seeme most wise ; 52  
yet groundinge all their chiefest confidence  
on the possessd greatnes of their owne prince,  
whence anglers, (whoe woold rise by emulation)  
and of their service publishe demonstration ; 56  
fightes, railes, skoldes, writes against vs all they  
may,  
their syde to bolden, our right to dissmaie ;  
thereby t'imbareke them in the peoples hart,  
which still consisteth of their maior part ; 60  
and, for suche sharkinge paines, lookes at his handes  
to reape (besides his grace) our farmes and landes ;  
concludinge on this groundes securitie  
falselie gott, nis kept, but by falsitie.<sup>6</sup> 64

<sup>1-1</sup> *om. in Ash.*    <sup>2</sup> Which    <sup>3</sup> the    <sup>4</sup> his  
<sup>5-5</sup> how that Algarsif hath in Fregiley  
not onlie made him head, to beare all swaie,  
but hath divulgd a faire Apologie,  
his false truth, with pretense to iustefie ;  
ambition teachinge this of old and newe,  
not once to claime as false, but iust and trewe.

<sup>6-6</sup> 24 lines *om. in Ash.*

<sup>2</sup>“ Amongst his other stratagems well known,

hee ann apologie abrode hathe strowen,  
that, to the world, propoundes the causes whie

hee's forced by armes to gard his Libertie,

and vauntes hee note bee otherwise secure,

vnlesse in Fregiley hee him immure ;

besides, that I, his father, without right,

have<sup>2</sup> offred all my kingdom to that knight,

which<sup>3</sup> shall Canacy winn, at<sup>4</sup> Serra townne,

so (in effect) shee bears thence<sup>5</sup> the renowne :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> But I, that am his eldest and first borne,<sup>7</sup>

shall have the nesteltrett sett mee before,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>9</sup>so shoold I rest, at her choice and discretion,

and live enthralld at her meere manumission.<sup>9</sup>

Then, whearfore, serves the lawe of blood or<sup>10</sup> nations ?

if theldest birth, of<sup>11</sup> natures propagations,

shoold<sup>12</sup> at a ffathers pleasure, or displeasure,

<sup>13</sup>suffer of dewe inheritance disseasure ?<sup>13</sup>

and, pray, what comfort ist to live in feare

of him, or her, that plottes<sup>14</sup> to bee ons heire ?

by reason, thearfore, and meere natures lesson,

I keepe in Fregiley my<sup>15</sup> owne possession,

hopinge<sup>16</sup> the world will so interpret it

<sup>1</sup> apologie for  
warr.<sup>1</sup>  
Algarsife pretends  
that he takes up  
arms to secure his  
liberty,

<sup>72</sup> and his birthright,  
the Kingdom,  
which Cambuscan  
has promist to the  
winner of Canace.

76

80

84

(f. 10 b.)

Fregiley belongs  
to Algarsife; and  
he but holds it.

<sup>1-1</sup> om. in *Ash*.

<sup>2-2</sup> for whome thus readeth his apologie,  
his reasons, interest, and causes whie, vz.

‘ I, prince Algarsife, doe protest heereby,

mee fored to armes, to gard my libertie,

which, otherwise, could not mee keepe secure,

then that in Fregiley I mee immure ;

because my fathers purpose, without right, hath

<sup>3</sup> that <sup>4</sup> in <sup>5</sup> hence

<sup>6</sup> *Ash*. inserts here :—

renown, my point of fame, will, soveraigntie,

most deere in absolute supremacie,

to doe what list mee arbitrarelie,

without rule, checke, accompt, stied highest hie :

<sup>7-7</sup> elles I, whoe am his first, and eldest born, <sup>8</sup> afor,

<sup>9-9</sup> and so live at her choise, will, rule, discretion,

enthralld, yf restinge on her manumission.

<sup>10</sup> in <sup>11</sup> by <sup>12</sup> shall <sup>13-13</sup> endwre of prime inheritance disseasure ?

<sup>14</sup> standes <sup>15</sup> mine <sup>16</sup> in hope

Algarsife will care<sup>1</sup> as fytinge reasons right,<sup>1</sup> and a good witt : 88  
 for his friends.<sup>2</sup> touchinge my frendes,<sup>2</sup> I doubt not to bee able,  
 to pleasure them, as they stand pleasurable. Algarsife."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> answer to 2<sup>d</sup> The Queene, a princesse of that maiestie,  
 apologie,<sup>4</sup> and resolution gainst<sup>5</sup> extremitie, 92  
 Queen Ethel  
<sup>6</sup> as all the world not suche annother had,  
 heard out, with courage, bothe the good and badd,<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup> and, (thoughe a woman) yet none tooke this from  
 her,  
 shee did abound in all masculine honor.<sup>7</sup> 96

tells Cambuscan <sup>8</sup> first to her deerest husband thus bespake,<sup>8</sup>  
 "most lovinge, <sup>9</sup> valient, and heroicke make,<sup>9</sup>  
 that Nature this rule of nature, which to mee<sup>10</sup> is dewe 100  
 (if I bee not deceavd), extendes to you,  
 that in her bookes of love I never read,  
 to bringe my cradle on my proper head :  
 which natural love hathe a<sup>11</sup> love of owne

1-1 as best fittes natures love, 2-2 now touchinge frendes !  
<sup>3</sup> Ash, here inserts :—

"To backe which plott, him holdes to those most nye,  
 which gainst vs have donn the most Villanie,  
 hee beinge most securd on their defense,  
 whoe have to aunswer for their like offense,  
 but those, whoe to him stand less contrarie  
 hee harder beares, and holdes in ielowsie.  
 now wheare false hee pretendes a iust defense ;  
 the people arme them, in the selfe same sense,  
 for falsed truth doth sooner bleare their eies,  
 as, by suspicion, they would seeme more wise.  
 Yet doe but ground their chieftest confidence,  
 on the possessd greatnes of their own prince :  
 whose anglers, thrivinge, by th' art emulation,  
 which (makeinge of their service demonstration)  
 deigns at vs raile, fight, strive, in all they maie,  
 to gull the peopl, our right still to denaie,  
 and, for such cheatinge paines, looke at his handes  
 to bee invested in our place, farmes, landes,  
 concludinge on this ground of policie.  
 gott falsellie, falser keepes as trewe, perdj." 5

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5</sup> in

<sup>6-6</sup> as all the wide world had not such annother,  
 heard all the best and wurst ; then as a mother,

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>8-8</sup> but first vnto her husband and thus bespake,

<sup>9-9</sup> and my trewe, iust—valient make, <sup>10</sup> all <sup>11</sup> this



<sup>1</sup>that bindes b'owne lawe all that of her are grown<sup>1</sup> binds children  
to filial dutie, Which (of natures kind) 105 Parents.  
<sup>2</sup>creepes out at birth, concrete, into one mind,  
wheareby ites<sup>2</sup> younger hath t'orerule ites<sup>3</sup> elder,  
as reason knowes, wheare reason is the welder. 108  
<sup>4</sup>Now wheare my birthe dares reasonlesse elate,  
as sensual vsurpers them sufflate,<sup>4</sup>  
it is <sup>5</sup>a canon in our<sup>5</sup> lawe of reason,  
suche insolentes bin<sup>6</sup> guiltie of highe treason. 112 Algarsife is guilty  
and by that <sup>7</sup>canon all which goe that gate, of High Treason.  
bin well pronounced, natures degenerate ;  
and those whoe iustifie suche false escapes,<sup>7</sup>  
perseverance swears to bee our reprobates. 116  
for, if in truith and iustice him wee gott,  
and hee doe<sup>8</sup> neither, is hee ours or not ?  
But heere I find it trewe (as Canac sayd),  
how gladlie hee Videriaes plottes<sup>9</sup> obayd, 120  
<sup>10</sup>in havinge from her hellishe pollecie  
suckd state prætensens for his monarchie :  
wheareto<sup>10</sup> the boy pretendes wee wrongd his right :  
Lô, <sup>11</sup>false-truith is<sup>11</sup> his popular anglinge slight. 124  
<sup>12</sup>which false truith, and false iustice, weighes ye  
sleightes,  
which falsaries traduce, t'annoint their baytes,  
which, on stoln greatnes, plottes to coyne it so,  
as no inferior dares<sup>12</sup> inquire to kno. 128

<sup>1-1</sup> that by my own lawe bindes all of her ygrown,  
<sup>2-2</sup> at birth concrete, out creepes into one mind, by which the <sup>3</sup> the  
<sup>4-4</sup> then wheare my sonn doth reasonles elate,  
vsurpinge sensivelie, and him sufflate  
<sup>5-5</sup> our canon by the <sup>6</sup> scape  
<sup>7-7</sup> order, everie such subnate, pronounced is natures vile degenerate.  
Whence those whoe iustefie theire false elates,  
<sup>8</sup> keepe <sup>9</sup> trickes  
<sup>10-10</sup> in suckinge from her virsut policie  
pretense, for duplicated monarchie. whearein  
<sup>11-11</sup> falsd truith's  
<sup>12-12</sup> for with such false truith and vniustizd sleightes,  
vile falsaries in faction noint theire baites,  
to catch stoln greatnes, which they coyne out so, as fewe inferiors dare

The Queen,  
Algarsife's  
mother,

ridicules his claim  
to the Kingdom,  
as firstborn.

His blood is  
tainted.

His reasons are  
discreditable.

<sup>1</sup>But now hee pleades, forsooth, hee's forced<sup>1</sup> to armes,  
Lô, heere are more of false Videriaes charmes!  
sir,<sup>2</sup> whie? forsoothe, for pocket libertie;  
<sup>3</sup>but wheare? in mutinous false Fregiley. 132  
and<sup>3</sup> whome woold hee preclude, or<sup>4</sup> stripp heerebye?  
ev'n her whoe, for his sake, dothe all daye dye,  
<sup>5</sup>evn poore Canac, (his sister) whose wett eyes,<sup>5</sup>  
wrunge handes, kind hart, head carefull,<sup>6</sup> pitteous cries,  
knockes<sup>7</sup> night and day at our ears in his favor; 137  
yet this vile viper killes her for her labor.  
and whie? forsoothe, <sup>8</sup>shees but the<sup>8</sup> nesteltrett,  
<sup>9</sup>and hee'l be<sup>9</sup> iudge whome wee shall<sup>10</sup> foremost sett.  
ô, hee's first borne; he thearefore will inheritt, 141  
<sup>11</sup>so vauntes, lawe of blood dothe on him conferr it.  
and hee's<sup>11</sup> first male, so theritage is his,  
first comm, first servd, is<sup>12</sup> iuris apicis. 144  
But wee have longe since cutt off all entaile  
from tainted blood, whence no blood cann prevaile.<sup>13</sup>  
elles should the first borne-male for aye inherite,  
no barr could lye gainste anie wicked spirit. 148  
for<sup>14</sup> so mote all prime-nates precedence claime,  
earth, water,<sup>15</sup> laye, priest, fleshe, ore reason raigne;  
<sup>16</sup>onlie our selves<sup>16</sup> knowe wheare the secret lies,  
of secondes o're prime-nates predignities. 152  
But<sup>17</sup> the proud boy begges praise vppon his witt;  
hoh, glorious eloquence, without credit!  
<sup>18</sup>surelie theare are whoe makes their witt the prize,  
that wittellie brings home owne tragedies. 156  
naie, hee provokes foorth reas'n as of owne right;<sup>18</sup>

1-1 so now (forsooth) hee's forced (hee vauntes),  
2 and 3-3 and wheare? in mutinizinge Fregiley. but 4 and  
5-5 Canace his sister meeke -trewe- iust; whose eies, 6 watchfull  
7 knocke 8-8 that shee's but 9-9 so hee will 10 ought  
11-11 for so his lawe of blood ought him conferr yt: hee is 12 his  
13 availe 14 and 15 th' water 16-16 but onlie wee 17 Yet  
18-18 of which some are, whoe make their wittes the prize  
of spinninge wittellie own tragedies.  
yet hee provokes out reasn as in his right,

<sup>1</sup>as if iustice his nurses had t'acquight,  
 and so<sup>1</sup> it hathe; but not suche as hee meanes,  
 which<sup>2</sup> yet near had but love<sup>2</sup> twixt twoe extreames.  
 Lastlie, this<sup>3</sup> peltinge orator<sup>3</sup> proclaimes 161 Algarsife pro-  
 bribes to all suche as with his side retaines mis-  
 evn pleasure (as<sup>4</sup> they pleasurable standes<sup>4</sup>):  
 a glorious fetch, t'allure<sup>5</sup> in troopes and bandes, 164  
 which petulantlie subrogates to sense  
 the Seminarce of stale indulgence.  
 a speedinge traine, whearewith the most are caught, (f. 11)  
 Younge, old, male, female, and brought backe to naught.  
 whearfore, deere husband, as our<sup>6</sup> honors lief 169 Cambuscan must  
 is<sup>6</sup> setto sale by this lewd Algarsife, arm at once,  
 to armes with speede; march gainste this<sup>7</sup> raskall boye, march, and kill  
 and never turne vntill his lives distroye. 172 Algarsife.  
 it yerkes mee, that I bore the recreant;  
 whearfore let<sup>8</sup> iustice all his quarters haunt, His Mother  
<sup>9</sup>because he deignes Videria false t'obaye,<sup>9</sup> regrets she bore  
 (obedience makinge service, wise men saye) 176 him.  
<sup>10</sup>whence as hee serves, and ioines t' our enimye,  
 (which<sup>10</sup> mortalie waylaies our familie)  
 so live, so dye hee (<sup>11</sup>to vs<sup>11</sup> contrarie), He is infamous.  
<sup>12</sup>ever remembred of<sup>12</sup> damnd infamie. Ethelta<sup>13</sup>.”  
<sup>15</sup>The queen theare<sup>15</sup> made full point. then thus y<sup>e</sup> 181 <sup>14</sup>a noble  
 kinge:<sup>16</sup> nature.<sup>14</sup>  
 “sweete Ethel, as I lent you listeninge,  
 so, lovelie love, and<sup>17</sup> by our mutual love,  
 tell mee if ought this scandale may remove, 184 Cambuscan asks  
 the blemishe salvd<sup>18</sup> (cause of your<sup>19</sup> sadd complaint) if the scandal  
 that hath our house with infamie attaint?” can't be removed.

<sup>1-1</sup> as yf our iustice n' had his pranckes t' acquight. but ô

<sup>2-2</sup> near was found yet but <sup>3-3</sup> bribinge politicke

<sup>4-4</sup> each pleasinge to him standes <sup>5</sup> to luer <sup>6-6</sup> state and lief are

<sup>7</sup> the <sup>8</sup> lett thearefore <sup>9-9</sup> for that he false Viderea deignes obaie,

<sup>10-10</sup> and sith hee ioines him with our enimie, whoe <sup>11-11</sup> as t' vs

<sup>12-12</sup> obnoxious ever to <sup>13</sup> Ethelta *om. in Ash.* <sup>14-14</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>15-15</sup> that said, shee <sup>16</sup> kinge v<sup>z</sup>. <sup>17</sup> now <sup>18</sup> savd

<sup>19</sup> our





out plaisters, and in cordiales, <sup>1</sup>ofte shee<sup>1</sup> layd, 212  
 and gave, <sup>2</sup>withall, constant<sup>2</sup> encouragement,  
 as best befittes <sup>3</sup>wheare th' vital spirites are spent.  
 while the meeke Falcon, languishing in mewe,  
 beheld farr off, when all the skies weare blewe, 216  
 how her false tarcelet gann her much abuse,<sup>3</sup>  
 in makinge <sup>4</sup>th' woodes and hills<sup>4</sup> his common stewes ;  
 who is at liberty.

Canace's Falcon,  
 shut up, laments  
 the falseness of  
 her Tercelet,

<sup>5</sup>ay, looke what linnen, naprie, panch, or gutt,  
 cast to the dung hill, or on hedges putt, 220  
 this carrion kyte could find abroad or gett,  
 bothe her and it gives to the Tercelet.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup>which causd the Falcon pine and melt with greefe,<sup>6</sup>  
 as dothe<sup>7</sup> Canac, for her false Algarsife, 224

<sup>8</sup>Whose conferrencies presentlie mote stay,<sup>8</sup>  
 sithe mars his trumpet calles vs<sup>9</sup> all awaye.

<sup>11</sup>By this time had<sup>11</sup> mavortial Cambuscan  
<sup>12</sup>wrote manie breves, whearwith swift Postes out  
 rann,<sup>12</sup> 228

<sup>10</sup>Warr by land  
 & sea prepar-  
 ing,<sup>10</sup>

to everie <sup>13</sup>coast and stowt<sup>13</sup> sea-bordringe towne ;  
 and <sup>14</sup>t' all Commaunders, sworne trewe to his  
 crowne,<sup>14</sup> Cambuscan bids  
 his Commanders

to see all <sup>15</sup>Armories furbushd<sup>15</sup> with speede,  
<sup>16</sup>and bee in readines at instant neede.<sup>16</sup> 232  
 have their  
 Armories ready.

One letter <sup>17</sup>was to<sup>17</sup> Akafr directed,  
 with large commission, as to one selected,

<sup>1-1</sup> also      <sup>2-2</sup> her confident

<sup>3-3</sup> the vital spirites neere spent.

Wheare, as her Falcon langwisht in the mewe  
 she kennd farr off vnder the skie full blewe,  
 how her false Tercelet did her missvse

<sup>4-4</sup> woodes, hilles, dales.      <sup>5-5</sup> om. in *Ash*.

<sup>6-6</sup> at sight wheareof shee gnewe her hart for grieft,      <sup>7</sup> did

<sup>8-8</sup> howbeet, thease dolefull leadens yet must staie,      <sup>9</sup> them

<sup>10-10</sup> om. in *Ash*.      <sup>11-11</sup> for by this time

<sup>12-12</sup> had sent fourth breeves, whearewith warres swift postes ran,

<sup>13-13</sup> province, sheire,      <sup>14-14</sup> to Commaunders all (sworn to the crown)

<sup>15-15</sup> tharmories vp skowrd

<sup>16-16</sup> and all traid soldiers readie at his need ;      <sup>17-17</sup> beinge t'

Akafir is made High Admiral,	<sup>1</sup> to bee of all the Seaes highe Admiral, sith 'gainst th' kinges foes he formoste chargd of all, 236 and with stowt sword alone fell on the troope, <i>which</i> resolutelie hee forced, gardeloope. this the kinge notinge, and for services, him fittest cleapd commaunder on his seas. 240
has his ships caulkt,	This knight foorthwith bod caleke and rigg all shippes. <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> With tallowe, boild pitch, okeham, tarr bedlipps, with cables, ancors, tackle, mastes, irn, sailes
fitted with canon,	(in leakes, losse, tempestes, store of these prevailes); 244 with canons, powder, crosse barrs, round shott, pikes, bills, muskettes, holberdes, ope and closelie strikes, with bowes and arroes, headded with wild fyer,
chain-shot,	with chaine shott, fierworkes, from the Gunners tyer, with ladles, chargers, skowrers, carthridges, 249
coolers,	with lint stockes, coolers, when oreheates encrease ;
(f. 11 b.)	With swoordes and targettes, head peece, forecurates
cuirasses with no backs, &c.	without backe steele plates, for none backe retrates ; 252 with stronge wrought furnitures and victuales store, <sup>2</sup> sith, out at sea, cann begg at no mans dore.
<sup>3</sup> muster for y <sup>e</sup> seas, <sup>3</sup>	<sup>4</sup> Of these a muster general is made, of mariners and gallantes of warr trade, 256
Volunteers are preferd to prest men.	'mongst <i>which</i> the voluntaries weare praeferrd before those whoe ne but for pressure sterred ; <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> and out of those th' ighe Admiral electeth provident pilates, whoe the fleete directeth, <sup>5</sup> 260

<sup>1-1</sup> to bee high Admiral of all the seaes,  
for daringe all the kinges foes fore him feaze :  
and thearefore thought him stowtest knight of all,  
whome virtuous prooffe deignd for most capital.  
for action is the steele tries everie man,  
so hath to honor those by action wan.  
whome biddes in chiefe to rigg vp shippes and calke.

<sup>2-2</sup> 12 lines om. in *Ash.* and the following inserted :—  
boord men, armes, ordinance, the brines to stalke,  
great Canons mount, provide in victuals store,

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>4-4</sup> 4 lines om. in *Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> Wheareto, now th' admiral gann make election  
of well skilld Pilotes for the fleetes direction,



<sup>1</sup>that knowes to shunn flattes, shelves,<sup>1</sup> sandes, rockes, Pilots are chosen,  
and daungers,

and as well all home <sup>2</sup>creekes as coastes<sup>2</sup> of straungers, who know coasts.

<sup>3</sup>and how at last to bringe home peace and rest

in the safe hauon,<sup>3</sup> wheare to arive is blest. 264

<sup>4</sup>All these in soldiers cotes, of redd on white,  
darraignd a brave and gallant manlie sight,<sup>4</sup>

All are drest in  
white, with red  
facings.

<sup>5</sup>of lustie bodies nimble condispod,<sup>5</sup>

to seeke out action (as their lookes<sup>6</sup> discolo[s]d). 268

In whose all<sup>7</sup> praesence th' Admiral displaies

Akafir flies Cam-  
buscan's colours.

<sup>8</sup>Cambuscans colors, th' ensigne of th' essaies,

whose embleam everie soldier knewe before,<sup>8</sup>

yet Akafir it vauned, <sup>9</sup>with brave decore, 272

and told them all, th' are<sup>9</sup> bounde to make it good,

His men swear  
they'll fight.

<sup>10</sup>for so the kinge will, thoughe with<sup>10</sup> losse of blood.

They swore the would; then, <sup>12</sup>as like minded <sup>11</sup>oth of soldiers,<sup>11</sup>  
frendes,

th' Admirals briefe<sup>12</sup> oration thus intendes 276

that all men, <sup>13</sup>the next tide, must<sup>13</sup> bee aboard,

on paine of death, as martial lawe<sup>14</sup> afoord.

<sup>15</sup>then each shipp shall sett saile, and <sup>15</sup> followe him,

He orders the  
ships to follow  
him to Cape Mor-  
Dieu in Fairie  
Land.

to Cape mor dieu, in Faerie land, to winn; 280

<sup>16</sup>but if roughe stormes or mistes, at sea them seaver,

beare vp t' <sup>16</sup>fortie Degrees to meete togeather.

<sup>17</sup>that sayd, hee ore each shipp a pilote gave,

with other officers of good behave,<sup>17</sup> 284

1—1 whoe knowe flattes, shelves, to shunn, 2—2 costes as creekes

3—3 yea, how to bringe home peace at last, and rest for the footes sole

4—4 *om. in Ash. and the following lines inserted:—*

but first prefers his voluntarie men,

fore them whome paies impresse had to constren,

5—5 whose able bodies gladlie they disposd <sup>6</sup> willes <sup>7</sup> in all whose

<sup>8—8</sup> the colors of Cambuscans great essaies,

whose Ensign, though each soldier knewe afore

<sup>9—9</sup> for more decore, as they stand faster

<sup>10—10</sup> as hee him selfe will with the <sup>11—11</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>12—12</sup> to those martial frendes, thigh Admirales <sup>13—13</sup> ear the next tide

<sup>14</sup> lawes <sup>15—15</sup> when everie saile shall sett to

<sup>16—16</sup> whome warnes yf mistes or stormes the fleet chauce sever, beare to

<sup>17—17</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>providinge that th' kinges colors and emblem  
wave, all alofte, the mayne-mastes-highest stem.

The Fleet is  
ready;

Thus drawes th'owr now that th'whole fleete must  
depart, 287

mayne yarges vp hoisd, crosse sailes hunge all a thwart,  
ancors at copstone, readie to bee wayd,  
masters and boteswaines-whistelles lowdlie brayd,  
whence to depart, dothe quicklie chaunge the cheere,  
as well of land frendes as the marinere : 292

the men take leave  
of sweethearts,  
relations, and  
friends.

but frendes for frendes, and lovers for their lovers,  
gann sighe, parentes for sonns, sisters for brothers,  
betakinge all to god, wishe mirry meetinge,  
the woomens last farewell (endinge in weepinge) 296  
bewraies, although the land puttes off the seas,  
yet better concordance woold better please.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> sea discipline.<sup>2</sup>  
They sail.  
Fighting orders  
are issued.

Thus gonn are they to sea, wheare Akafir  
<sup>3</sup>soone publishd the strict<sup>3</sup> Discipline of warr, 300  
<sup>4</sup>which first iniones<sup>4</sup> obedience and respect,  
to all Commaunders<sup>5</sup> (officers elect),  
<sup>6</sup>specialie to dewe<sup>6</sup> services divine,  
forbiddinge othes, lies, quaffes of beere and wine, 304  
<sup>7</sup>treasons and brawles, not pardond, doth repeale<sup>7</sup>  
(hard taske and straunge) ; <sup>8</sup>no mariner<sup>8</sup> shoold steale.

<sup>9</sup> land muster.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>10</sup>In the meane time, couragious Camball drewe<sup>10</sup>  
into the feild thold garrisons and newe, 308

Camballo musters  
the Soldiers.

<sup>11</sup>wheareof hee viewes to muster yonge and old,  
and of them soone observes the spirites moste bold,  
sayenge, " my hartes, wee'l ride out<sup>11</sup> calme & storme,  
and fight the game out till the last man borne." 312

resolution<sup>12</sup>

<sup>13</sup>those whoe replied in silence with a smile,<sup>13</sup>

1-1 14 lines om. in Ash. 2-2 om. in Ash. 3-3 proclaimd the strict kept  
4-4 and first inioind 5 commaundinge 6-6 especialie to  
7-7 not pardninge treasn and bralles, then did repeale 8-8 that no sailer  
9-9 om. in Ash. 10-10 This while couragious Cambal forth out drewe  
11-11 and dilligentlie mustred yonge and old,  
of which preferd those spirites weare coldlie bold ;  
to whome thus, " Wee must beare vp  
12 om. in Ash. 13-13 and those whose fewer wordes contest with smile

hee valued<sup>1</sup> best, and ranckd them in his fyle.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Cambuscans selfe was the chiefe General,  
but men did Camball lord Liuetenant call.<sup>4</sup>  
whoe soone drewe th' armie into battailes three,  
to march <sup>5</sup>thone fore annother in degree :  
first th' vantgard, midle next, and <sup>5</sup>last the Reare,  
as youthe, <sup>7</sup>manhode, grave<sup>7</sup> age, succession beare. 320  
<sup>8</sup>and wheare the first twaine rashelie chaunce to  
fight,

<sup>officers</sup><sup>3</sup>  
Cambuscan is  
Commander-in-  
chief; Camballo,  
Lord-Lieutenant.

<sup>6</sup>order for  
march.<sup>6</sup>

the wisest,<sup>8</sup> last, should theire disorders right.

Then<sup>9</sup> in Cambuscan spurrd, vpon Ducello,  
(his brazen horse) feircer<sup>11</sup> then Neptunes billo, 324  
whose dauncinge plumes,<sup>12</sup> topp of his armors shine,  
seemd at the sonns beames many sonns t'entyne :  
<sup>13</sup>with bevers casement ope, which told each eye,  
that theare within dwelt roial maiestie ;<sup>13</sup> 328  
<sup>14</sup>and by his<sup>14</sup> syde his swoord Morliuo wore ;  
<sup>15</sup>his right hand a directinge<sup>15</sup> warder bore.

<sup>description</sup>.<sup>10</sup>  
Cambuscan spurs-  
in on his Brazen  
Horse, Ducello,

and wears his  
sword Morliuo.

<sup>16</sup>At whose approche th'whole armie veild their  
pikes,  
soldiers and officers on knees down strikes,<sup>16</sup> 332  
<sup>17</sup>while hee rode vp and downe<sup>17</sup> from streete to  
streete,

His army salutes.

<sup>1</sup> reckoned

<sup>2</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

as beinge of that crewe, whose silent deedes  
would lowder claime then anie verbal meedes.  
and those to regimentes and companies  
disparteth orderlie, and Colonies.  
Chirurgiens, and Phisitiens eake, assignd,  
as well to cure the body as the mind.

<sup>3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>4—4</sup> Cambuscan was him selfe Lord General,  
but they Camballo his Livetenent call,

<sup>5—5</sup> one fore annother by degree ; the vauntgard first, Next midle,  
<sup>6—6</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>7—7</sup> to manhode,

<sup>8—8</sup> to thend that wheare the first twaine rashlie fight, the gravest

<sup>9</sup> Tho <sup>10</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>11</sup> more feirce <sup>12</sup> plume

<sup>13—13</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>14—14</sup> down by whose

<sup>15—15</sup> and in his hand a leadinge <sup>16—16</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>17—17</sup> theare, vp and down hee rode



<sup>1</sup> <i>feild discipline.</i> <sup>1</sup>	<sup>2</sup> to trie if they good formes and orders weete.	
(f. 12)	theare them he findes in <sup>2</sup> martial discipline	
Cambuscan finds his army in good trim;	<sup>3</sup> well ordred, <sup>3</sup> in the midle, fore, and hyne,	336
	taught <sup>4</sup> able, out of files, in <sup>5</sup> nimble space,	
	to double ranckes, <sup>5</sup> and singel backe in place,	
	backward, <sup>6</sup> foreward, sidewise, turne, returne,	
	and what they faced behinde, to front <sup>7</sup> aforene,	340
ready to march,	march, stand, move, part, remove, thwhole <sup>8</sup> charge,	
	retire,	
charge, deploy,	shocke close, ope wide, all <sup>9</sup> musketes lyninge nyer,	
guard the Colours,	<sup>10</sup> to gard th'whole corps, <sup>10</sup> the colors specialie,	
	<sup>11</sup> as hartes, lives, honors secret (midst dothe stye),	344
	and then <sup>11</sup> doe winges of shott make pikes their	
	owne, <sup>12</sup>	
	when troopes of horse would find the foote alone ;	
use long or short weapons,	<sup>13</sup> dextrously shake longe weapons, whiff the short,	
	tennis in armors, (vse makes paine good sport,) 348	
	laye downe (on cause <sup>13</sup> ) some armes, t'elope a space,	
	but <sup>14</sup> instantlie runn to the selfe same place,	
	<sup>15</sup> knowinge all languages of Captaines drum,	
	march softe, stand faste, parl, call, charge home, backe	
	comm, <sup>15</sup>	352
gain others' ground, keep their own,	winn bravelie others groundes, owne well maintaine,	
	as drum, fife, trumpetes clangor, <sup>16</sup> have to sayen ;	
	faithfullie keepe <sup>16</sup> the word, watch court of gard,	
	stand sentinel, <sup>17</sup> aunswer alarums, <sup>17</sup> ward,	356
reconnoitre,	make skowt-watch, inrodes, gett intelligence,	

1—1 *om. in Ash.*

- 2—2 to see yf his well ordered formes they weete, accordinge to his  
 3—3 disposing<sup>4</sup> soone<sup>5</sup> lesser space their ranckes to doubl,  
<sup>6</sup> then backward, <sup>7</sup> face <sup>8</sup> all <sup>9</sup> the  
<sup>10—10</sup> thwhole corpes to gard,  
 11—11 as lifies hart, honors secret, midd doth hie, fore which <sup>12</sup> home  
<sup>13—13</sup> shake dextrously longe pikes, whiff weapons short,  
 plaie tenis armd, vse makes labor a sport.  
 on cause laie down <sup>14</sup> and  
 15—15 all langwages well knowinge of the drumm,  
 march fast, soft, troope, stand, charge, call, parl, backe com,  
 16—16 list darraign, keepe faithfullie <sup>17—17</sup> alarums aunswer,

<sup>1</sup>certifie, with industrious intuece,  
 with<sup>1</sup> manlie presence, willinge dilligence,  
 at no shott startinge, comm, ne<sup>2</sup> goe, hence, thence, 360 stand firm,  
<sup>3</sup>so as all bodies doe conioine in one,<sup>3</sup> all act as one man,  
 hartes, motions, mindes, b'obedience<sup>4</sup> vnion.  
 for by the rule<sup>5</sup> of perfect discipline,  
 soules, bodies, <sup>6</sup>actes, intendes but<sup>6</sup> one designe, 364  
 Love <sup>7</sup>holding th' centar ;<sup>7</sup> contraries they hate,  
 Let foes comm <sup>8</sup>wheare they dare, earlie<sup>8</sup> or late ;  
 truith, iustice, <sup>9</sup>binn the level<sup>9</sup> of their prize, 367  
 gainste which whoe comes,<sup>10</sup> of many deathes he<sup>11</sup> dies.

and will deal  
 death to the foe.  
<sup>12</sup> brave warr  
 horse.<sup>12</sup>  
 Cambuscan's  
 Brazen Horse

This sight reioict Cambuscans nobliste hart,  
 at<sup>13</sup> which his horse Ducello <sup>14</sup>once noold<sup>14</sup> start,  
<sup>15</sup>but not feirce Rabican, ne Bucephal  
 so meeke stooode, vnder roial-riders stall 372

as gann this braver horse, viewinge this geere,  
 yet trode the measures, as the kinge gann steere,  
 as if mineruaes foale, at reasons chime,  
 trampled t' associate Victors discipline : 376

Whearein curveddes, with brave sublimitie  
 (Pallas engin, Troies horse, noold halfe so hie).<sup>15</sup>  
 which quicklye stirrd<sup>16</sup> th'whole armies acclamation,  
<sup>17</sup>sithe virtue makes<sup>17</sup> on virtue exaltation. 380

curvets and  
 prances.

The Army admire  
 him.

<sup>18</sup>all which, with goodlie presence, faire decore,  
 unmovd in cell, hee did his praise the more :  
 and that soone drewe vnto him, in the streete,  
 all eyes, ears, tongues, for all men rann to seet.<sup>18</sup> 384

<sup>20</sup>Wheare, havinge them, hee a lowe congewe beare, *K. oration*<sup>19</sup>  
 sithe great assemblies greater are then th' are,  
 it guizinge still t' entreate<sup>20</sup> before commaund,

<sup>1-1</sup> which certifie with speedie intuece of <sup>2</sup> or  
<sup>3-3</sup> still so, as all theire bodies ioine in one, <sup>4</sup> bodedient <sup>5</sup> rules  
<sup>6-6</sup> thoughtes are brought to <sup>7-7</sup> th' Center holdinge  
<sup>8-8</sup> earlie wheare they dare <sup>9-9</sup> th' levell beinge <sup>10</sup> come  
<sup>11</sup> heere <sup>12-12</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>13</sup> from <sup>14-14</sup> would not  
<sup>15-15</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash. <sup>16</sup> movd <sup>17-17</sup> wheare Virtewe made  
<sup>18-18</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash. <sup>19</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>20-20</sup> all whome thus havinge, hee lowe congiewes beare, to this great  
 armie (greater by the warr) them deigninge to entreat

as ranckinge love fore iustice in the stand. 388  
<sup>1</sup>howbeet, could rigge vse, in case of right,  
 t'orerule oppressors, mawlgier might and spight.  
 Cambuscan tells  
 his Soldiers "Subiectes" (quoth hee), "and fellowe<sup>1</sup> soldiers all,  
 the cause whie to the feild <sup>2</sup>I thus you call,<sup>2</sup> 392  
 is to my selfe best known, and to you<sup>3</sup> well,  
<sup>4</sup>so, lesse discourse serves, wheare your selves doe  
 feel,  
 tis but one dropp of natures blood entines<sup>4</sup>  
 this mutinie, this vpror in our loynes, 396  
<sup>5</sup>that vexeth you, that troublethe mee and him,<sup>5</sup>  
 whose faultes I rather wishe weare none, then seen :  
<sup>6</sup>It is the boye Algarsife (falsed boye),<sup>6</sup>  
 my shame, grieve, woe." <sup>7</sup>But theare hee made a stay,  
 grieve sealinge's lipps, which though his liddes could  
 hyde, 401  
 Yet<sup>7</sup> ffathers, whoe had sonns too, soone <sup>8</sup>it spyde.  
 "I lead you now to th' warrs (ann<sup>8</sup> vncothe warres),  
 that in my<sup>9</sup> owne house, bosome, life blood darrs 404  
 the father gainste the sonn, ann hatefull cause,  
 which<sup>10</sup> fyers owne bowelles, brings all by the iawes.  
 They would not  
 let their Sons  
 seize their Forts, now, if yee cann digest that sonnes of youres,  
 shoold gainste yee (ffathers) raise<sup>11</sup> rebellious powres,  
 seaze on your fortes, your tenentes hartes inveagle, 409  
 corrupt your servauntes, practise with<sup>12</sup> the people,  
 and plot against  
 their lives. take armes, make head, yea, machinate your life,  
 if this yee brooke, so iudge of Algarsife;" 412

<sup>1-1</sup> though could vse rigor, for wronginge the right,  
 and all Oppressors rule mawger theire might.  
 "Yee subiectes," quoth hee, "fellow  
<sup>2-2</sup> I now yee call <sup>3</sup> yee  
<sup>4-4</sup> needes thearefore lesse discourse, wheare yt yee feel :  
 it is one drop: one drop of blood entines  
<sup>5-5</sup> which vexeth mee, which troubleth yee, and him,  
<sup>6-6</sup> I meane the boie, the false boie Algarsife,  
<sup>7-7</sup> and theare staid of that greefe that seald his lippes, yet in his eies  
 discried what  
<sup>8-8</sup> espied. "I lead yee to the warres, (most <sup>9</sup> mine <sup>10</sup> that  
<sup>11</sup> lift <sup>12</sup> on



and theare he pawzd, whearat th' whole hoast gann<sup>1</sup>  
crye,

The Army de-  
mand Algarsif's  
death.

"Out, out, proclaime him traitor, let<sup>2</sup> him dye."

The kinge then trilld the pinn in's horses eare,

<sup>3</sup>came neerer, lowder ment, that all mote heare. 416

"then fellowe-soldiers,<sup>3</sup> give your best advise,

theare, wheare a sonn doth gainste his parentes rise,

He consults them  
farther.

and modell foorth suche monstrous praesident

<sup>4</sup>as mote yee touche so neere,<sup>4</sup> weare youres so bent;

which hazardeth the states<sup>5</sup> chaunge, in <sup>6</sup>to bringe 421 (f. 12 b)

traitors o're you and youres, to bee your kinge,<sup>6</sup>

vnrulie and vniustelie (as you<sup>7</sup> see);

<sup>8</sup>saye, fellowe<sup>8</sup> soldiers, will yee fight, or flee?" 424

At that some <sup>9</sup>wept, that their good<sup>9</sup> kinge shoold  
thincke

they durst not <sup>10</sup>fight, or from his cause<sup>10</sup> woold shrinke:

<sup>11</sup>sodainlie thearfore, burst with this clamore,

or rather vowinge with one common rore,<sup>11</sup> 428

They declare

that battaile they <sup>12</sup>demaundes, sayenge,<sup>12</sup> "lettes fight,

that dint of sword <sup>13</sup>our faithes maye plainelie quight,<sup>13</sup>

and putt <sup>14</sup>false traitors all<sup>14</sup> to th' edge of th'<sup>15</sup> sword,

they'll slay false  
traitors,

<sup>16</sup>and, in hott blood, no sparcke of grace affoord. 432

but die wee will,<sup>16</sup> or bringe the traiters head,

and bring him  
Algarsif's head.

that<sup>17</sup> hathe your house, ô kinge, thus slaundered."

"Thanckes" (quoth the kinge), "<sup>18</sup>hâ, yet<sup>18</sup> a ffathers  
hart

felt of kinge Dauides Love, the subtile<sup>19</sup> dart, 436

<sup>1</sup> did <sup>2</sup> and lett

<sup>3-3</sup> that what they knewe not earst mote neerer heere. then thus, "yee  
soldiers"

<sup>4-4</sup> as maie touch yee as neere, <sup>5</sup> state

<sup>6-6</sup> doth bringe, in bringinge traiters o're yee to bee kinge,

<sup>7</sup> yee <sup>8-8</sup> saie then yee <sup>9-9</sup> sighd, that once theirs

<sup>10-10</sup> for him fight, or thence

<sup>11-11</sup> burst thearfore out into this sad clamore,

with vowinge in one general outrore,

<sup>12-12</sup> demanda; and cried <sup>13-13</sup> our publicke faith maie quite,

<sup>14-14</sup> the traiters <sup>15</sup> the

<sup>16-16</sup> in hottest blood, which hath no grace to afford: for wee will die,

<sup>17</sup> whoe <sup>18-18</sup> Nathles <sup>19</sup> th'intestine

<sup>1</sup>when as it feeles atteare compunction,  
 so<sup>1</sup> manie Joabes gainste one Absolon.  
 Cambuscan tells  
 his Army  
<sup>2</sup>Yet thus the kinge: "brave<sup>2</sup> soldiers, it is trewe,  
 that, <sup>3</sup>quicklie the<sup>3</sup> Fregiliens to subdewe, 440  
 that words with-  
 out blows,  
 with deedles <sup>4</sup> wordes, brow-frownes, <sup>5</sup>slipp shoos,  
 clenched fiste,<sup>5</sup>  
 and paper shot,  
 will not subdue  
 the Fregiliens.  
 eye blankes, mowthe glewe, papern <sup>6</sup>shott (as somewiste)  
 is vaine to thincke, for they <sup>7</sup>bin verie stronge,<sup>7</sup>  
<sup>8</sup>and have reinfored and ruminated longe: <sup>8</sup> 444  
<sup>9</sup>so have they victuals, and munition store,  
 and manie princes aides (combind of yore)<sup>9</sup>  
<sup>10</sup>with all<sup>10</sup> Videriaes mischaunt pollecies,  
 which (ex re nata) still<sup>11</sup> hathe to devise. 448  
<sup>12</sup>wherefore, for vs to presse, or<sup>12</sup> conquer them,  
<sup>13</sup>mote aske muche virtewe,<sup>13</sup> and highe stratagem."  
 The Soldiers say  
 they'll fight.  
 "No force" (quod they) "wee no mans colors feare;  
<sup>14</sup>vaunce but your ensigne, and lettes have yee theare,<sup>14</sup>  
<sup>15</sup>and (for your sake) all men, naye feindes, shall seete,  
 your foes wee dare pluck out by th' eares, and meete."<sup>15</sup>  
 Cambuscan ioyd their promises,<sup>16</sup> yet sayd,  
 "I never ment, that anie man employd 456  
<sup>17</sup>in these hott warrs, and daungerous essaies  
 (whose nature maie not brooke the least delaies),<sup>17</sup>  
 shall so bee bound, as doe<sup>18</sup> thinge impossible,  
 or so vnbound, as litle doe, or idle. 460  
 He declares he'll  
 lead.  
 I <sup>19</sup>neither will expect that anie doe<sup>19</sup>  
 but what my selfe will formerlie goe to."<sup>20</sup>

1-1 which yirnd of that kindlie compunction, sees

2-2 thus thearefore sayd, kind 3-3 the stiff neckd

4 workeles 5-5 and clenched fist, 6 paper 7-7 are woxen stronge

8-8 as they reinfored are by custom longe: 9-9 om. in Ash.

10-10 holpe by 11 shee 12-12 for vs thearefore to presse to

13-13 behoves strict courses,

14-14 for lettes but have your colors vaunced theare, &c.

15-15 om. in Ash. 16 confidence 17-17 om. in Ash. 18 to

19-19 nor yet expect that anie one shall doe

20 Ash. here inserts:—

example havinge that authoritie  
 which most prevailes with the plebiscitie.

<sup>1</sup>“Ôh thrice, thrice noblie well resolud” (quoth they);  
 “and lett him die, that nil this kinge obaye :” 464  
 acclaimeinge it, “Lord, weel’ doe all wee cann.”

“I looke no more” (quoth hee) “of anie man,  
 for I will putt no soldier to that daunger  
 that I my selfe shall flye :” So Alexander./ 468

Cambuscan says  
 he’ll share his  
 men’s danger.

At that, head peeces all vp flewe on hie,  
 with ioifull teeres and clamors to the skye,  
 and swore, no cowarde, but all deathes woold prove,  
 for him who sweetneth so their sowr with love./<sup>1</sup> 472

<sup>2</sup>Queene Etheltha,<sup>2</sup> whoe yet her mind suppress,  
 came in maturelie for her interest,  
 whose glorious<sup>4</sup> presence, as the sonn in spheare,  
 advokd all eies and eares <sup>5</sup>to see and heere,<sup>5</sup> 476

<sup>3</sup> *Ethelthæ’s*  
*revenge.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>6</sup>gann doff her maske, and liftes her lillie hand,  
 in signe of speeche, which causd a quiet stand.<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>“bold spirites, and lustrant heroës” (quoth shee),<sup>7</sup>  
 “if Ladies <sup>8</sup>wronge may move, then <sup>8</sup>harcke to mee,  
<sup>9</sup>if a queenes suite,<sup>9</sup> of subiectes bee obeyd ; 481

She makes a  
 Speech to the  
 Army.

if not, Yet heere a mother, quite betrayd  
 by her owne sonn, by a most wicked boy,  
 whose name to heere <sup>10</sup>will but your ears accloye. 484  
 Wee<sup>10</sup> mothers are not bounde to tell our <sup>11</sup>woes,

Her wicked son  
 has betrayd her,

in breedinge younge bones, or<sup>11</sup> in childbead throes,  
<sup>12</sup>ne vaunt our care to feede them with our sucke,  
 rocke, dandle, dresse, and heede them gainst ill lucke,  
 sendinge our eies, eares, handes, after them still, 489  
 that hurt, ne windes blast, nipp them, if o’re chill,  
 our<sup>12</sup> cost of tutorship for education,

notwithstanding  
 all her motherly  
 care of him.

<sup>1-1</sup> 10 lines om. in *Ash.*      <sup>2-2</sup> Queene Etheel tho’,      <sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>4</sup> fierie      <sup>5-5</sup> for love, or feare ;      <sup>6-6</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>7-7</sup> to whome thus, Lustrant heroes heere, see,

<sup>8-8</sup> wronges maie move yee,      <sup>9-9</sup> yf Queenes suites maie

<sup>10-10</sup> my mowth, your eares doth cloy : though

<sup>11-11</sup> their woes in yonge bones breedinge, nor

<sup>12-12</sup> nor tell our kindnes, feedinge them with sucke,  
 how rocke, dresse, dandle, in hope of good lucke,  
 nor how wee watch to gard, and heed them still  
 that windes blast hurt them not, yf over chill ; nor



Tho' she has  
tended Algarsif,

<sup>1</sup>our after cares, as they gaine maturation,<sup>1</sup> 492

with providence to leave suche heritance  
as best theire states, <sup>2</sup>and honors, may advaunce ;  
besides, to matche them to suche fytt allies  
as maie confirme more<sup>2</sup> love gainste enimies. 496

<sup>3</sup>Now, after this is donn, Nay halfe well donn,<sup>3</sup>  
behold the basenes<sup>4</sup> of a wicked sonn,

he, instead of  
being grateful,

how, in steade of filial gratuitie,  
wheareto wee parentes <sup>5</sup>thincke, w' have them to  
tye,<sup>5</sup> 500

by lawe of loves debt <sup>6</sup>natural dutie,<sup>6</sup>  
(which not to doe, is natures felonie),  
hee makes him guiltie of all these att once,  
disloialie. but Justice breakes his bones, 504

has joind her  
enemies.

si<sup>7</sup>the<sup>7</sup> hee that ioines him to<sup>8</sup> our enimies,  
<sup>9</sup>and as hee linckes and lurkes in contraries,  
so hathe hee raisd vp suche antipathie,<sup>9</sup>

(f. 13)

as either hee must die or wee must die. 508  
for<sup>10</sup> trew and false, iust and vniuste, so seaver,  
as nought <sup>11</sup>them reconciles, but love,<sup>11</sup> together.

He is false, and  
ought to die.  
The Army ap-  
prove.

but hee is false, <sup>12</sup>and so of right ought die." <sup>12</sup>

" Amen, amen ! " <sup>13</sup>th' whole host alowd gann crie, 512  
swearinge<sup>13</sup> shee spake iust as shee is, a queene,  
and as shee deemeth<sup>14</sup> him, so him they deeme.

<sup>15</sup> Canac beggeth  
pitty.<sup>15</sup>

All this while, meeke Canac stood backe behind,  
vnmentiond, vnthought on, as out of kind, 516  
was hid<sup>16</sup> in teeres, lost, or gonn out of sight ;  
for love is gonn, wheare rigor gettethe might.

<sup>1-1</sup> or of our charge ear they gett maturation,

<sup>2-2</sup> to honors blisse maie vauce :

which donn, to match them with such fitt allies,  
as breedes more forced by

<sup>3-3</sup> Yet after thease, Naie ear halfe theas well donn, <sup>4</sup> lewdnes

<sup>5-5</sup> have on them a tye, <sup>6-6</sup> and by natures loy <sup>7</sup> for <sup>8</sup> with

<sup>9-9</sup> and lurkes in false trewe coyned contraries

hath raisd such ann abhorrd antipathie

<sup>10</sup> sith <sup>11-11</sup> cann reconcile them frendes <sup>12-12</sup> so ought of right to die

<sup>13-13</sup> the Campe alowd did crie, and swore <sup>14</sup> iudgeth

<sup>15-15</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>16</sup> was hiddn

<sup>1</sup>yet, as the sonn, mantled in watrie clowd, *simile*<sup>2</sup>  
 keepes home<sup>1</sup> his glories (to none elles alowd) 520  
 till, breakinge <sup>3</sup>throughe, the more his bewties seeme,<sup>3</sup>  
 as advmbration, <sup>4</sup>it presentes more sheene ;  
 so clowded<sup>4</sup> Canac, as a wretche forlorne, Canace asks leave  
 besought her parentes, if it might bee borne, 524  
 that shee, thoughe weake<sup>5</sup> mayd, to his armie<sup>6</sup> speake, to speak to the Army.  
<sup>7</sup>which, if shee may not, sure her hart will breake.

“Yea, god forbid”<sup>7</sup> (quod they), “speake, daughter  
 deere.”

<sup>8</sup>tho, vp shee cleerd her browe, and spake as heere : 528  
 “Deere<sup>8</sup> (thoughe feirce)friendes <sup>9</sup>of armes, your oratresse She blushes at her boldnes,  
 bluseth of boldnes, at the<sup>9</sup> first ingresse,  
 that ear shee sewd<sup>10</sup> to the sterne martial crewe ;  
 beare with mee, thoughe<sup>11</sup> I misse your titles dewe, 532  
<sup>12</sup>beinge right lothe, in th’ least part, to offende ;  
 Lawe yet permittes vs th’<sup>12</sup> absent to defend.  
 Alas,<sup>13</sup> tis too trewe, my sacred mother telles,  
<sup>14</sup>how my vnfortunate brother rebelles ; 536 and confesses her Brother's rebellion,  
 the more wilbee his paine,<sup>14</sup> Not lesse my woe,  
 which, but by feelinge, I could hardlie<sup>15</sup> shoe :  
<sup>16</sup>my hart, head, eies, daie, night, I<sup>16</sup> steepe in water,  
<sup>17</sup>comfortes I flye,<sup>17</sup> lothe gladnes of the psalter ; 540  
<sup>18</sup>I feede on sorrowe, thoughtes all languishe give,  
 I supp vp languishe, pensivenes I live ;  
 but ah, what cares<sup>18</sup> feirce men, whose hartes lesse feele but begs the

1—1 as when the son in saddest waterie clowd, keeps in .

<sup>2</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>3—3</sup> out abruptlie, is more seene,

<sup>4—4</sup> furthereth his sheene ; so wett eyed <sup>5</sup> seelie <sup>6</sup> tharmie

<sup>7—7</sup> yf not, her pininge hart will foorthwith breake. “then saie your mind.”

<sup>8—8</sup> so vp shee cleerd her voice, and browe, as heere. “Yet deere,”

<sup>9—9</sup> your weake Oratresse of boldnes blusheth at her <sup>10</sup> made <sup>11</sup> yf

<sup>12—12</sup> loth beinge in your least rites to offend : Yet lawe permittes the

<sup>13</sup> though

<sup>14—14</sup> that mine vnhappy brother so rebelles as th’more wilbee his paine,

<sup>15</sup> never <sup>16—16</sup> how I mine hart, head, eies, still <sup>17—17</sup> my comfortes flie,

<sup>18—18</sup> feede but on sorowes, which mindes angwish give,

which sippinge languishes, doe pensive live.

yet what care yee

Soldiers to be  
merciful, then mettall men, whoe knowes<sup>1</sup> to softenn steele? 544  
 But are yee men, which doe professe to kill?  
<sup>2</sup>knowe yet, that harder tis to build then spill.<sup>2</sup>  
 But are yee hunters after victorie?  
<sup>3</sup>knowe yet, the valient abhorrs crueltie.<sup>3</sup> 548  
 But are yee iusticers of <sup>4</sup>equitie?  
 know yet, the iustist also have pittie.<sup>4</sup>  
 But are yee vengers of theires<sup>5</sup> treasons? (his?)  
 know yet,<sup>6</sup> the mercillesse doe mercie misse. 552  
 But will yee free your state of them,<sup>7</sup> and him?  
<sup>8</sup>know yet, state killers are not without sinn.  
 and not to kill what if yee kill him, and hee chaunce repent?<sup>8</sup>  
 shoold hee not twice die of one punishment? 556  
<sup>9</sup>what if some of your sonnes bee<sup>9</sup> gonn with him?  
 and they repent? shall <sup>10</sup>they die<sup>10</sup> for his synn?  
 but<sup>11</sup> will yee kill vp all your sonns also?  
 ô ffathers, pittie first, before<sup>12</sup> yee goe! 560  
 But<sup>13</sup> if your owne sonns shoold, by chaunce, kill you?  
<sup>14</sup>Oedipus did so, and it no thinge knewe.<sup>14</sup>  
 her Brother  
Algarsif, <sup>15</sup>But to kill Algarsife,<sup>15</sup> dothe kill my brother,  
 yea, theldest sonn of one ffather and mother. 564  
 remember, <sup>16</sup>that by dutie natural,<sup>16</sup>  
 yee owe <sup>17</sup>obedient Love to th'<sup>17</sup> blood roial.  
 but pity him. <sup>18</sup>thincke on<sup>18</sup> his faultes with love, let pittie move,  
 elles hee's no martial man that hath no love. 568  
<sup>19</sup>ô, then brave martial men, Ne lett bee sedd,  
 pittie, for lacke of love,<sup>19</sup> in yee is dead!  
 ne lett good men so whett theire swoordes in state,

<sup>1</sup> have      <sup>2-2</sup> Yet know tis harder farr to make, then spill.

<sup>3-3</sup> yet knowe, the valient most hate crueltie.

<sup>4-4</sup> veritie, yet knowe, the iustest pittie have perdid.

<sup>5</sup> yond      <sup>6</sup> yet knowe,      <sup>7</sup> his

<sup>8-8</sup> yet knowe state killers diepest are in sinn.

but what if him yee kill, and hee repent?

<sup>9-9</sup> Or what if your own sonnes are      <sup>10-10</sup> youres die      <sup>11</sup> then

<sup>12</sup> ear on      <sup>13</sup> Or      <sup>14-14</sup> as did blind Oedipus, and it not knewe;

<sup>15-15</sup> yet Algarsif to kill      <sup>16-16</sup> then of dewtie capital

<sup>17-17</sup> obedience to the      <sup>18-18</sup> then tax

<sup>10-10</sup> Now then kind martialistes, neare lett bee sedd that pittie for loves lacke



<sup>1</sup>as pride and avarice promote debate.<sup>1</sup> 572

but let loves pittie keepe this glorie still ;

Canace pleads for  
pity on Algarsif.

more honorable tis<sup>2</sup> to save then kill.

knowinge<sup>3</sup> that they, whose fames <sup>4</sup>reachd vp to skie,<sup>4</sup>

lothd cowardice, <sup>5</sup>whose badge is crueltie.<sup>5</sup> 576

besides, to kill once, near cann make alive,<sup>6</sup>

so iustice <sup>7</sup>maie, purchaunce, yee near forgive.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>8</sup>for this hathe oft binn said, and thearefore knote,

they shall no mercie find that pittie note."<sup>8</sup> 580

<sup>9</sup>and theare shee stoppd, but wept, evn showres of She weeps.

raigne,

Wheareat th'whole host had small powr to containe,

for Ladie Canac was to them full deere,<sup>9</sup>

as well<sup>10</sup> the queene sawe written in their cheere. 584

Whence they whoe woold Algarsife killd wileare,

The Soldiers wish  
only to take  
Algarsif prisoner.

<sup>11</sup>noold kill him now, but take him prisonere ;<sup>11</sup>

and give him to his ffather for correction,

to doe with him and them at his election.<sup>12</sup> 588

Cambuscan likd all well his daughter did,

<sup>13</sup>Yet weetelie in his countenance it hid.

Howbeet,<sup>13</sup> Queene Ethelta for iustice cried ;

Ethelta wants  
him kild.

<sup>14</sup>but Canac,<sup>14</sup> "pittie, pittye," still replied. 592

the mother from the daughter differinge :

(f. 13 b)

1-1 as but ambition for swaie lacerate      2 is      3 and know

4-4 attaind the skie,      5-5 best known by crueltie      6 relive

7-7 also neare maie yee forgive.

8-8 om. in Ash. and the following lines inserted :—

yee thearefore needes must heereto condiscend,  
that man, once killd, can near his faultes amend.  
yet lett to live hee maie : so maie your sonnes,

for farr hee goes (men saie) that neare backe comes.

9-9 this said, shee stoppd, her eies down showringe raine.

which seene, the host had small powr to refraine,

for Ladie Canace was to them so deere

<sup>10</sup> plaine

<sup>11-11</sup> now would not kill him, but take prisonere,

<sup>12</sup> Ash. here inserts :—

an instance that th'inconstant peoples faith,

affirmes what ever eloquentlie saieth,

most certaine provinge that same active creed,

whose demonstration to yt selfe shewes deed.

<sup>13-13</sup> Yet in his countenance yt dieplie hidd.      <sup>14-14</sup> Canace for

The Army's decision on Algarsif's fate

is put off.

*allusio.*<sup>7</sup>

Evening comes.

<sup>9</sup> *the Campe quartered.*<sup>9</sup>  
Pioneers entrench it.

Sentries are set,

and reliev'd,

<sup>1</sup>this, sterne and hott; that, meeke as water springe.<sup>1</sup>  
so that betweene the twaine the motives weare  
vrgd so patheticklie, by her and here, 596

<sup>2</sup>knowinge, but as they<sup>2</sup> felt their life blood goe,  
t'encline to this or that; ffor suche deplore  
<sup>3</sup>was in theire confines never heard afore; <sup>3</sup> 600

yet faine would yeeld<sup>4</sup> contentment vnto bothe,  
<sup>5</sup>as either in them inwardlie was lothe,  
none yet felt<sup>5</sup> whoe had, whoe had not, denial,  
till future conflict brought<sup>6</sup> the case to trial. 604

<sup>8</sup>By this had Phœbus wheeld his coach to west,  
Wheare, drawinge theveninges curtaines read, exprest  
him equale, and indifferent arbitrator  
of this inquest. Evn so, as moderator 608  
twixt daie and night, he this grand court dismiss,<sup>8</sup>  
that th'armie mote disarme and goe to rest.

<sup>10</sup>Tho to theire quarters everie square was ledd,  
while th' Pioners,<sup>10</sup> as they weare ordered, 612

<sup>11</sup>gann wall and trenche in th'<sup>11</sup>campes fortification,  
wheare not a soldier but learnt th' occupation  
of cabininge gainste <sup>12</sup>storme and <sup>12</sup>dewes of heavn,  
but<sup>13</sup> soone of each cohort, by numbers even, 616

gann sett the watche with<sup>14</sup> sound of drum, then faerd,  
some to theire Sentries, some to <sup>15</sup>th' Courtes<sup>15</sup> of gard,  
<sup>16</sup>some to th' scowt watch, wheare<sup>16</sup> after certaine howres,  
freshe secondes gann<sup>17</sup> relive the former powres. 620

<sup>1-1</sup> this sternlie hott, that mild as fountaines springe :

<sup>2-2</sup> not knowinge, but as <sup>3-3</sup> was never in theire confines heard of yore  
<sup>4</sup> give <sup>5-5</sup> as each was inwardlie for either loth, none feelinge

<sup>6</sup> bringe <sup>7</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>8-8</sup> by this Apollo wheeld his chariot west,  
and Vesper her evns curtainettes exprest,  
them selves standinge indifferent moderators  
of this inquest; so as they (tharbitrators)  
twixt light and darcke this grand concert disperst,

<sup>9-9</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>10-10</sup> Tho, everie squadron was to quarter lead, that pioners  
<sup>11-11</sup> should soone entrench the <sup>12-12</sup> raine, windes <sup>13</sup> while <sup>14</sup> by

<sup>15-15</sup> Courtes <sup>16-16</sup> some to skowt watch; that after certaine howres,

<sup>17</sup> mote

Meanetime, Cambuscan roundes in Camballs eare  
 this secret watch worde, which none elles mote<sup>2</sup> heere,  
 "Veré & iusté," which he hathe <sup>3</sup>t'impart,  
 but to th' watche Captaines (officers of th' gart), 624  
 and they to suche as walkd the wakefull rownd,<sup>3</sup>  
 which at eache Sentrie, Garde eake, softe dothe sound.

<sup>1</sup> watch word<sup>1</sup>

given by Cambus-  
 can "veré et  
 justé."

*Canto Sexto.**Part VI.*

<sup>4</sup>Cambuscan goes to th' feild and leaves<sup>4</sup>  
 Canac and Serra vnder Ethel's care,  
 shee Camball blissd ; but Canac streaves,<sup>5</sup>  
 with her in Love : the soules state they declare.

Cambuscan takes  
 the field.  
 Q. Ethelta stays  
 in Serra.

<sup>7</sup>Chaunticleere, the sadd nightes horaloger,  
 vp thrilld the poize that his clockes watch gann sterr,  
 to number<sup>7</sup> and dispart black time by howres, 3  
<sup>8</sup>which hee to th' wide world with ope mowth distowres,  
 while snugglinge they in cabbins laye each one,  
 Flegme beinge yet in domination ;  
 onlie Cambuscan and stowt Camballo  
 ofte rose to serch if thoste watcht well or no. 8  
 and tooke it into owne officious cure,  
 that greater charge hathe greater taske t'endure.<sup>8</sup>  
 But winged time, which<sup>9</sup> never sleepes ne staies  
 to bringe the destinies onwardes<sup>10</sup> their waies, 12  
 calld vp<sup>11</sup> the lowringe sonn in ruddie morne,

*allusio.*<sup>6</sup>

During the night

Cambuscan and  
 Camballo see that  
 watch is well  
 kept.

<sup>1-1</sup> om. in Ash.<sup>2</sup> ought

<sup>3-3</sup> to whister to the watch Captaine (this nightes gardes assister) :  
 then hee to such as walkd the wakinge rownd,

<sup>4-4</sup> Cambuscan takes the feild, then leaves <sup>5</sup> strives <sup>6</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>7-7</sup> Now Chaunticleere (nightes trewe horaloger),  
 the poise of his clockes watch at twoe gann sterr, to measure,

<sup>8-8</sup> in quierlie full voice, daies approach discoures :  
 yet snugg binn they in cabins, one by one,  
 for fleagm was yet in domination.

Nathles Cambuscan, with his son Cambell,  
 oft rose to see if th'ost watchd ill or well,  
 of dewe it takinge to Officious cure,  
 the greater place hath greater paines t'endure.

<sup>9</sup> that<sup>10</sup> onward<sup>11</sup> vp calld



<sup>1</sup> which promisd raigne ear night or flatuous storme,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>so clomb the humid Crabb, all vernishinge  
 It is Spring; with florent bewties of the wanton springe,<sup>2</sup> 16  
 in Joues exaltate court, wheare best <sup>3</sup>beesemis  
 flowers are open, Floraes freshe bowres, weare all<sup>3</sup> that sweet *and* greene is  
 trees in blossom, <sup>4</sup>on thin stalkes, danglinge white, redd, yello, blewe,  
 trees in large liveries blussHING blossoms newe, 20  
 dewd with pearld eglettes, openinge finest pores,  
 in roote, rind, leafe, flower, riche of amber stores,  
 which fertil zephirs velvet spirit bloweth,  
 no subtile eye dicerninge how it groweth; 24  
 yet ioienge their liefes poesies of the time,  
 eglantine fra- richelie perfumd with coolinge eglentine.<sup>4</sup>  
 grant. <sup>5</sup>Now though the rathe had her<sup>5</sup> bare leafe and  
 grasse,  
 and thearefore hard and skant for hostes to passe, 28  
 There is no corn till Ceres ripened <sup>6</sup>had her mellowe graine  
 for the Army, that well mote tharmies foragers sustaine.  
 Cambuscan yet, t'advauce his expedition,  
 held all times equal on equal condition. 32  
 but heere betwixt him and his enimies,  
 conditions like did not alike arise,<sup>6</sup>  
 tho' hostile Fregi- <sup>7</sup>sithe they binn furnishd of last yeers provision,  
 ley is well stord. which this yeere shoold rest at his prohibition.<sup>7</sup> 36  
<sup>8</sup>" whearefore" (quoth hee), "wellcomm<sup>8</sup> redd mars his  
 feild;

<sup>1-1</sup> raine thretninge to the daie, Or windie storme;

<sup>2-2</sup> when hee close to the liquid Crab did clinge,  
 to blaze the full grown bewties of the springe,

<sup>3-3</sup> now beeseemis that Flora flautes in all that

<sup>4-4</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>5-5</sup> howbeet, vers rath, yeildes but

<sup>6-6</sup> hath her sheaffes of graine,  
 all foragers of armies to sustaine.

Yet kinge Cambuscan, in his expeditions,  
 laid hold on all times and on all condicions,  
 as him behovd to seeke his enimies,  
 so on all termes to fight for honors prize;

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8-8</sup> said thearefore, "Wellecom now"

<sup>1</sup>but pleasures, home sportes, ease, stand yee exild;  
and wellcom leager, wheare harshe soldierie  
hathe to make vertewe of necessitie.<sup>1</sup>

40

Cambuscan re-  
solves to share the  
hardships of war.

<sup>2</sup>ne bee it ever sayd I so lovd life,  
as kinglie virtue durst not cope with strife;  
Weare armor, daungers runn for such a wife,  
and, for the boies sake, fetch in Algarsife;  
ne let posteritie vaunt he had Love,  
whome zeale to truith and iustice could not move."

(f. 14)

44

ffrom this discourse the trumpetes bootie cella  
sommond Cambuscan soone to leave his pilla,<sup>2</sup>

48

The Trumpets  
call.

<sup>3</sup>for thundringe Drums calld hastelie to th' feild<sup>3</sup>  
all glistringe steele cotes, pikes, shott, speare, and sheild,  
whome bold Camballo marshalld to attende  
his roial ffathers pleasure,<sup>4</sup> staie or wend;

52

Camballo mar-  
shals the host,

<sup>5</sup>whoe soone came armd in bright enchaced steele,  
from the gold caske downe to the silverne heele,  
blasinge his owne cote amor on his brest;  
high mounted on Ducello, goodlie beast,  
that wonder was to see, great Cambuscan,  
fore whome Love, honor, reverence, quicklie rann.<sup>5</sup>

56

Cambuscan rides  
armd on the Horse  
of Brass.

<sup>6</sup>Hee theare foorthwith committed to the Queene<sup>6</sup>  
the cittie Serra with ites large confine,

60

<sup>7</sup>ye<sup>6</sup> queene is  
regent of Serra  
and of Canac.<sup>7</sup>

from sea to sea, to rest at her direction,  
<sup>8</sup>with's daughter Canac,<sup>8</sup> vnder her protection,  
to counsell, <sup>9</sup>gard, and watch<sup>9</sup> in his absence,

<sup>10</sup>in exercise,<sup>10</sup> without soft indulgence,

64

<sup>11</sup>"ne suffringe tharroe heades of meltinge lust  
T'affix in yee the skarrs of direfull rust;<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> ease, pleasures, idlenes, packe, hence exild:  
to th' Leager now, wheare harshest soldierie,  
proves necessarie gainst extremitie.

<sup>2-2</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> When ló, the thundringe drumes calld to th' field  
<sup>4</sup> will to <sup>5-5</sup> 6 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> Whoe foorthwith did committ vnto his Queene

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>8-8</sup> with his deere Canace <sup>9-9</sup> comfort, gard

<sup>10-10</sup> and t' exercise <sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>hopinge yee will doe all your mother willeth,"  
so well<sup>1</sup> to doe her will his will fulfilleth. 68

<sup>2</sup>Obedient Canac, yeeldinge thearevnto,  
admittes, what nature liste not,<sup>2</sup> Love cann doe.

<sup>3</sup> discipline for  
common saftey.<sup>3</sup>  
Beacons are re-  
built and mannd;

<sup>4</sup>Besides, hee tooke strict order instantlie,  
that all the landes highe beakens, farr and nye, 72  
as well the promontories neere the seaes,  
which have to sende their foresight backe to these,  
shoold, with all speede, bee well reedifyed,  
and with gardes faithfull and good watche supplied, 76  
and all thold Garrisons to bee reviewd,  
and with younge able-bodies bee neuewd ;

depots of reserves  
formd;

his loiall subiectes, younge, old, midle, and all  
traind soldiers, to bee at ann howers call ; 80  
his armies to supplye, or home defend,  
as forane or home accidentes bin kennd,  
tendringe them their stowt ffathers discipline,  
"which best keepes Faerie Lande still youres, and myne."

provisions pre-  
pared;

So tooke hee order how his campe and shippes 85  
shoold bee revictualld, ear them starcnes nipps,

a stand made by  
the armye.

b' entreatinge Manor Lordes, folkes lesse to flize,  
commons renlarge, restore thold colonies, 88  
acornes resowe, ear wracke or common lacke,  
wears to depart, lett natures ffrye goe backe.

supplies of post-  
horses arranged.

post horse he laid at everie fittinge stade,  
for swift intelligence (states vade invade), 92  
ne wold hee anie faction leave behind  
slye snake, in whome was never love to find.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> in hope shée will doe all her mother willeth, and so

<sup>2-2</sup> tho, meeke Canace (obedient thearevnto) grauntes that what nature  
cannot <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> 24 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—

Now Phœbus, havinge clombe vp some degrees  
above thorizont, ioiouslie discries  
faire expedition, glorious chivalrie,  
bold spirites, well limbd, adventrous soldierie,  
resolutelie demeaninge confidentes,  
and readie to seeke out warres contingentes.



- <sup>1</sup>Thus stooode they readie ranckd<sup>1</sup> in martial viewe, The Army is ready.  
<sup>2</sup>by it was daye, to march to Vill Perdiu;<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> 96  
<sup>5</sup>Camballo takinge leave of 's mother queene <sup>4</sup> *Camball takes leave.*  
 in filial dutie, as mote well beseeme.<sup>5</sup>
- Whome shee commaundes, by the powr of a mother,  
<sup>6</sup>to right her wronges on his false vniuste brother,<sup>6</sup> 100 *an honorable mother's iniunction.<sup>4</sup>*  
Q. Ethelta bids Camballo  
 whose grones (shee sayd) for iustice to bee donn,  
<sup>7</sup>but him shee wills<sup>7</sup> doe, like his ffathers sonn,  
 trulie and<sup>8</sup> iustelie, *which* is valientlie,  
 but not so to attchive, biddes rather die, 104 rather die than  
fall to avenge her  
on his brother  
Algarsif.  
 sithe everie action that trewe iustice wantes  
 is onlie proper to vile miscreantes :
- <sup>9</sup>"but never leese thy right through fraud or feare,<sup>9</sup>  
 for so woold<sup>10</sup> never valient conquerere ;" 108  
 and sithe <sup>11</sup>his ffather a commaunder makes him,  
 example t' all the world<sup>11</sup> best demonstrates him,  
<sup>12</sup>yet so as, vnder him, all<sup>12</sup> doe no lesse,  
 not lightlie pardoninge any that transgresse. 112
- <sup>13</sup>Hee sayd hee woold. And so the mothers blissinge<sup>13</sup>  
 vp tooke him from his knees with teers and kissinge, She kisses and  
blesses him.  
 sayenge,<sup>14</sup> "God blesse thee, boye ! by vertue rise,  
<sup>15</sup>and on trewe honors wings surmount the skies!"<sup>15</sup> 116

all whome the kinge, by Camball, strictlie willes  
 to purge all quarters of such whorish Jilles  
 as soone corrupt the Campe, and rott the livers  
 of idle-wanton-fowle diseases givers :

<sup>1-1</sup> and so stand readie rangd

<sup>2-2</sup> to make theire rendezvous in Villperdiu :

<sup>3</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

where all the troopes of horse and foote conioine  
 to march thence forward to theire great designe.

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> Heere Camball tooke leave of his mother Queene,  
 with filial baysance, manfullie beeseene ;

<sup>6-6</sup> to right the wronges her donn by his false brother

<sup>7-7</sup> him thearefore willd <sup>8</sup> that's trulie,

<sup>9-9</sup> and never yeild his right to <sup>10</sup> did

<sup>11-11</sup> to high commaund his father elates him, biddes immitate him, *which*

<sup>12-12</sup> and that all servinge vnder him

<sup>13-13</sup> Hee vovd hee woold. Right tho the mothers blissinge

<sup>14</sup> and said <sup>15-15</sup> not by the courtlie cancker (practick Vice).

78 *Cambuscan bids his Queen Ethelta farewell.* [Pt. VI.

The campe <sup>1</sup>heard this, & <sup>1</sup>much admird y<sup>e</sup> queene,  
<sup>2</sup>sweringe shee is not as fond mothers been,  
 whose blind indulgent eies are apt to see  
 owne childrens faultes as if all vertewes bee. 120

<sup>3</sup> *Cambuscan &  
 his queene doe  
 parte from other.*<sup>3</sup>

Nextlie,<sup>2</sup> the kinge and Queene, with sadder eye  
 then whilome <sup>4</sup>wonted, viewd each mutuale,  
 for now<sup>4</sup> the thought of partinge did promote  
<sup>5</sup>a lothe depart, in silent lovers note. 124

Tho' lovers, they  
 must separate.

But<sup>5</sup> part they muste; She craves, and<sup>6</sup> hee obaies:

<sup>7</sup>Lovers, by lovers lawes, have no gainesayes.<sup>7</sup>  
<sup>8</sup>yet how the iust<sup>8</sup> and trewe brooke separation  
 wheare never <sup>9</sup>laye, nor ever shall, mutation, 128  
 iudge lovers trewe, whoe iustlie lovd and love yet,  
 wheather it now bee pittifull to prove it.

(f. 14 b)

but trew and iust can never so depart  
 but that their eithers love hathe eithers hart; 132  
 but how love maie from iustice part, woold aske,  
 trial vppon allmost as hard a taske.

Cambuscan bids  
 Ethelta goodbye.

"Adiew, my faithfull queene," Cambuscan sedd;  
 "to deale now for your man I foorth am spedd."<sup>9</sup> 136

But at that word "for," teers of <sup>10</sup>irefull ire  
 fell from her eies, as syntilles flintinge fyer;<sup>10</sup>  
 "for?" (quoth<sup>11</sup> shee), "Naie, gainste that false-vniuste<sup>12</sup>  
 boye

1-1 this heeringe

2-2 for not so dotinge as fond mothers weene,  
 when through indulgent eies they nought cann see,  
 but childrens Vice as of trew Virtewes gree. Now heere

3-3 *om. in Ash.* 4-4 viewd each other mutuale, for that

5-5 that loth depart, which lovers eies denote; yet <sup>6</sup>yt

7-7 as lovers, by lovers lawe, have no delaies: 8-8 but how iust maie

9-9 was, ne cann reside mutation, none but trewe lovers weet, whoe  
 iustelie loved, yf now yt bee not pittifull to prove yt

sith neare the trewe and iust maie so depart,

but that the both to one entier convert.

then how this maie from that depart, doth aske  
 a misticke trial of the rarest taske.

"Adiewe, my faithfull Queene," said Cambuscan,

"I now am goinge to deale for your man."

10-10 vengefull ire sprange in her eies, like steeles and flintes fordd fyer,

11 said

12 vniust false

<sup>1</sup>my vowes bin resolute, him to destroye : 140 Q. Ethelta urges  
iuste are my vowes, my vowes and I bin one ;  
Justice and I beare one communion ;<sup>1</sup> Cambuscan to slay  
their son Algarsif.

<sup>2</sup>I am my selfe, and none cann take mee from her ;  
so on that point of Justice restes my honor.<sup>2</sup> 144

<sup>3</sup>the prime and end of thinges at me<sup>3</sup> must enter,  
for iustice, of the worldes frame is the center ;

<sup>4</sup>it is the capital essoine of all ;<sup>4</sup>

for take thence Justice, and <sup>5</sup>the world will fall.<sup>5</sup> 148 Justice requires it.  
then husband, if heerein wee disagree,  
dishonor makes mee not at all to bee ;

but, lovinge <sup>6</sup>mee, you<sup>6</sup> love my iustice too,  
elles you saye one thinge, and annother doe." 152

<sup>8</sup>On this hard sympathie Cambuscan stayd,  
yet, kindlie smilinge on her, thus he sayd :<sup>8</sup> *7 hard conditions  
in love.<sup>7</sup>*

"most deere and lovinge wife, I kindlie yeeld ;  
<sup>9</sup>my love shall<sup>9</sup> of your iustice bee the sheild, 156 Cambuscan pro-  
mises to shield  
her Justice with  
Love.

<sup>10</sup>and I will<sup>10</sup> doe you right, or I will dye ;  
<sup>11</sup>still yeeldinge, by loves right, t'<sup>11</sup> your Justice hye.

Yet so as wisdom, <sup>12</sup>holdinge our loves rother,<sup>12</sup>  
wee lovinglie and iustelie yeeld t'<sup>13</sup> each other, 160

<sup>14</sup>which well may vauce bothe youres and my designe,  
if wee bee not bothe angrie at one time."<sup>14</sup>

This satisfied the glorious<sup>15</sup> queene right well,  
<sup>16</sup>and pleasd th' whole armie, ioyenge it to tell. 164

but<sup>16</sup> Canac could not but this processe feare,  
<sup>17</sup>and after roundinge<sup>17</sup> Camball in his eare, Canace pleads  
with Camballo.

<sup>1-1</sup> whome all mine hestes, resolute are to destroye ;  
for such my vowes are. vowes and I are one,  
both iustelie makinge one communion ;

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> at which, the prime and end of thinges

<sup>4-4</sup> the fountaine capital in general : <sup>5-5</sup> all truth must fall.

<sup>6-6</sup> truth yee <sup>7-7</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>8-8</sup> At which hard sympathie, kinge Cambuscan,  
with sadlie smilinge on her, thus began ;

<sup>9-9</sup> my trewe love, <sup>10-10</sup> so will I <sup>11-11</sup> in yeeldinge loves right to  
<sup>12-12</sup> hold Loves mutual rother, <sup>13</sup> to <sup>14-14</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>15</sup> angrie

<sup>16-16</sup> and doerd the host, whoe nought but theareof tell. Yet

<sup>17-17</sup> and theareof rounded



in hope to mollifie a<sup>1</sup> soldiers hart,  
with tender pittie (<sup>2</sup>Loves sweete woundinge dart), 168  
meeklie contested with her mother, sayeinge:<sup>2</sup>

"I (vnder protestation of obayenge)

<sup>3</sup> *Canac parteth  
on hard termes  
from her mother.*<sup>3</sup>

She begs for-  
giveness for  
Algarsif.

to you, deere mother, and<sup>4</sup> your highe designes,  
doe begg most humblie, <sup>5</sup>y' wouold vouch safe my lines,  
and, on<sup>5</sup> my knees (if possible<sup>6</sup> it bee), 173

if not for <sup>7</sup>your Algarsife, yet for mee,  
forgive<sup>7</sup> his life. If I live, lett him live,  
so may wee bothe live yf you him forgive." 176

<sup>8</sup>"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice muste first bee  
donn."<sup>8</sup>

"ô then" (sayd<sup>9</sup> Canac), "wheare is Loue becomm?"

Q. Ethelta de-  
mands Justice on  
him.

<sup>10</sup>"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice muste first bee  
served."<sup>10</sup> 179

"ô then" (sayd<sup>11</sup> Canac), "mercie wilbee sterved."

<sup>12</sup>"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice must first bee  
shoven."<sup>12</sup>

"ô then" (sayd<sup>13</sup> Canac), "wheare is pitties throne?"

<sup>14</sup>"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice betraide con-  
foundeth."<sup>14</sup> 183

Canace pleads for  
grace

"ô then" (<sup>15</sup>sayd Canac), "how ist grace aboundeth?"

"No" (quoth<sup>15</sup> the queene), "Justice must highest  
raigne."

and favour.

"ô then" (<sup>16</sup>said Canac), "what maie favor gayne?"

"No" (quoth<sup>16</sup> the queene), "Justice hathe no remis-  
sion." 187

"ô then" (sayd<sup>17</sup> Canac), "what is Zeales condition?"

<sup>1</sup> his

<sup>2-2</sup> dullinge rigors dart. then with her mother thus contested, sayinge,

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>4</sup> in <sup>5-5</sup> you wouold read my lines, on both

<sup>6</sup> possible <sup>7-7</sup> Algarsife, at least for mee, to pardn

<sup>8-8</sup> "No," said the Queene, "first iustice shalbee donn." <sup>9</sup> quoth

<sup>10-10</sup> "No," said the Queene, "first iustice must be served." <sup>11</sup> quoth

<sup>12-12</sup> "No," said the Queene, "first iustice must bee shoven." <sup>13</sup> quoth

<sup>14-14</sup> "No," said the Queene, "elles iustice wouold bee drownd."

<sup>15-15</sup> quoth Canace, "how doth Grace abound?" "No," said

<sup>16-16</sup> quoth Canace, "whoe shall pardon gaine?" "No," said

<sup>17</sup> quoth

"No" (quoth<sup>1</sup> the queene), "Love dies, Justice provokd."

"<sup>2</sup>ô then" (sayd Canac), "promise is revokd." 190

"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice wrongd loveth none."

"ô yet" (said Canac), "lett them ioine in one." 192

"No" (quoth the queene), "Justice must b' satisfyed."<sup>2</sup>

"ô then" (sayd<sup>3</sup> Canac), "wee muste runn to hyde."

"No" (quoth<sup>4</sup> the queene), "Justice predominates."

"ô yet" (said<sup>5</sup> Canac), "Love more honorates." 196

"No" (quoth<sup>6</sup> the queene), "Justice must have her waye."

"ô then" (sayd<sup>7</sup> Canac), "Patience must obaye.

Q. Ethelta and Canace still dispute as to how Algarsife should be punisht.

Canace always urges Mercy.

if mercie, pittie, love, note Justice move,

<sup>8</sup>wellcomm sweete death that dies of hurtes love!" 200

and tho<sup>8</sup> shee wept, to water of the well,

praienge<sup>9</sup> her ffather otherwise to dell,

<sup>10</sup>in that her mother stooode so resolute,

as litle waienge her dispute or suite. 204

Wheareat th'whole host with pittie foorth was powred,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>11</sup> the queene much admired by the camp.<sup>11</sup>

while twixt them bothe the kinge stood, as devowred

and muche distrained in his noble hart;

whoe,<sup>12</sup> takinge Canac by the hand apart, 208

gave her the tenor of his mind<sup>13</sup> in wrightinge,

saienge,<sup>14</sup> "I trust thee with ites faithfull keepinge,

<sup>15</sup>and so<sup>15</sup> farewell, my lovelie daughter deere;

bee in my absence my<sup>16</sup> exequutere;" 212

Cambuscan gives Canace his decision in writing, and appoints her his deputy.

<sup>1</sup> said

<sup>2-2</sup> "O then," quoth Canace, "promises are brokd."

"No," said the Queene, "wrongd iustice loveth none."

"O yet," quoth Canace, "let them both bee one."

"No," said the Queene, "bee iustice satisfied."

<sup>3</sup> quoth <sup>4</sup> said <sup>5</sup> quoth <sup>6</sup> said <sup>7</sup> quoth

<sup>8-8</sup> thrice wellcom death, that gladdest dies of love." and theare

<sup>9</sup> tho praid

<sup>10-10</sup> then yet her mother doth, so resolute,

as gettes no hope to this too weake dispute.

Wheareat the Host with pittie out was powrd,

<sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>12</sup> till <sup>13</sup> will <sup>14</sup> and said <sup>15-15</sup> so now <sup>16</sup> mine

82 *Cambuscan takes leave of Wife and Daughter.* [Pt. VI.

Cambuscan takes  
leave of his  
Queen, Ethel.

<sup>1</sup> whome oft hee kisssd. Then, turninge to the  
queene,

hee tooke his leave, as noblie gann beeseeme,<sup>1</sup>  
and prayd them bothe, that gainst his home repaire,  
<sup>2</sup> they will see furnisshd his new Theataier. 216

<sup>3</sup> a great contest-  
ation.<sup>3</sup>

(f. 15)

Now at their partinge<sup>2</sup> all the soldiers lowtd,  
and to the queene, so lowd, and Canac, showtd,  
as heaun and earth <sup>4</sup> it seemd weare ioinde togetheer  
by truith, love, iustice, in this harshe dissever.<sup>4</sup> 220  
the queene they reverencd, Canac lovd<sup>5</sup> also ;  
but wheather moste, was verie hard to sho.<sup>6</sup>  
yet, commonlie, that suitor soner<sup>7</sup> swaieth  
whose instant importunitie more<sup>8</sup> praieth. 224

The soldiers wear  
red and white  
skarfs.

<sup>9</sup> the soldiers, cleapinge them bothe mistresses,  
had<sup>9</sup> gott their colord skarfes in readines.  
Canacies <sup>10</sup> colors, white, weare th'<sup>10</sup> feild or ground,  
the Queenes <sup>11</sup> blood redd, which still betokeneth  
wound ;<sup>11</sup> 228

<sup>12</sup> redd bendes on white, impaeld, as heraultes saye,  
meanes iustice hathe on innocence to swaye.<sup>12</sup>

Q. Ethel and  
Canace go home.

Now bin<sup>13</sup> the Queene and Canac faringe home,  
<sup>14</sup> wheare the meeke Canac made t' her falcon mone ;  
shee backe replienge, in her birdishe leaden, 233  
and Canac, by her virtuous ringe, it readen.  
So either t' either wailed each destanie,  
like<sup>14</sup> fellowe sisters, of like miserie, 236

<sup>1-1</sup> then turninge kindlie to his noble Queene,  
he tooke his last leave as mote best beeseeme,

<sup>2-2</sup> they would see finishd his faire Theataier. At whose departure,  
<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> seemd to disione from either by loves and iustices entier dissever.  
<sup>5</sup> lovd Canace <sup>6</sup> kno <sup>7</sup> soonest <sup>8</sup> most

<sup>9-9</sup> both whome the soldiers cleapd theire mistresses, and  
<sup>10-10</sup> white had for the <sup>11-11</sup> had redd, betokeninge death, or wound.  
<sup>12-12</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>13</sup> are

<sup>14-14</sup> wheare Canace to her Falcon maketh mone,  
and shee in her birdes leaden oft replienge,  
addes woe to woe, thone sighinge, thother cryinge,  
bewailinge t' either, eithers destanie : as



<sup>1</sup>which found some ease in vttringe eithers grieve:  
this of her tercelet, that of Algarsife;

Canace mourns  
with her Falcon,

bothe drinckinge comfortes out of future hope,  
yet halsiond bothe hartes broke, if hope ne cope. 240

Heere leave wee Canac, but not leave her idle,  
sithe bounde her handes apprentice to her needle;  
to wittnesse to it selfe, suche finger glorie  
another daie mote gratifye her storie. 244

but works with  
her needle.

Then all the soldiers, followinge the warrs,  
gave dewe attendaunce on their officers;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>army marcheth.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup>a thowsand stowborne drums-tonitruous  
mad th' aiers affable vault redd mars his house, 248

where suche ann vniuersal march declard  
as of all bodies framd one Corps du gard;

seeminge a confusd-civile wildernes,

ann heape disparted, ann huge ordered masse, 252

It is a huge orderd  
mass,

a feild of loitring woodes, straglinge behind,  
soone calld vp into one by discipline.

a bee hive seekinge out, yet keepinge home,

dares forane illes annoy, make good ites owne. 256

a faire of leaping coltes, or'e hedge and ditche,  
soone rendred, by strict reasons lore, none suche.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>a goodlie order<sup>4</sup> of as martial men

well disciplind.

<sup>5</sup>as ear arose gainste Titans<sup>5</sup> glistringe bem, 260

<sup>6</sup>whoe kept one distance<sup>6</sup> regular; in march

<sup>7</sup>ne doffinge armors, albeet sonns ray parch;

for armes to have in warr,<sup>7</sup> and still not vse yt,

<sup>1-1</sup> the both distraind as by one common grieve:  
this for her Tercelet, that for Algarsife,  
Yet both with future hopes both comfortinge,  
for hartes maie breake, but for hopes remedinge.  
Canacies selfe remaininge never idle,  
but, bindinge her hand prentice to her needle,  
beare wittnes to her selfe, that such hand glorie  
another daie maie dignifie her storie.

This while, the soldiers (exercisd for warres)  
stoode readie rangd t'attend their Officers,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> 12 lines om. in Ash. <sup>4-4</sup> as orderlie and

<sup>5-5</sup> as ever rose gainst Phoebus <sup>6-6</sup> ann habit keepinge

<sup>7-7</sup> which doffd no armors, though hott Titan parch; for armor t' have in feild,

- <sup>1</sup>besides th' abuse, presumes<sup>1</sup> as to refuse yt. 264
- place.*<sup>2</sup>      The place, a goodlie champion to <sup>3</sup>darraigne  
 Hills and plain      three hostes, consistinge of highe<sup>3</sup> hilles and plaine,  
 like Amesbury,      like th' ample lantskipps of old Amesburie,  
 where Arthur beat      wheare mightie Arthur (flowr of chevalrie) 268  
 the Saxons.      by knightlie prowesse, in disposd<sup>4</sup> battelles  
                                  (t'<sup>5</sup> old Olbions wellfare), <sup>6</sup>heapes of Saxons quelles,  
                                  deigninge them in those barrowes sepulture,<sup>6</sup>  
                                  to th' onor of his kind<sup>7</sup> good swoord Mordure. 272
- <sup>8</sup>Theare, theare, three squares of vibrant pikes out  
                                  glides,  
                                  ranckes after ranckes with muskettes on bothe sides,
- <sup>9</sup>*order of march.*<sup>9</sup> as winges to flye, to putt off and putt on  
                                  the prime of schirmishe, till freshe secondes comm. 276  
                                  each colors midd owne cohort in battaile,  
                                  neerest the hart, furthest from foes assaile,  
                                  best garded, with short weapons, holberdes, billes,  
                                  swoordes, targettes, handie to defend neere illes.<sup>8</sup> 280
- <sup>10</sup>*three batailles.*  
*vauntgard.*<sup>10</sup>      <sup>11</sup>Trustie Binato<sup>11</sup> lodd the first battaile,  
 Binato heads the      at whose well <sup>12</sup>garded rear theare went<sup>12</sup> in taile  
 first.      some light <sup>13</sup>feild peecees, on wheele carriages,  
                                  readie to doe theire masters services.<sup>13</sup> 284
- Cambuscan the  
                                  *midl.*<sup>14</sup>      The seconde-midle-mightie square battaile  
                                  was by Cambuscans selfe lodd to assaile,  
                                  and at his reare the great artillerie  
                                  of Canons and demies, for batterrie, 288
- <sup>15</sup>on iron carriages, as huge as stronge,  
                                  to tell and prove their masters minde ear longe.<sup>15</sup>  
 Camballo the  
                                  *rear.*<sup>16</sup>      The third battaile, or Reare, Camballo ledd,
- 1—1 presumes beside thabuse      <sup>2</sup> *om. in Ash.*  
 3—3 did darraigne, all those three batailles, spreddinge  
 4 darraignd      <sup>5</sup> to  
 6—6 Saxon heapes debelles: and in those barrowes deignd them sepulture,  
 7 known      <sup>8—8</sup> 8 lines *om. in Ash.*      <sup>9—9</sup> *om. in Ash.*      <sup>10—10</sup> *om. in Ash.*  
 11—11 Heere yonckster Binato      <sup>12—12</sup> ordered reare, theare came  
 13—13 wheele peecees on feild carriages, to doe theire masters instant  
 services.  
                                  <sup>14</sup> *om. in Ash.*      <sup>15—15</sup> *om. in Ash.*      <sup>16</sup> *om. in Ash.*

which, as the former twaine, was discipled ; 292  
in whose reare also weare some canons born, Canons and Bag-  
<sup>1</sup>with bagg, baggage, munition, victual, corn.<sup>1</sup> gage in the rear.  
<sup>2</sup>th' officers well directinge t' keepe good gard,  
all, in good order guided, onwardes faerd.<sup>2</sup> 296  
The troopes of horse, before, behind, theare, heere, \* hors troopes.<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup>speculates all<sup>4</sup> approches, farr and neere.  
<sup>5</sup>but hee that this daie leades that<sup>5</sup> battailes reare,  
tomorrowe in the <sup>6</sup>vauntgardes place dothe steare ; 300 The Cavalry  
change places by  
'Threes about.'  
all three, by chaunginge turnes, of<sup>6</sup> marchinge lawe,  
till bothe extreames into midle<sup>7</sup> drawe.  
<sup>8</sup>the reare Yet of as valient ones yledd, (f. 15 b)  
furnishd, trusted, honord, as th' vantgardes head.<sup>8</sup> 304  
<sup>9</sup>onlie the kinges owne standard, fore and hind,  
bore twoe gewles-cressletes,<sup>9</sup> feild albe, in the wind.  
<sup>11</sup>The vulgar, havinge gott t' ann higher place,  
to see this armies march, to their solace,<sup>11</sup> 308 <sup>10</sup> vulgar never  
hideth its  
opinion.<sup>10</sup>  
<sup>12</sup>twixt ioye and care, gann sadlie contemplate  
thus, and thus, as it fell<sup>12</sup> into their pate.  
<sup>13</sup>Some swore it was a goodlie slaverie,<sup>13</sup>  
by fame, lawes, kinges, <sup>14</sup>to seeke deathes braverye. 312  
Others sayd, sighinge, " All these gallantes heere  
wilbee<sup>14</sup> full cold in graves ear fyftie yeere."  
<sup>15</sup>Others esteemd them fooles whoe trott from They think fight-  
home ing is foolery.  
to gett annothers and to<sup>15</sup> leese their own. 316

<sup>1-1</sup> munition, engins, baggage, Victual, corn  
<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>4-4</sup> did speculate  
<sup>5-5</sup> wheare hee that now onleades the  
<sup>6-6</sup> vauntgard hath to steare, changinge all three by turnes of th'  
<sup>7</sup> the midle <sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash.  
<sup>9-9</sup> wheare the kinges standard, midle, fore, and hind, twoe cressletes  
gewles had,  
<sup>10-10</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash.  
<sup>12-12</sup> Wheareof the vulgar gravelie contemplate, as vppon sight doth fall  
<sup>13-13</sup> some swearinge yt a glorious slaverie,  
<sup>14-14</sup> out to bee lod to die ; and others sighinge said, that all thease heere  
would lie  
<sup>15-15</sup> and others calld them fooles that goe from home, to gett from others,  
while theie



The Vulgar discuss War.

<sup>1</sup>Other some sayd, "Mans whole liefes is nought<sup>1</sup> then warrfare in all ages, to bee fought, and that, to leese this liefes for<sup>2</sup> vertue, gaines a better liefes to recompence all paines." 320

Pleasure is best ; war, folly.

<sup>3</sup>Others held that this lives pleasures bin best, and fooles are they whoe<sup>3</sup> hazard it in iest.  
<sup>4</sup>Other some swore, that so to saye turn fooles, and offred<sup>4</sup> to dispute the point in schooles. 324

No, Pleasure is unstable ;

"ffor" (quoth<sup>5</sup> one), "this lifes pleasures bin<sup>6</sup> vnstable :

Ergo,<sup>7</sup> this whole lifes matter<sup>8</sup> is moveable.  
<sup>9</sup>but I that matter<sup>9</sup> hold more honorable which<sup>10</sup> in it selfe is firme, not permutable. 328  
<sup>11</sup>but to bee mutable<sup>11</sup> is not forever :

to hunt for it is senseless.

<sup>12</sup>Ergo, time cann this lives pleasures dissever.<sup>12</sup>  
now then to hunt for what longe cannot last is (by your leave) a chaunce for fooles to cast. 332  
E contra, what all pleasures dothe containe is greater, so is pleasures soveraigne.

Reason is above Pleasure.

<sup>13</sup>reasn (or th' soules essence) is that same container Whome sense vsurpes, when will lettes sense distraigne her :<sup>13</sup> 336

but not constraine her, for sense wantes that powr  
<sup>14</sup>of rulinge or'e ites next superioure, but by consent, to sensative temptation  
reasn' her may yeeld, to discend b' immitation : 340  
howbee't may chouse of wise predignitie,<sup>14</sup>

1—1 some soberer vouchd that mans whole liefes is nought <sup>2</sup> in  
3—3 but others held liefes sensitive sweetes the best, and termd them fooles, that  
4—4 some wiser swore, that so to hold are fooles, and proferd  
<sup>5</sup> said <sup>6</sup> are <sup>7</sup> thearefore <sup>8</sup> centar <sup>9—9</sup> but wee that centar  
<sup>10</sup> that <sup>11—11</sup> sith mutable in it selfe  
<sup>12—12</sup> time thearefore heere liefes pleasures hath to sever.  
<sup>13—13</sup> then reas'n, which is the soule, is that container  
whome sense vsurpes, when sensives doe distraigne her ;  
<sup>14—14</sup> as of flesh, t'orerule her superioure,  
but by consent. for to illecebration  
reas'n hath to stand or fall by immitation.  
which is to chowse of wisdomes dignitie,

inscribd in reasons superioritie.

<sup>1</sup>ffor reas'n, or willes materialitie,  
is th' essence it hathe of eternitie.<sup>1</sup>

Reason is eternal,

344

<sup>2</sup>elles nought it coulde of virtuous constancie,  
wear't not essentializd eternitie.

then looke what once was of eternitie  
hath still to b' bove times continuitie.<sup>2</sup>

348

<sup>3</sup>but this etern'ti's of th' first cause of causes :"  
so theare on that full point a while hee pawses.

"Now, looke, what is of thigh'st eternitie<sup>3</sup>  
officiates bove lifes mutabilitie.

and above life's  
changes ;

352

<sup>4</sup>so, looke what's<sup>4</sup> of eternal coessence

its pleasures are  
greater than those  
of life,

<sup>5</sup>ought consist of pleasures more excellence  
then th' momentanie-sens'tive. then tis cleere

lifes pleasures-sensative doe chaunge each yeere.

356

but th' soules pleasures, eternal bin, like her,<sup>5</sup>  
fetcht fro th' first cause of causes : which t'<sup>6</sup> averr

is manifest, for <sup>7</sup>reasonable thinges

sucke<sup>7</sup> from one higher-causinge-cause beinges.

360

Then, as the<sup>8</sup> first cause is all pleasures store,

I sweare, th' eternal pleasures are much more

<sup>9</sup>then caduke-pleasures-sensative of life,<sup>9</sup>

for which fond men sett no boundes to their strife.

364 for which foolish  
men strive.

<sup>10</sup>But reasn' (wills moth'r) is of the highest hie ;

elles mote it near dispute, ne higher flye<sup>10</sup>

1-1 which is the real soules pure essence,  
is thearefore real of eternitie :

2-2 4 lines om. in Ash.

3-3 eternal beinge of th' firs[t]e cause of causes :"  
so theare a while vppon that point hee pawses.

"Now, looke, what is of th' prime eternitie

4-4 and what is

5-5 must needes of pleasures have more excellence  
and permanence then sensives ; for tis cleere  
liefes pleasures sensive chaunge from yeare to yeare ;  
but the soules pleasure ternal is with her,

<sup>6</sup> to <sup>7-7</sup> all inferior thinges have

<sup>8</sup> that <sup>9-9</sup> then all fraile pleasures of this sensive liefes,

<sup>10-10</sup> but the soul reas'nabl' is of thighest hie,  
elles yt could neare dispute nor higher stie,

Reason is above  
the things of  
sense.

So folk tattle.

The Army, on the  
march, talk over  
the dispute be-  
tween Q. Ethel  
and Canace as to  
Algarsife's  
punishment.

They side with  
the Queen's de-  
mand for Justice.

(f. 16)

<sup>1</sup>then the life sensative, which fades belowe.

But reasn' ascendes above what sense maie knowe, 368  
ev'n bove th'earth, seas, aier, fier, moon, sonn, starrs, skye,  
(wheare everie thinge the soules reas'n hath to trye) :

yea, t' it first causinge cause-divine creator,<sup>1</sup>  
for everie caused cause waites on ites first <sup>2</sup>maker." 372

thus and thus people tatled, they ne wiste ;  
nay, they will talke, lett wise men saye<sup>2</sup> as liste.

and surelie well it fell,<sup>3</sup> they brake off so,  
<sup>4</sup>sith oft they fall by th' ears before they goe. 376

In the meane time th' whole armie,<sup>4</sup> as it went,  
told too and fro the serious bickermment  
that twixt the Queene<sup>5</sup> and meeke Canacy fell,  
which posd their iudgmentes to consider well 380

<sup>6</sup>of Justice sterne and kind Loves natures, ffor  
discordance hath t' make th' one thoth'r abhorr ;  
ffor whoe would thought but that innocent love<sup>6</sup>  
mote som deale <sup>7</sup>resolute Justice<sup>7</sup> remove, 384  
and softenn yt, by th'importunitie<sup>8</sup>

of her owne<sup>9</sup> daughter, begginge instantlie? [sterne,

<sup>10</sup>" In troth " (quoth they), " Justice is thinge most  
as from this schoone mote bold offenders learn : 388  
thoughe selfe love deeme it hathe with whites of eyes  
to bobbe out Justice and her lawes foolize.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> then liefes elemental, changinge heere belowe.  
but soules reasn higher sties then liefes cann knowe,  
bove earth, sea, aier, fier, moone, son, starres and skie,  
elles it bove thease could no conclusion trie.  
but it ascendes bove all to her creator,

<sup>2-2</sup> aucthor." thus talken they of what full fewe well wist, for they will  
speake, lett wise men hold <sup>3</sup> chaunced

<sup>4-4</sup> for seld is, but by th' eares opinions goe. On which Occurrentes  
th'armie <sup>5</sup> sterne Queene

<sup>6-6</sup> of iustice and Loves natures, how thease twaine  
maie through disconcordance each other araign.  
sith fewe would thought, but that this hurtles Love

<sup>7-7</sup> iustice resolute <sup>8</sup> by importunitie <sup>9</sup> kind

<sup>10-10</sup> yet heere they found by prooffe iustice is stearn,  
as bold Offenders by theas sceanes maie learn ;  
though some of selfe love deign with fawninge eye  
bobbe iustice out, with prowde humilitie :



as if rules weare no rules, ne<sup>1</sup> givn to keepe,  
<sup>2</sup>but mote bee pardond t' hipochrites, if weepe : 392  
 for ravishd sighes, of fyrbal straines, of mone,  
 vttered to gett leave to b' as badd anone;<sup>2</sup>  
 presuminge as if Justice weare vnwise,  
 ne could of <sup>3</sup>scopes or circumstantes devise,<sup>3</sup> 396  
 of whie? when? wheare? how oft the crimes<sup>4</sup> weare  
 donn?

The Army think  
 hypocrites should  
 not be pardond.

<sup>5</sup>or wittingelie, naye willinglye, begunn?  
 But wittinglie and willinglie been suche<sup>5</sup>  
 as iustice findes their endes, not differinge much." 400  
<sup>6</sup>Whence these bold soldiers (as they weare in raye)<sup>6</sup>  
 professd they <sup>7</sup>would evn so<sup>7</sup> hold on theire waye,  
 as not vniustelie tempt the queenes <sup>8</sup>highe powr,  
 ne thincke they mote with ease appease her lowr. 404

They hold with  
 the Queen.

So all agreed, till, marchinge, they weare bayd  
 at a diepe foord, wheare for some time they stayd.  
 and theare Cambuscan, lightinge from his stead,  
 off<sup>8</sup> drew the bridell from his brazen head, 408  
<sup>10</sup>and wore it for a girdle<sup>10</sup> bout his midle;  
<sup>11</sup>it was his guize when rest gave leave to idle.

<sup>9</sup>lodging of y<sup>e</sup>  
 campe.<sup>9</sup>

Cambuscan dis-  
 mounts, and ties  
 the bridle of his  
 Horse of Brass  
 round his waist.

Soone binn they quartered, cabbins made in haste;<sup>11</sup>  
 Campe and trench masters <sup>12</sup>fortefies all faste.<sup>12</sup> 412  
 they goe to praier, <sup>13</sup>and then prepare to meate  
 (the coole eveninge requittinge<sup>13</sup> the daies heate);

The Camp is  
 fortified.

<sup>1</sup> nor

<sup>2-2</sup> but must to counterfeates yield, when they creepe,  
 with sighinge pinions, made of parboild mone,  
 coggd but for leave to bee as wurse anone.

<sup>2-3</sup> circumstances scopes devise, <sup>4</sup> faultes

<sup>5-5</sup> yf weetinglie or willinglie begun,

which weetinglie and willinglie are such

<sup>6-6</sup> thease soldiers, thearefore, as they kept theire ray, <sup>7-7</sup> so would still

<sup>8-8</sup> stearn powre, or as at list, they could out begg her lowre.

Thus marchinge, they agreed, till all weare staid  
 at a diepe rivers foord, which backe them baid,  
 wheare kinge Cambuscan, lightinge off his stead, with

<sup>9-9</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>10-10</sup> and for a girdle wore it

<sup>11-11</sup> as earst envrd, yet never worn in idle.

tho quarteringe, fell to cabininge in hast,

<sup>12-12</sup> fortifie as fast; <sup>13-13</sup> then adresse to meate, the coole neve recompensinge

<sup>1</sup> watch set.<sup>1</sup> calld is the watch, out skowtes, <sup>2</sup>and gardes binn sett,  
while Camball of the <sup>2</sup> General dothe fett 416

The Watchword  
is Paramour. <sup>3</sup>the secret watchword, Paramoure, which hee  
impartes but <sup>3</sup> to the gard (sworne trewe to bee).  
<sup>4</sup>Tho, murninge Phœbus, robd in humid sable  
(Who, since these warrs, near lookd vp amiable), 420  
dismissd his coache and horses to the stable,  
n'is longer ope to hold his eyeliddes able ;  
The Sun puts on  
his night-cap. but dones the <sup>4</sup> night capp of a russet clowd,  
which miste or raine <sup>5</sup> of the next morne foreshowd. 424  
while lustie soldiers, for youthes exercise,<sup>5</sup>  
The Soldiers in-  
dulge in Athletics, rann, wrestled, iumpd, leapd, from a gluffes arise ;  
<sup>6</sup>some from ann halfe pike, and removd it twice. 427  
some tossd theire pikes, some stayd, some pushd a trice ;<sup>6</sup>  
some threwe the barr with th' arme, some with the foote ;  
<sup>7</sup>some flunge the maine stone, some to lifte fell toot,  
to improve their  
wind and muscles, bothe to gett winde <sup>7</sup> at will and masterie,  
and by muche vse, powful dexteritie. 432  
<sup>8</sup>activitie, breedinge agilitie,  
frolickes the witt, the spirittes multiplie,  
and make their  
blood stir. boldninge hott hartes, makes life blood swiftlie goe,  
when once these active doe owne forces kno.<sup>8</sup> 436  
<sup>9</sup>Campes mote of suche their modest concertation,  
practise a kind of virtuous emulation,<sup>9</sup>

1-1 *om. in Ash.*      2-2 sent, gardes are sett, and Cambell of his

3-3 this secret watchword Puramoure, which hee distributes

4-4 By this time Phœbus, wrapt in liquid sable,  
whoe since thease garboiles near lookd amiable,  
loosd his blacke coach and steades adown the wave,  
then longer ope to hold his liddes ne strave,  
but dond his

5-5 the morrowe next foreshowd,  
the while some yoncksters, for praisd masteries,

6-6 som from the pike, and twice aloft removd yt,

som tossd, som made faire presentes, and som shovd it,  
7-7 som the maine stone, some waightes to lift stoopd too't,  
longe breath to gett

<sup>8-8</sup> 4 lines *om. in Ash.*

9-9 well knowinge, vigor growes by concertation,  
and virthewe by a virtuous emulation :

<sup>1</sup>selfe mendinge selfe, by so much the more able,  
as nerves by practise lustren serviceable; 440

without grudge donn, or envious mutinie,  
which well ioines gainste the common enimey.<sup>1</sup>

All is done in  
good humour.

<sup>2</sup>Lô thus (in frendlie sort) these troopes contend, 443  
till th' watch biddes leave, goe rest, and make ann end.<sup>2</sup>

Then off to bed.

*Canto Septimo.*

*Part VII.*

Algarsife rewes the stirrs that rose;

the witch Videria turnes his mind;

Camball and <sup>3</sup>hee fought deadlie foes;<sup>3</sup>

Cambuscan, Akafir, <sup>4</sup>the town inhemd.<sup>4</sup>

Algarsife and  
Camballo fight.

Cambuscan be-  
siegues Fregiley.

*allusio.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup>The wakefull larche, whose madrigal gann vse  
to chaunt shrill laies ear daye, now dumps in muse,

for Titan, the mornes melancholie murner,

sadd, hevie, wilesse, mute, vnccheerful iorner, 4

noold lumnate hills, dales, springes, medowes, woods,

ne tyne with fierie beame the rapid floodes;

ne wipe the cleere teeres off the leaves and grasse;

ne sucke the mistes breath, to see others passe; 8

ne visite his old frendes, whoe for him stayd;

whearfore without him tharmie rose and rayd.

Morning comes  
dark and dull.

Cambuscan's  
army get into  
array.

Now false Algarsife, in great Fregiley,

havige begun a daungerous essay,<sup>6</sup> 12

<sup>7</sup>a great proiect, a verie straunge designe,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> for which thease active spirites through love contend,  
till the well meaninge watch bid make ann end.

<sup>3-3</sup> Algars fight as foes <sup>4-4</sup> Fregilia inhemd <sup>5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> The wakefull Larche tewnd not his madrigal,  
but, dull in dumpes, blith would not singe at all,  
ne Titan on woold putt his golden flize,  
but wimpled fast his melancholie eies,  
not with their blaze to tine the cristall floodes,  
ne comfort send to the sole faringe woodes,  
nor sucke the mistes, that others see to passe,  
nor wipe the meeke teeres of Auroraes face,  
ne com down to his frendes, whoe for him staid:  
Whearfore without him tharmie onward wayd,  
to seeke Algarsife, Whoe in Fregiley  
had stirred rebellion, to get all the swaie,

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.



- <sup>1</sup>on which the world hold ope all ears and eyen,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>omitted nothings, ne slept out his wittes,  
 that to th'occasion oportunelie fittes. 16
- Algarsife in Fre-  
 giley is informd by  
 the Witch Videria  
 of all that goes on  
 in his Father's  
 Council and  
 Camp.
- for hee, by th' witch Videriaes practises,  
 kepte ofte intelligence with all places,  
 which brought him everie secret donn, and sedd,  
 in's ffathers counsell, chamber, closett, bedd, 20  
 in court and campe, in countrie, cittye too,  
 yet went his spies, as vsen frendes to doe,  
 in complemental kind formes generous,  
 well knowinge to vsurpe as virtuous. 24  
 for, pray, what strength hath sex, what powr the wise,  
 which openeth not to potent briberies?
- (f. 16 b)
- He learns that his  
 Father has come  
 to wreak ven-  
 geance on him.
- The newes are brought him, that his ffather coms  
 gainste him with displayd Ensigne, trumpetes, drums,  
 vengeance to wreake on his conspiracie, 29  
 which his owne mother taxt at felonye.
- He thinks over  
 his faults.
- Algarsife at these tydings chawes the cudd,  
 for nature, natural, wrought in his blood, 32  
 of kindlie kind, to thincke what hee hathe donn  
 without forgettingte hee's his fathers sonn :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>2-2</sup> and theare omitted nought, ne slept his wittes,  
 in ought that oportunelie him befittes.  
 for by Videreaes witched polecies,  
 hee kept intelligence in court by Spies,  
 to bringe him everie secret donn and sedd  
 within his ffathers Councell, Chamber, bed,  
 in town and campe, in countrie, cittie too,  
 yet his proiectors went as gallantes doe,  
 in complemental kind formes generous,  
 to preface like vnto the Virtuous,  
 and ope with bounteous hand, to baite the wise,  
 accordinge to the force of briberies.

But now his watch him telles, his ffather comes,  
 with displaid Ensign, fier, sword, trumpet, drumes,  
 to paie with Vengeance his conspiracie,  
 which his own mother taxt at treason hie.

At which harsh newes hee sadlie chawd the cudd,  
 as felt in nature that hee taintes own blood.  
 vnkindlie kind ; so thinkes what hee hath donn  
 to the disgrace of his own ffathr and sonn :

<sup>1</sup>for reasn' of propertie, owne good intendes,  
till sensual respect her eye-sight blendes; 36  
whence him withdrawinge to the drawinge chamber,  
but to bee further th'eeeringe of each straunger,  
hee privatelie stole to a secret grove,  
and theare his lewd fact thus he gann reprove,<sup>1</sup> 40  
for, certainlie, theare is no connivence  
<sup>2</sup>hides reasons owne muse from owne conscience.

Algarsife, alone,  
blames his evil  
doings.

Then thus Algarsif: "ôh, whome doest thou drawe <sup>3</sup>fruitless sor-  
on thine owne head, hart, reines, liver, and mawe? 44 row.<sup>3</sup>  
yea, on thyne honor; Naye, land, lief, and all,  
more ore thie bloodes posteritie totall."

tho stoppd, sighd, blussd, and further thus anon:<sup>2</sup>

"I my<sup>4</sup> owne selfe have my<sup>5</sup> owne selfe vndon. 48 He has undone  
I have provokd my ffather and my mother; himself, provokt  
<sup>6</sup>I have brought down againste mee my stowt brother; his Father,  
and, for my pleasures, vauned my swoord gainste Mother, and  
them,<sup>6</sup> Brother, to his  
own shame.

to th' slaunder of all sonns, and shame of men." 52  
that sayd, deiectes him at a tree, and cried,  
as if his hart would breake and theare have dyed. He weeps.

<sup>7</sup>"Ah, nature" (quoth hee), "as th' ast mee forsaken,  
so in begettinge mee thou seemste mistaken." 56

<sup>1-1</sup> so his own reasn (of her more intuent kind)  
permittes no sensive lettes to britch his mind,  
but that hee mote withdrawe to th' drawinge chamber,  
theare to bee out of heeringe of each stranger,  
and theare to ruminate his present state,  
which now proclaimd diepe daunger at his gate  
whence hee departinge to a secret grove,  
did theare his wicked factious artes reprove;

<sup>2-2</sup> cann from own reason hide own conscience.

Where thus, "Ah, whome, Algarsif, doest thou drawe  
vppon thine own head, raines, hart, livr, & mawe?  
vppon thine honor, lief, death, fame and all!  
Yea on thie bloodes posteritie totall!"  
and theare hee blushd, sighd pale, till thus anon,

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>4</sup> mine <sup>5</sup> mine

<sup>6-6</sup> I have against mee brought down mine own brother,  
I have, for pleasures, lift mine heele gainst them,  
<sup>7-7</sup> out crienge, "Nature, ô th' ast mee forsaken,  
or wast in mee begettinge quite mistaken.

<sup>1</sup>now mend thy faultes in thy owne workeman-  
 shipp,  
 correct in mee thy blemisshes out slipp;<sup>1</sup>  
 Algarsife calls on Nature to kill him. vnmake my limbes, vntwiste my guiltie liefē,  
 and quicklie <sup>2</sup>spatche thy <sup>2</sup>griefe-killd Algarsife." 60  
 tho sunge hee owne<sup>3</sup> deathes dirgis with wett cheere,  
<sup>4</sup>seeminge to bee<sup>4</sup> owne murner, coffyn, beere.  
<sup>5</sup>Thus did hee cruciate<sup>5</sup> his soule with grieeffe,  
<sup>6</sup>as knowinge of ites authors hees one chiefe;<sup>6</sup> 64  
 for none is so disprvie to him selfe  
<sup>7</sup>but knowes owne channell, thoughe he rann the  
 shelfe.  
 With the little goodness he has left, Yet of his litle virtue which remaines  
 hee to his inmost<sup>7</sup> reason recomplaines, 68  
 and thus projected in his agonie,  
 he resolves to repent, <sup>8</sup>humblinge: "I will<sup>8</sup> repent this villanye,  
 sithe to repent dothe dissaffect so farr,  
 as cause to no cause nature dothe abhorr. 72  
 and submit to his Father, <sup>9</sup>sighinge, I will<sup>9</sup> submitt mee to my ffather,  
 and throwe my iuste death at his foote<sup>10</sup> for favor;  
<sup>11</sup>then, if hee kill mee for m' vntruithes mistake,<sup>11</sup>  
<sup>12</sup>perhaps hee 'll<sup>12</sup> save his sonn for's ffathers sake. 76  
 to stop war, <sup>13</sup>so stirr no further warres, ne colles promove,<sup>13</sup>  
 and appeal for Mercy. then that his mercie have for subiect loue."  
 Thus doubt and sorrowe made him hott and<sup>14</sup> drie  
 (fitt fewell of dispaire, and apt to die), 80  
 vntill hee sawe the water of a well

1—1 Yf so, this workemanship in mee correct,  
 and what all my corruptions are detect.  
 2—2 kill the                      3 his                      4—4 hee being his  
 5—5 more cruciatinge yet  
 6—6 though of illes authors hee was not the chiefe:  
 7—7 but knowes truithes channel misss doth runn the shelfe, so hee, of th'  
 litle grace hee yet retaines, oft to his intuent  
 8—8 What yf I doe  
 9—9 then I will goe                      10 feete  
 11—11 Yf then of iustice hee my lewd liefē take  
 12—12 perhapps will  
 13—13 and vrgē no further warres ne loue suites move,                      14 cold



<sup>1</sup>whose draught was longer lifes, like faultes, fullfill.

But lô, as hee was makinge this survaie,

which gainste his best ffrendes treason did bewray,<sup>1</sup> 84 <sup>2</sup>*alarum to Fregiley.*<sup>2</sup>  
soddainlie the fregiliens rann to armes,

<sup>3</sup>and vp and down the streetes in heapes reswarms,  
throtinge it thus: "Arme, arme, the viand comes!" <sup>The Fregilians</sup>  
tho quicklie to the walles all colors ronns, 88 <sup>arm,</sup>

garded and wayted by th'whole companies  
of theire owne soldiers, troopinge with supplies;  
the cause was evident, ffor their skowt watche,<sup>3</sup> <sup>for their scouts</sup>  
which laye foorth the Cambuscanites to catche, 92 <sup>are driven in,</sup>

<sup>4</sup>weare well fought with and beate<sup>4</sup> home to the town,  
<sup>5</sup>all savinge them<sup>5</sup> weare shortned by the crown; <sup>and some killd.</sup>

In so much that all the Fregiliens call  
ofte<sup>6</sup> and againe for their Lorde General; 96 <sup>They call for</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>meaninge in deede<sup>7</sup> theire commaunder in chiefe, <sup>Algarsife.</sup>

<sup>8</sup>whoe then was<sup>8</sup> absent, the Prince Algarsife.

<sup>9</sup>Hee, wheare hee bode, plaine heard thalarum bell,  
fro th' walles and watch towre these lowd newes foretell; <sup>10</sup>*private interest*  
which soddaine motion so entind his blood, 101 <sup>overswaieth</sup>  
<sup>duty.</sup><sup>10</sup>

as causd him aye rechawe his moodie cudd;  
for feirce commotions<sup>9</sup> in youthes illious spirit <sup>He reconsiders his</sup>  
needes litle helpe besides it selfe to fyer it, 104 <sup>resolve to submit.</sup>

save companie (the humors torrent streame),

<sup>1-1</sup> which drinkinge provd his longer lives fullfill.  
but lô, while thus makes of him selfe survaie,  
which treasn against his best ffrendes did bewraie,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> vp, down the streetes, heer, theare, in heapes and swarmes,  
out crienge, "Arme! arme! for the Viand comes!"  
each Ensigne thearefore to the wall vp runes,  
well garded by th' whole armed companie,

whoe, troopinge closelie, stood fast readelie:  
Yt beinge manifest that theire skowt watch,  
<sup>4-4</sup> weare (fightinge) beaten backe, <sup>5-5</sup> exceptinge those  
<sup>6</sup> too <sup>7-7</sup> him naminge <sup>8-8</sup> that then plaid

<sup>9-9</sup> Whoe, wheare hee was, did heere thalarum bell  
thease newes from off the walles and watch towre tell,  
th'intestine motive wheareof tind his blood,  
and soone causd to vnhawe his late chawd cud;  
for prone commotion <sup>10-10</sup> *om. in Ash.*

which, least <sup>1</sup> of any others,<sup>1</sup> love the meane,  
 (f. 17) <sup>2</sup>thundringe: "Wownes! blood! hoh!"<sup>2</sup> whoe cann  
 hold his handes

<sup>3</sup>from sweete revenge, if honor vnderstandes? 108  
 Lō hee, now, whoe late woold him yeild t' his  
 ffather,

Algarsife argues  
 that if he yields,

castes vppon doubt,es, which tottringlie him waver:<sup>3</sup>  
 "for" (quoeth hee), "should I offer my<sup>4</sup> submission,  
 I then muste <sup>5</sup>accept of anie condition,<sup>5</sup> 112

he must accept  
 death or exile,

as deathe, imprisonment, or bannishment,  
 or stand confind, or tyed<sup>6</sup> to decrement;  
 or to suche inconveniences bounde,  
 as liste the <sup>7</sup>conquerers proiectes propound. 116

and lose his  
 liberty,

so mote<sup>7</sup> I leese that pleasinge libertie  
<sup>8</sup>which sensivelie frolickes satietie.

Also, to gve up  
 his command  
 would be cow-  
 ardice.

Againe, should I turne lesse now then to commaunder  
 (beinge all readie one), woold bee my slaunder. 120  
 but to leese commaund which<sup>8</sup> I have allreadie,  
 woold blase base cowardise<sup>9</sup> and counsell giddie.  
 for<sup>9</sup> dothe not everie chiefe, which<sup>10</sup> vnderstandes,  
<sup>11</sup>make absolutenes the center of commaundes? 124  
 and to commaund all absolutelie, as chieffe,  
 doe they not willinglie runn all mischefe?  
 yea, for that appetite of sole commaunder,  
 brooke th' fatale pike of daunger and of slaunder?<sup>11</sup> 128

1-1 (the peopl except) still 2-2 tho thundringe, "blood! woundes!"

3-3 whoe action balkes, that honor vnderstandes?

Lō, hee that late woold yeild him to his ffather  
 is rapt of passion, and doth thearewith waver;

<sup>4</sup> him

<sup>5-6</sup> needes accept of each condicion,

<sup>6</sup> strippd

<sup>7-7</sup> conqueror

his termes propound: so should

<sup>8-8</sup> that frolickes sensual satietie.

agaïne, shoold I yeild lesse then all commaunder,  
 allreadie havinge gott yt, proves my slaunder.  
 for to give backe th' commaund

<sup>9-9</sup> policie giddie, sith <sup>10</sup> that

<sup>11-11</sup> make arbitrarie will centr of commaundes?  
 wheare, to commaund all absolutelie chiefe,  
 doe they not willfullie all mischiefes priefe?  
 and for thambitious stile of all commaunder,  
 runn dangers fatal pike, brooke anie slaunder?

<sup>1</sup>so, to my minde, nought correspondes more deere  
then to commaund, vncontrold b' any peere." Algarsife argues

But hee too well knewe that no opposition  
could growe, or bee, on indifferent condition. 132

for whie? each selfe-same thinge, wee plainlie see,  
ne<sup>1</sup> disconditionates, but dothe agree.

<sup>2</sup>Whence, wheare no difference lies: No concertation  
nor cause, ne matter is, for emulation. 136

but emulation 'tis, wee see in sense,  
mote<sup>2</sup> either winn or leese by discordence;

<sup>3</sup>and on suche discordance to conflate faction,  
to bee<sup>3</sup> maintaind by wittes fytt for suche action. 140

<sup>4</sup>"elles" (quoth hee) "I can neither keepe ne gett,  
if my plott with my ffathers bee iust mett;  
sithe no twoe-trewe-likes breedes repugnancies,<sup>4</sup>  
because in them theare lies<sup>5</sup> no contraries." 144

against submission to his Father.

Videria, whoe laie <sup>7</sup>close hidd in the grove,  
or'e heard and sawe<sup>7</sup> how with him selfe he strove,

<sup>6</sup>a dangerous counselor.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>8</sup>steppd forth and sayd: "Ah, Prince Algarsife, flye,  
flye, t' offer but<sup>8</sup> th' least cause of ielowsye 148

The Witch Viderea advises Algarsife

to these Fregiliens, least yee bee vndon.

<sup>1-1</sup> what then? will, absolute abroad and home,  
maie doe what list, and give accompt to none:  
Yea, force infamous tyrannie to write  
all honor, and none dare her once betwite.  
nought thearefore in my mind I hold so deere,  
as absolute commaund withouten Peere.  
But I too well knowe that no opposition  
cann bee, to growe of one entier condicion;  
for that each selfe same thinge is plaine to see, neare

<sup>2-2</sup> no difference thearein lienge for certation,  
nor cause, ne matter, to stirr emulation;  
but emulation, all daie proves in sense, must  
and by that discordance conflate such faction, as is

<sup>4-4</sup> elles my designs can neither gett ne save,  
Yf my plott with my ffathers evn termes have;  
for no idemptates breed repugnancies,

<sup>5</sup> are <sup>6-6</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>7-7</sup> hidden in this grove, suborninge, heeres

<sup>8-8</sup> with fitt occasion in a gale of wind,  
theas proiectes dire inspird into his mind;  
and thus to him said, "Algarsife, fie! ô fie!  
to offer the



to continue his  
Rebellion,

Naie,<sup>1</sup> rather (sithe the matter is begunn)

vse<sup>2</sup> resolution ; prosecute the same

<sup>3</sup> which your<sup>3</sup> apologie hathe vnderthane.

152

to urge his  
Father's injustice,  
his own right;

<sup>4</sup> I meane that, wheare your ffather's trew & iust,

vouch you, your ffather's<sup>4</sup> vntrewe and vniust,

and that your selfe are onlie<sup>5</sup> right, hee wronge ;

<sup>6</sup> which right to keepe, say yee, ' now hither thronge ; '

ne suffer Camball ne Canac to gett

157

what (by the Lawe of Discent) is your debt.

But truith and iustice must bee your prætense,

to gaine your point ; which coyne by eloquence

160

of Lord Apolloes flowres, so like the white,

as nycenes selfe may doubt wheather is right.

to falsify what his  
Father says,

& looke what truith hee saith, because he said it,

deny, dissent, invert, avoid, vpbraid yt ;

164

then, if nyce-false invention hide the trewe,

and dorr the people, all will runn after you,

to saye, naie sweare, all's trewe yee saye, & iuste ;

and so gain his  
folk.

naie, theyl doe more yet, if they thincke they muste.

for o, but putt this word (truith) in their mowth, 169

and laughe for aye, to heere what lies they soothe ;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> but

<sup>2</sup> with

<sup>3-3</sup> that thine

<sup>4-4</sup> as thus, that wheare thie ffath'r is trew & iust, retort that hee is  
<sup>5</sup> in the

<sup>6-6</sup> so force shall skrewe into his right ear longe,

for truith doth naturalie most folke move.

therefore, to plaie with yt shall best behove,

not suffringe Camball ne Canace to gett

what, by discent of lawe, is thine own debt.

so thus, truith, iustice, must bee thy pretense,

thine endes to gaine ; Wheareto, coyne eloquence

of quaint Apolloes flowres, which paint so white,

as nycenes selfe maie doubt which is the right ;

denie, detract, invert, wrest, forge, goe by,

still make him odious : theare your game doth lie ;

for emulation aie that point must ayme,

it claimes as right, though fraud & force it gaine.

so then, yf yee vouch false pretense for trewe,

the people faile not to runn after you,

to saie, naie sweare, all thine is trewe and iust,

yea, theyl doe more, yf once they see they must.

for putt but this sly word (truith) in their mowth,

and yee will laugh to heere what lies they sooth :

<sup>1</sup>lies which (by ofte orechawinge) they belive  
 so t' be authorizd by Prince Algarsive. 172  
 Besides, you must indulge this seriouslie,  
 that yee defend their pleasures libertie :<sup>1</sup>  
 so that<sup>2</sup> all men maie chouse, and vse, owne fasshion,  
 which will drawe hither<sup>3</sup> some of everie nation. 176  
 for heerein suche a sensive secret lies,  
 as men will serve, suche ffreedomm t' have for prize.  
 yea, they<sup>4</sup> will lend their aydes, & bringe their and so get their  
 treasures, help.  
<sup>5</sup>as, naturalie, they best love<sup>5</sup> owne pleasures. 180  
 Wheareof you<sup>6</sup> beinge seizd, and in possession,  
 lett not your ffather spare to bringe obsession."  
 The Princ, admiringe the vile witches drifte <sup>7</sup>Algarsifes  
<sup>8</sup>(albeet hee found twas her malgenius shift), 184 <sup>plott.</sup>  
 resolves<sup>8</sup> to practise yt, by proclamation,  
 and countenance it, with faire<sup>9</sup> protestation :  
<sup>10</sup>that while hee gettes, by her fleshe-monginge fisshinge,  
 hees apt to thincke, all comms by simplest blissinge.  
 So thencefoorth hee betakes all to that chaunce 189  
 which<sup>10</sup> fortune gives to boldest atchivaunce :  
<sup>11</sup>and theareto gann<sup>11</sup> his silkenn standard reare, and raises the  
 which<sup>12</sup> blazd a lion, pard, and prowlinge beare, 192 Standard of  
 in a feild gewles. these<sup>13</sup> on thigh bullwarecke stowted, (f. 17 b.) Revolt.

<sup>1-1</sup> which lies, by oft orechawinge, they belive,  
 so they b' authoriz'd by prince Algarsive.  
 on whome to woorke and lewre to thy design,  
 by fitt baites anglinge fooles, swears all is thine.  
 but without them, and their madd violence,  
 maie th' absolutenes leese of preeminence.  
 wheareto yee must indulge, and seriously  
 maintaine their pleasures, pinions, libertie,

<sup>2</sup> as <sup>3</sup> to yee <sup>4</sup> such <sup>5-5</sup> as they most naturalie smack  
<sup>6</sup> yee <sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8-8</sup> (which taught by her malgeneus each bad shift,) resolvd <sup>9</sup> sly  
<sup>10-10</sup> so as while makes his gaine by carnal fishinge,  
 is apt to vaunt all comes by Joues meere blissinge.  
 and thus thencefoorth betakes him to that chaunce,  
 that

<sup>11-11</sup> wheareto hee did <sup>12</sup> that <sup>13</sup> which

to ridd all fears, <sup>which</sup><sup>1</sup> the fregiliens dowbted,  
 Algarsife will <sup>2</sup>and lettes them knowe, hee theare<sup>2</sup> will them defend,  
 fight to the last. accordinge to his embleam, or<sup>3</sup> theare end. 196  
<sup>4</sup>and them encouraginge to stand their groundes  
 as th' chiefest tenure of their citties boundes.  
 Theie vovd as muche his fleshe, blood, life may  
 doe,

or make owne cradelles beeres, their homes graves too.  
 By this the prudent kinge Cambuscan gatt 201  
 ann exact draught, or mapp, of yond proud statt,<sup>4</sup>  
 Circumspection.<sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup>which to his viewe offred her situation,  
 Cambuscan gets a plan of Fregiley  
 with other poletick consideration, 204  
 and the country round.  
 of each hill, river, passage, neereabout;  
 ites havon', and all the seacoast theare without;  
 ites rampiers, bullwarekes, turrettes, parapett,  
 that fortifies the Cittadel besett,<sup>7</sup> 208  
<sup>8</sup>all *which* considered well, and to encroche.

Camballo leades the vantgardes bold approche;<sup>8</sup>  
 Binate the midle ward; and Cambuscan  
<sup>9</sup>vantgardes ap-  
 proch.<sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup>lodd on the reare.<sup>10</sup> Thus resolute they cam. 212  
 Camballo leads.  
<sup>11</sup>Algarsife  
 bravery is redd.<sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup>Algarsife feirce, the foremost in the warrs,  
 redd armd in steele, like a younge other mars,<sup>12</sup>  
<sup>13</sup>of nervous potence, brawny fleshe and bones  
 (to seeke out will and appetite at once), 216  
 wore on's right shoulder to the left side hanginge,  
 a blood redd skarff, adowne his knee dependinge:<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> that    <sup>2-2</sup> whome hee assures, that hee    <sup>3</sup> and  
<sup>4-4</sup> and boldlie couragd them to stand theire groundes,  
 as the chiefe tenure of theire citties bowndes.  
 they vovd they would, as much as liefe could doe,  
 or make own cradles beeres, theire homes, graves too.  
 Yet ear this time, prudent Cambuscan gatt  
 a mapp, or draught exact, of yond proud state,  
<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.    <sup>6</sup> om. in Ash.    <sup>7-7</sup> 6 lines om. in Ash.  
<sup>8-8</sup> of *which* consideringe, and how yt t' approch,  
 hee Camball biddes with his Vauntgard encroche,  
<sup>9-9</sup> om. in Ash.    <sup>10-10</sup> the reareward lod;    <sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash.  
<sup>12-12</sup> Wheare prince Algarsife foremost in the warres,  
 redd armd in steele, stood as annother Mars.  
<sup>13-13</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.



<sup>1</sup>and on his helme a plume of ostridge redd,  
*which* (dauncinge as hee movd) movinge thretned 220  
 twoe thowsand pikes and shott, ledd by th' north port, Algarsife puts  
 2000 men in  
 Ambush.  
 t'expect in ambushe Camballs first resort.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>3</sup>Camballoes armor was as bright in showe  
 as titans fyerie dart, all eies well knowe;<sup>3</sup> 224 <sup>2</sup> Camballo in  
 white.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>4</sup>wore on his caske a plume of snowe-drivn white,  
 with skarff as white as mote the rest enlight;  
 white silverne sword, and in his hand a pike,  
 able as well to pusshe as leade or strike. 228  
 nimbler then Algarsife in spirit and witt,  
 poletick eake to glories requisite,  
 sendes oute a forlorne hope of readie shott,  
 to serche the feildes and busshie glades remott.<sup>4</sup> 232 Camballo throws  
 out skirmishers,

<sup>6</sup>But lô, a muskettier th'alarum gave,  
 for havinge discried in ann hollowe cave  
 manie Fregiliens, *which* in ambushe laie,  
 salutes their worships with an whole volleye; 236 *ambush* <sup>5</sup>  
 is discovered,  
 so soldierlike retierd. Whence Algarsife  
 boldlie praesentes his troopes, and tho, as Chiefe,  
 lodd forth the shott the scharmishe to beginn. *schirmish* <sup>7</sup>  
 begins.

Tho bothe side bullettes flew through thicke and Bullets fly about.  
 thin, 240  
 quicke shott for shott, from bothe sydes, issued fast,  
 to multiplie their whistlinge errandes haest;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash. <sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> gainst whome Camballo stood, as white as sno,  
 when Titans fierie glaunce glides too and fro.

<sup>4-4</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash. <sup>5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> thus mett a foreward Shott thalarum gave,  
 so soone as hee discried in hollowe cave  
 store of Fregiliens, *which* in ambush laie,  
 whome thease salutinge with a whole Volaie,  
 thence soldierlie retierd. Then Algarsife  
 shewd boldlie his hid troopes, and, as their Chiefe,  
 lodd out the shott the skarmish to beginn;  
 the both sides bullettes pearcinge thicke and thin:  
*which*, hotter growinge, went and came so fast,  
 as multiplied their whistlinge bullettes hast;

<sup>7</sup> om. in Ash.

102 *The 2 Brothers, Camballo & Algarsife, fight.* [Pt. VII

The Skirmish  
grows hot.

<sup>1</sup>and more and more encreasinge, hotter grewe,  
till th' aier and feildes them clothd in smokie  
blewe ; 244

bownncinge, rebowncinge, new noise immitatinge  
so thicke, as Eccho told not for mistakinge.<sup>1</sup>

Algarsife and  
Camballo charge  
one another.

Algarsif at his brother shooke his pike :  
Camballo stowtlie did att him the like. 248

<sup>2</sup>naie, quicklie, with a shocke of pikes, chardg home,  
theare right to make his rendeuous first known.  
gainst whome Algarsif rann from thambuscado,  
to prove his ernest provd no French bravado. 252

<sup>3</sup>Combat of twoe  
brothers.<sup>3</sup>

Theare, theare th' sterne brothers mett at push of pike ;  
Algarsife bore it home with hast alike  
gainst Camball stowt ; Camball the slipp gave tho,  
and, pointwise, bore Algarsife downe to goe, 256  
which persant stroke, dischargd vppon his brest,  
provd Camballs moderation was the best.

Camballo gets  
the better of  
Algarsife.

Algarsif, all enragd, chardg home againe ;  
but Camball bidd the brunt t'Algarsifs paine, 260  
for Camball hurt him ; which chaffd Algarsife,  
Who snaught his swoord, and with a loftie whiff,  
rann vppon Camball, whose nought dreadinge blade,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> hast more through heat encreasinge hotter grewe,  
till thaier hilles, dales, feildes, dond a smokie blewe,  
of bowncinge, chidinge, new noise immitatinge,  
so roringe, as not Eccho kept retakinge.

<sup>2-2</sup> both with a shocke of stronge pikes pushinge home,  
came on to make each rendevous best known.  
and Algarsife (foremost of thambuscado),  
for fame and honor false rann with bravado ;  
both brothers sternlie meetinge pike to pike,  
woold over turnd each other in the Dike ;  
but stowt Camball (of cooler temper known)  
had with the push Algarsif overthrown,  
had it not glauned, yet pered his iron brest,  
which provd Camballoes cause, skill, honor best.  
yet feirce Algarsife chardg him home againe,  
and Camball stood the brunt to Algarsifes paine,  
Yea, hurt him sore ; which so frettes Algarsife,  
as drewe his sword, and with ann hissinge whiff,  
laid lode on Camball, whose requittinge blade,

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>takinge the blowe, soone in att halfe swoorde made, 264

With spareklinge bloes and thrustes, both taen and  
givn,

Camballo and  
Algarsife fight  
fiercelly.

as if bothe steele cotes woold a sonder reven :

no lion, tiger, panther, salvage beare,

so rended either as this couple teare : 268

insomuch that this combatt passd all others,

had it not happned twixt a paire of brothers.

but trewe it is, wheare twoe borne of one mother,

once hatinge, farr in spite excell all other. 272

yet still they deadlie strove, strooke, stabbd together,

that hardlie bothe the hostes mote them dissever.

It was most like this warr had neere binn ended

to them *which* on Algarsifes side depended, 276

incase Camballo had this combatt wonn.

The combat is  
stopt by the  
<sup>2</sup>reskew of *Algarsife*.<sup>2</sup>

But it was staid by twoe knightes rasshe incomm,

with more supplies to fetch off Algarsife,

who told him that it ill became theire chieff 280

to fight in private, sithe on his downe fall

did hange the good or ill fare of them all.

ffor Gnartoly, Leyfurco too, noold yeeld,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> acceptes the stroke, and in at halfe sword made,  
wheare spareklinge blowes, and thrustes (both taen & givn),  
so threshd as woold theire armes a sonder riven,  
like Eagles, tigers, mastiffes feirce, so fell  
as never *Heraulte* crueler could tell.  
at sight wheareof the daie was forced to staie,  
yet daie, ne night, could part this bloodie fray,  
this furious combat, farr excellenge others,  
the greater pittie that this paire weare brothers ;  
but still is seene twoe brothers n<sup>o</sup> of one mother,  
once hatinge farr in spite surpasse all othere.  
wheareby the warr it selfe had theare binn ended  
(as on Algarsifes part his side depended),  
incase Camballo had the Duell wonn.

Which staid was by twoe other knightes, incom  
with fresh supplies to fetch off Algarsife,  
him tellinge that it ill became theire Chiefe  
to fight in single, sith on his down fall  
dependes the factious good or ill of all :  
for Gnartoly woold not, ne Leifurcke, yeild,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in *Ash*.



<sup>1</sup>to sett their state pon one plaine-fought out feild. 284

(f. 18)  
<sup>2</sup> *ye whole army  
approcheth.*<sup>2</sup>

Cambuscan cuts  
off some of Algar-  
sife's rearguard.

But lô, ear they retyerd ; Cambuscan wheeles,  
and with his horsemen at his angrie heeles,  
fell on Algarsifes rear, and cutt off those  
whome no porteculleis had, ne walles t'enclose. 288  
Which donn, retyerd safe, quickllye wheelinge round,  
While all the bullwarckes wheele guns att him sound.

The townsemens praises, ringinge Algarsife,  
swore him to bee ann admirable chieff ; 292  
Naie, that hee, surelie, had Camballo slaine,  
in case theare had binn none theare but they twaine.<sup>1</sup>

The camp (for their partes) as much Camball praysd,  
and his well tempred courage highlie<sup>3</sup> raid : 296  
thoughe ffortune <sup>4</sup>envied him, the conquerer,  
of<sup>4</sup> takinge Algarsife his prisoner.<sup>5</sup>

All Cambuscan's  
Army comes close  
to Fregiley.

<sup>6</sup>By this time the whole cam[p]e was comm in sight  
of Fregiley, which now they viewd with spight, 300  
scorne, and disdaine, that suche vsurpers should  
thrive, or their handes vp gainst their soveraigne  
hold.

notinge Algarsifes ensigne highe displayd,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> to sett their rest on anie plaine fought feild.  
but eare both thease a faire retrait had made,  
Cambuscan, on Ducell, his foes belayd :  
for fallinge on their reare cuttes off all those  
whome no porteculleis had, ne walles t' inclose :  
tho faire retierd and swiftlie wheeld around,  
though all their state gunes, engins eake, him frownd.

the townes men vauntinge of their Algarsife,  
did sweare him a most admirable Chiefe,  
naie, that hee had his brother Camball slaine,  
had hee him in, and none thear but they twaine :  
for men contingentes iudge as they wold have them,  
though own affections soonest doe deceave men.

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*      <sup>3</sup> highest      <sup>4-4</sup> yet him envied conquerer, not

<sup>5</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

thus both sides deemd, ear trial fought their fill,  
for as folke hope, they iudge, and ever will.

<sup>6-6</sup> By this, Cambuscans whole campe comd in sight  
of Fregiley, now yt beheld with spight,  
scorn, ire, disdaine, that prowd vsurpers should  
against their soveraign thrive, Or hand vp hold.  
where markinge false Algarsifes flagg displaid

- <sup>1</sup>and how, on th' towr, bove all the towne it gayd.<sup>1</sup> 304 Cambuscan's Army see Algarsife's flag on Fregiley.
- <sup>2</sup>manie more colors dangle on the walls,  
with wanton streamers (*which* them sawcye calles),<sup>2</sup>  
protested with no litle indignation
- <sup>3</sup>gainst the lewd boldnes of his ostentation, 308
- Saienge, "Algarsife, goe, and blase thy name,  
*Which* publisheth to all the world thy shame,  
*which* neither art, force, fraud, cann so immure,  
as all thy liefc cann thee of shame recure ; 312  
for infamie this rancor diepe hath wonn,  
that fact once donn cannever bee vndon.  
and all yee, his insolent complices<sup>3</sup>  
(whoe build on others spoiles your greatneses), 316  
bin<sup>4</sup> our times purchacers, and wee your heires,  
for<sup>5</sup> time cann make vs flayers of yee flayers."
- Cambuscan <sup>7</sup>now (as twas his nobliste fashion)  
gave those<sup>7</sup> his soldiers lovinge gratulation, 320 <sup>6</sup> honorable acknowledgment of good service.<sup>6</sup>
- <sup>8</sup>whoe beate his<sup>8</sup> Rebelles home : "Lô, soldiers playe !"  
and to Ca[m]ballo<sup>9</sup> thus : "well stooode, my boye !"
- Algarsife, tho,<sup>10</sup> vppon the walls was comm,  
<sup>11</sup>th' armies approche to viewe, and what was donn :<sup>11</sup> enterview.<sup>12</sup>
- What time Cambuscan soddainlie spurrd out 325 Cambuscan rides his Horse of Brass round Fregiley.
- on brave Ducello, foremost of the rowt,  
<sup>13</sup>and gallopd close vp to this mightie towne,  
to speculate, and circle it arowne.<sup>13</sup> 328

<sup>1-1</sup> topp of the towr, *which* o're the Cittie swaied,  
<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> gainst that ambition's-factious ostentation ;  
whome thus gann exprobate : "Goe ! blaze thy name  
to all the world, *which* painteth out thie shame,  
*which* neither fraud, force, art, cann so immure,  
as that thie Death cann eare thy fame recure ;  
for this Dire rancor polecie hath wunn,  
that fact, once Donn, can never bee vndon.  
and yee his insolent-Vile complices,

<sup>4</sup> are <sup>5</sup> *which* <sup>6-6</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>7-7</sup> tho (as was his prudent fashion) gave all  
<sup>8-8</sup> for beatinge <sup>9</sup> Camballo <sup>10</sup> now

<sup>11-11</sup> to see this hostes approach, and what was donn <sup>12</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>13-13</sup> and gallopd close vp to his rebell town ;  
all *which* hee quicklie circledc rown and rown,

Cambuscan ex-  
amines Fregiley,

<sup>1</sup> first takinge perfect viewe of ites location,  
and of the manner of th' fortification,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> theire havon, watringes, and each litle creeke, 331  
theire flanckers, rampiers, ravelinges, skarf, town deeke ;  
theire strongest bullwarckes and theire weakest places,  
to see where he  
can best attack it, wheare breach and entrance mote make best pur-  
chaces ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> theire neighboringe hills, their firme groundes without  
plaine,

and plant his  
batteries.

trenches to lead best, battries eake sustaine. 336

Algarsife repents  
on seeing his  
Father.

Now <sup>3</sup> when Algarsife, his owne ffather sawe,  
some<sup>4</sup> nature strooke his hart throughe with some awe,  
and shame (*which* in the best blood blussbeth ever)

<sup>5</sup> diverts his eies, and hunge adowne his feather ;<sup>5</sup> 340  
caractringe this confession on his will,

<sup>6</sup> " Lo, I, *which* have<sup>6</sup> requitted good with ill."

<sup>7</sup> navy arriveth.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>8</sup> But lo, farr off, a ffeete of shippes discries,  
seeminge as small birdes soringe in the skies ;<sup>8</sup> 344

<sup>9</sup> the *which*, sithe standinge inward for the land,

Cambuscan sees  
his Fleet at hand.

Cambuscan whoe they are dothe vnderstand ;  
for so their point made with a mirry winde,  
as shewd theire mindes wind with Cambuscans mynd.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>10</sup> At last they kend it was his Admiral, 349  
who the kinges embleam bore on's flagg staff tall.

Don Akafir it is, who tackd all sailes,

ear wind fro shore, and<sup>10</sup> tyde from sea, him failes.

1—1 to take a perfect viewe of her location,  
the manner also of ites fortification :

2—2 4 lines om. in Ash.

3—3 the neighbour hilles, & how these groundes and plaine  
woold trenches lead his battries to sustaine. But

<sup>4</sup> trewe <sup>5—5</sup> him so reprovd as down hid hange his fethere ;

<sup>6—6</sup> Ló, I the knave

<sup>7—7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8—8</sup> While Ló, farr off, a ffeet of shippes they spie,  
*which* (smallbird like) seemd to sore neere the skie,

<sup>9—9</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>10—10</sup> whome kenninge, knewe yt was thigh Admiral,  
by the kinges embleam, worn on flagge staff tall,  
hight Aquaphir ; now tackinge on all sailes,  
care windes from shore or



<sup>1</sup>All tharmie leapd for ioye to see their frendes ; 353  
 but it sadd newes to the Fregiliens sendes,  
 Whose eies a while attended on their number,  
 but then (in spite) gave them<sup>1</sup> a vollie of thunder. 356 The Fregilians  
fire at Cambus-  
can's Fleet.  
 "Are<sup>2</sup> yee so brave?" quoth<sup>3</sup> Akafr in iest,  
 "anon Ile<sup>4</sup> pay this debt with thinterest."  
<sup>5</sup>then in hee bore for land, till th' tyde was spent,  
 & theare cast ancor to ride [?] permanent. 360  
 Cambuscan next departes<sup>5</sup> his host in three, <sup>6</sup>order of the  
siege.<sup>6</sup>  
Cambuscan will  
 besides<sup>7</sup> the sea force, which in all, fowr bee.  
<sup>8</sup>meaninge each part shoold<sup>8</sup> have the townes one quarter  
<sup>9</sup>strictlie beleager, and as stronglie batter.<sup>9</sup> 364  
 At th' east, Binato <sup>10</sup>shoold encamp the towne;<sup>10</sup>  
 At th' west, Camballo <sup>11</sup>shoold goe<sup>11</sup> sitt him downe;  
 At th' north, him selfe; At th' south, Akafr bold  
 shoold bothe poles axil bee, their <sup>12</sup>waine t' vphold.<sup>12</sup> 368  
 At the north side twelve canons shoold<sup>13</sup> be mounted;  
 At theast and west as many to bee counted.  
 but from the sea as many more shoold<sup>14</sup> comm  
 as neede requird,<sup>15</sup> vntill the towne bee wonn. 372  
 him selfe, or Akafr, the rounde woold<sup>16</sup> goe,  
 to see all services <sup>17</sup>donn to and fro;  
 swearing withall, hee'l near<sup>17</sup> endewr this fasshion,  
<sup>19</sup>land men gainste sea men stirr vp altercation;<sup>19</sup> 376  
 Which hee forbiddes, vppon moste<sup>20</sup> grevous paine,  
 till hee determin <sup>21</sup>whoe meedes soveraigne.<sup>21</sup>

have Binato on  
the East, Cam-  
balleo on the West,  
himself on the  
North, and Akafr  
(with the Fleet)  
on the South.

(f. 18 b.)

<sup>18</sup> Generals pro-  
vidence.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> thwhole armie ioyinge at more wellcomd frendes,  
 which but sad newes to all the Fregiliens sendes,  
 whose eies a while tooke knowledge of theire numbere  
 yet in dispite them gave  
                     <sup>2</sup> binn                      <sup>3</sup> said                      <sup>4</sup> shall  
<sup>5-5</sup> so theare bore in for Land eare tyde was spent,  
 and came to anchor to bee permanent.  
 Wheare now Cambuscan partes  
                     <sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash.                      <sup>7</sup> beside                      <sup>8-8</sup> intendinge each part  
<sup>9-9</sup> well to beleager, and as well to batter.                      <sup>10-10</sup> hath t'invaide the town,  
                     <sup>11-11</sup> hath to                      <sup>12-12</sup> Orbs to vphold                      <sup>13</sup> to                      <sup>14</sup> to                      <sup>15</sup> requires  
                     <sup>16</sup> shall                      <sup>17-17</sup> well donn, too, fro, and swore hee would no more  
<sup>18-18</sup> om. in Ash.                      <sup>19-19</sup> of Land men made gainst seamen altercation:  
                     <sup>20</sup> a                      <sup>21-21</sup> yt as soveraigne.

Cambuscan's  
soldiers admire  
his plan.

<sup>1</sup>The soldiers much admird his governaunce,  
and with as hartie love as reverence, 380  
vowd they woold ever suche obedience give,  
as love gainste maiestie no more doe strive.<sup>1</sup>

He gallops to the  
sea,

<sup>2</sup>Thus are the land men readie to bee gonn,<sup>2</sup>  
in stowt and warlike ranckes. Tho<sup>3</sup> Cambuscan 384  
<sup>4</sup>gallopd as swift as fyre to the sea shore,  
whome Akafir espienge woold leapd ore.<sup>4</sup>

receives his ad-  
miral, Akafir,

<sup>5</sup>but soone the bote came, and transportes him out ;  
Thoe, with all reverence, to the kinge gann lowt.<sup>5</sup> 388

and gives him  
<sup>7</sup>his direction for  
approch.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup>the kinge directinge that hee shoold next tyde  
land canon ordinance, on this and that syde,  
to cutt all refuges from off the mayne ;  
and biddes them all att midnight th'avon chaine. 392  
Yea, theare moore fast some shippes, that no reliefe  
comm fromm the sea to succoure Algarsife.<sup>6</sup>

Akafir is to dig  
trenches,

<sup>8</sup>then, to digg rowlinge trenches in the grown,  
to lead his men safe to the walled towne, 396  
which vndermoine hee shoold, that fluctuation  
mote sea-washe shole braines out of no foundation.<sup>8</sup>

and make 2 look-  
out stations.

<sup>9</sup>Next, biddes mount twoe plottformes of highe com-  
maund,<sup>9</sup>  
to skowre the sea-coste, and controll the Land : 400  
<sup>10</sup>all which committes to trewe Akafirs speede,  
sithe neede and speede convertes as theare is neede.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> thus readie stood the Land men to goe on, <sup>3</sup> While

<sup>4-4</sup> as swift as lightinge gallopd to the shore,  
to whome couragious Aquaphir leapt ore,

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> whome thus the kinge biddes, that the next tide,  
Land Canon ordinance on either side,  
all refuges to cutt off from the mayne ;  
and willd at midnight hee the havon chaine :  
theare mooringe fast som shippes, that no reliefe  
mote com from sea to succoure Algarsife.

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8-8</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>9-9</sup> Then biddes twoe plott formes mount of high commaund,

<sup>10-10</sup> which hee committes to Aquaphirs good speed,  
that need and speed convert with thinstant deed.

<sup>1</sup>Then biddes all his good soldiers to remember

Whye, and for whome, they comm on this aduenter,<sup>1</sup>

and them assures, that whoe <sup>3</sup>deserves it beste 405

shall have for<sup>3</sup> gwerdon a kinges promise prest,

<sup>4</sup>bothe for the well deserver and his frend.

This made all soldiers willingelie contend,<sup>4</sup> 408

<sup>5</sup>and make them readie gainst the prime of tyde,

"Saint George to borrowe," resolutelie cried.

Instantlie kinge Cambusean skoysd to campe

in th' aier, whose presence did the townesmen dampe,

for well they deemd hee woold force on approches 413

as night came on, by soldierlye encroches ;

his canons mounte, his battries bringe to play,

if yt bee possible, ear morrowe daye.<sup>5</sup> 416

Gainste whome the Towne <sup>7</sup>thus their<sup>7</sup> defenses make :

Horbello th' easterne part did vndertake ;

Algarsife did the westerne part defend ;

<sup>8</sup>Gnartoly on the north part did attend ; 420

Leifurco did the south part stowt maintaine ;

and each twaine correspondes with thother twaine :<sup>8</sup>

Yet so, as theire seavn mountes bee mand all waies,

to serve for lopeholtes on contrarie sayes. 424

for so Videria <sup>9</sup>gann them consolate,<sup>9</sup>

as a mayne secrett to theire posterne gate.

<sup>10</sup>By this, pale Titan cladd in wollen flices,

Hunge welkins haull with vnwrought brodelothe syes,

Wheare havinge walkd with Auster through the howse,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> Next, biddes them to consider and remember  
for whome, and whie, they comm on his aduenter,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> deserveth best hath for his

<sup>4-4</sup> as well for the deserver as his frend,

Which rowzd all soldiers bravelie to contend.

<sup>5-5</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash. <sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>7-7</sup> did thease

<sup>8-8</sup> and Gnartolyte the north side did attend ;

Leyfurco gainst the south part did maintaine,

still to bee opposite, and still distraine :

<sup>9-9</sup> them did consulate,

<sup>10-10</sup> By this pale Titan skattred wollen flices,  
to cloth sad welkins haul with rawe wrought sizes,  
which wayvinge out of Austers waterie howse,

Cambusean's  
<sup>2</sup>encouragement<sup>2</sup>  
to his troops.

The Fregilians  
expect Cambusean  
to push his Ap-  
proaches all night.

<sup>6</sup>ye townes gard-  
ing it selfe.<sup>6</sup>  
Horbello on the  
East, Algarsife  
on the West,  
Gnartoly on the  
North, and  
Leifurco on the  
South.

Evening comes.



Night hides the  
hostile armies.

<sup>1</sup>hied westwardes home in stormes all humidous : 430  
light shrinckinge in a pace, that wisshed night  
mote spredd her canopie, t' hide all from sight 432  
of these Cambuscanites, least gunners eye  
mote from the townes seavn mountes them marckes  
envye,

<sup>2</sup> *Generals cra-  
tion before  
fight.*<sup>2</sup>

so fyer theire roringe gvnns. Now in good tyme  
Noblist Cambuscan, seeinge his men nye him, 436  
suppled his bookes, and with a dulcet voice  
drewe all mens ears vnto his silent noise.

"Subiectes," quoth hee, "ffrendes, fellowe soldiers,<sup>1</sup>  
Lô, heere the towne that lackes vs conquerers : 440

<sup>3</sup>and comm, dare wee who lacke, as time is comm,  
to cast vp our whole processe in this somm,<sup>3</sup>  
without suppressinge the least worthie deede  
<sup>4</sup>which anie man shall in this service meede. 444

Cambuscan de-  
clares that Fre-  
giley is his.

The towne, in right, yee knowe is onlie mine,  
herrs, his, or theires to whome I liste assigne :  
for this I speake, that all may better knowe,  
honor (if well rewarded) more dothe growe. 448

He'll give it to  
those who win it,  
Canace being mis-  
tress of it.

then bee this town youre : yt I sett for prize  
t' each virtuous, whoe will winn ites golden flize.  
Canac of it is mistress, Yee her men.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> begann to shedd his congiewes humidous,  
light shrinckinge hence to hide, bespake the night,  
to bringe in blindes, Whearewith to keepe from sight  
all soldiers, that no Canonier them skie.

What time Cambuscan seeinge them him nie,  
gann trill his horse eares pinn, and with cleere voice,  
drewe theire attentive willes to heere no toies,  
but thus : "Ye frendes and fellowe soldiers,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> whither as wee now are comm, so time is com  
to cast vp their somm total in this som,

<sup>4-4</sup> that anie of yee all shall heerein meed ;  
the town is, as yee knowe, though wholie mine,  
Yet shalbee hers, his, theires, t' whome I assigne :  
I thearefore intimate that all maie knowe,  
that honor, Yf rewarded, more doth growe.  
then I this Cittie sett youre, for your prize,  
runn virtuous, that will win her golden flize ;  
of which Canace is mistresse, yee her men,

it shalbee hers and youres, I sweare agen. 452

<sup>1</sup>Now, if t' your selves yee propose mistresses<sup>1</sup>  
(as did th'old Heroes, for<sup>2</sup> services),

Cambuscan asks  
his men whether

then<sup>3</sup> have yee twaine, my Queene and Canacye ;  
chouse *which* yee liste, <sup>4</sup>if so these twoe been they. 456

(f. 19)

but I assure yee,<sup>4</sup> if yee fight for Loue,

they'll fight for  
his Queen or his  
Daughter Canace.

<sup>5</sup>iustice that lovinge fight dothe still approve ;<sup>5</sup>

or if it bee for iustice that yee fight,

<sup>6</sup>Loue proves yee love well, to contend for right.<sup>6</sup> 460

my wife and daughter made these twoe suites t' yee,

Whome how yee cann denye I cannott<sup>7</sup> see.

saye then, for wheather<sup>8</sup> of these twaine d' yee<sup>9</sup> fight ? "

" ffor bothe, for bothe ! " they cried, with mayne and  
might. 464

<sup>10</sup> *loving soldiers*  
*answer.*<sup>10</sup>  
They say ' Both.'

" Then," quoth<sup>11</sup> the kinge, " wellfare your honest  
hartes ! "

<sup>12</sup>so all men to their quarters quicke departes.<sup>12</sup>

the while Cambuscan rounded<sup>13</sup> Camballs eare,

this secret watchwoord *which* hee hath to beare 468

The Watchword is  
' Morior.'

to th' court of Captaines, whoe the <sup>14</sup>gard attendes<sup>14</sup>,

it ' morior' hight. Tho all to <sup>16</sup>counsell wendes,<sup>16</sup>

<sup>15</sup> *watch sett in*  
*y<sup>e</sup> campe.*<sup>15</sup>

<sup>17</sup>What proiectes for approches th'ave to followe ;

mountes, plottformes, barricadoes, trenches hollowe,

blockhowses, skonces, fortes, potarrs them t' rydd, 473

All *which* Cambuscan soone decreed, and bydd

a strict beleagringe, battringe eake of th' towne,

Fregiley  
<sup>18</sup> *y<sup>e</sup> towne bele-*  
*gred.*<sup>18</sup>

b' assaultinge, scalinge, entringe, beatinge down ; 476

chiefie th' Commaunders to doe valientlie,

because example entreth at the eye,

where credit sooner winns then at the eare,<sup>17</sup>

1-1 Now then, Yf yee propose yee mistresses, 2 in  
3 heere 4-4 yf onlie thease are they : and I assure you  
5-5 this iustice doth that lovelie truth approve.  
6-6 love proves yee love to convert with truithe right. 7 doe not  
8 which 9 will yee 10-10 om. in Ash. 11 said  
12-12 tho all to their own quarters home departes. 13 whistred  
14-14 gwardes attend, 15-15 om. in Ash. 16-16 quarters wend  
17-17 9 lines om. in Ash. 18-18 om. in Ash.

- <sup>1</sup> While tonges well much maie talke, but no hand steare,  
 Naie, saye well, but doe ill ; Or one thinge tell, 481  
 and meane another, *which* hee likd not well.  
 for his owne part hee cravd this onlie glorie  
 of owne example, goinge well before yee. 484  
 They vovd they valerouslye wouold ; and so  
 tooke faithfull leave, each to his charge to goe.<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>3</sup> vpmounted are the greate Artilerie,<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup> on owne huge-iron-carriages knobbie, 488  
 all in a readines to bee drawn on,  
 out of their brazen mowthes to sweare anon  
 in flaminge language, that all th'impious muste  
 have their false-traiterous groundes beat downe to  
 duste. 492  
 for canoniers, carpenters, laborers,  
 enginers, mulcibers, toughe pioners,  
 With ladelles, skowrers, chargers, coolers, sponges,  
 lint stockes, powder, bulletes, leavers, thrunges, 496  
 to shove the canons, ayminge by the snowt  
 at yonder gabien loope-holes, to putt out ;  
 each canon havinge manie men at worke,  
 to com in place, to hurt, or theare to lurcke ;<sup>4</sup> 500  
<sup>5</sup> with manie officers all needes to plie,  
 that nought bee left vndon, nor oft awrye.  
 But lo, th' Fregiliens quartred are in standes,  
 t' impeach Akafirs landinge his bold bandes. 504  
 nay,<sup>5</sup> all approchers, as well this as that,  
<sup>6</sup> for still they swore<sup>6</sup> they wouold maintaine their statt  
<sup>7</sup> gainst all the world, swearinge theare restes thear  
 mayn.<sup>7</sup>  
 Howbeet, the brave Cambuscanites assayen, 508  
<sup>1-1</sup> 7 lines *om. in Ash.*      <sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*  
<sup>3-3</sup> theare vp to mount the great artilerie,      <sup>4-4</sup> 13 lines *om. in Ash.*  
<sup>5-5</sup> whose Officers all sydes and quarters ply.  
 The prowd Fregiliens also kept their standes,  
 t' impeach bold Aquaphirs new Landed bandes, and  
<sup>6-6</sup> still vowinge that  
<sup>7-7</sup> gainst comers all : sith thearein restes their maine.

Cambuscan de-  
sires only to lead  
his men.

<sup>2</sup> *assailants reso-  
lute.*<sup>2</sup>

His Cannon are  
mounted on their  
carriages,

and ladles,  
lintstockes, &c.,  
got ready.

The Fregilians  
prepare to oppose  
the landing of  
Cambuscan's  
sailors.



<sup>1</sup>at everie quarter to approche dispight,  
and so in everie quarter ginns the fight.

The shipps out rord of smoke, flame, shott, and fyer, Cambuscan's  
ships fire

as when grim-heavens-clowdes drawes sulphur hier, 512 *simile.*<sup>2</sup>

t' apprentize twoe foes to one occupation,

to worcke by quite contrarie occupation :

hott fier, cold water, reavinge bandes a sonder,

agastes the world with lightninge, raine, and thunder.

so flunge the shipps their thunderboltes on th' town. on the town.

But in the meane Akafir gott some grown, 518 <sup>3</sup> see men getto  
shore.<sup>3</sup>

thoughe some of his best soldiers weare yshott,

with murderers from the walls, ear vp they gott, 520

Yet made they head ; and Akafir, afront,

hewd out his passage throughe the thickest brunt,

so that his followers, by his manlie plaie,

sawe in the darkest night to find their waye. 524

for hee so the Fregiliens canvacd, that

the plaine feild nis their refuge, but their statt.

The Fregilians  
retreat.

Wheare, forced them in adores, yea to close fight,

so that on evn termes durst not trye his might.<sup>1</sup> 528

<sup>1-1</sup> at everie quarter t' enter daie and night,  
so theare in everie quarter ginnes the fight.

The shippes great Canons rore out shott, and fyere,

like as when sulphrie clowdes (contract) conspire

twoe foes t' apprentize to one occupation,

both workinge by contrarie operation,

with fier and water reavinge bandes asonder,

agast the world with lightninge, raine, and thunder :

so flunge the shipps theire tormentes gainst the town,

while in the meane Aquaphir gott some grown.

though som of his best soldiers off weare smott

with gunn shott from the town, when Land they gott.

Yet resolutelie makinge head afront,

Hewd out theire passage through the hardest brunt,

So as his followers (taught by his schoole play)

sawe wheare, how darcke so eare, to find theire waie.

from whence them beatinge everie question gatt,

till the plaine left, they rann into their statt.

wheare howzd constrained the keistrelles to close fight,

not daringe openlie to trie the right :

<sup>2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

*stratagem.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>meane time hee vsd this stratagem of warr,  
to sticke vp lighted matches, *which* from farr  
seemd standes of pikes and shott, hidd in the  
dareke;

Wheareat th' fregiliens gunners made their marcke, 532  
but spent their ordinaunce and witt in vaine,  
While Akafr and his more footing gaine.

Cambuscan's  
pioneers sap up  
to Fregiley.

for his ingenious troope of engineers,  
stronge laborers and ventringe pioners, 536  
so lustelie beestirrd them, that by morne  
theire mountes and trenches came the towne aforne,  
to vault their skoldinge gunners in, Whoe plie  
to his owne soldiers more tranquillitie.<sup>2</sup> 540

<sup>3</sup>trenches com  
neere.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>But kinge Cambuscan noold spend manie shott  
on papern-gunners barrells (waxinge hott):<sup>4</sup>  
<sup>5</sup>fell on them with a shooke of well armd pikes,  
Whoe followinge, pusshd and strooke home, as hee  
strikes,<sup>5</sup> 544

<sup>5</sup>salliants beaten  
home.<sup>5</sup>  
(f. 19 b)

<sup>6</sup>brazen horse &  
swoord.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup>oreturninge all. ffor Morliuo, his swoorde,  
requird longe streetes the kinges highe waye t'affoord,  
and taught them knowe, that provokd lenitie  
is iustice (dealinge dewes extremitie). 548

Cambuscan slays  
rebels.

not one perseverant mutinous hee spaerd,  
Wheare iustice (in hott blood) noold cries regard;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>2-2</sup> 12 *lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted:—*

inso much as that fore the prime of morn  
theire mountes and trenches came the town aforne,  
*which* vaulted in the foes: whoe, soon recoilinge,  
rann to the skonce of everlastinge railinge.

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>4-4</sup> Cambuscan, thearefore, not to spend his shott  
on paper gunners, lyinge down the throte,

<sup>5-6</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>7-7</sup> them chargd with fierie Morlivo, his swoord,  
and through their files and ranckes laid swarthes aboard,  
to prove that longe provoked lenitie,  
invoketh iustices extremitie:  
which no perseverantes hath att all to spare,  
sith hott and cold, they iustice rigor dare.

<sup>1</sup>but forde the false Fregiliens backe to ronn  
and shutt theire gates, by him (neere pell mell) wonn.

Wheareby his pioners wrote with more ease, 553  
as feelinge his well fightinge provd their peace.  
so, after him, their rowlinge trenches brought  
as neere the walles (allmost) as home hee fought: 556  
and as they went, mountes canons with a trice,  
Whence all the world him grauntes iust, valient, wise.<sup>1</sup>

Cambuscan's  
pioneers dig their  
trenches close to  
Fregiley.

<sup>2</sup>Gnartoly, this perceavinge off the walles,  
iollelie thus to kinge Cambuscan calls, 560  
and told, and him retold oft and agen,<sup>2</sup>  
that his Fregiliens weare his trewest men,  
naie are, and wilbee (saie men what they woold),  
and by that faith and trothe <sup>4</sup>for him doe hold: 564  
invertinge thus, th' kinges selfe delt wrongefullie,  
to doe his eldest sonn this iniurie.

<sup>3</sup>a dissemblinge  
currifawor.<sup>3</sup>

Gnartoly tells  
Cambuscan that  
the Fregilians

but they weare all<sup>4</sup> his liege men trewe forsoothe:  
tho smild, as butter noold<sup>5</sup> melt in his mowthe, 568

are his liege men;

<sup>6</sup>With begginge formes to bee belivd like him,  
Who,<sup>6</sup> iuglinge, faine woold all mens credittes winn.

<sup>7</sup>so with a crooked curtechie, wried aright, 571  
goglinge bothe eies, sayd, "At your service dight;"

Yet turninge round at all Cambuscans men—  
them faster raild then did the tonge or penn,<sup>7</sup>

yet he abuses  
Cambuscan's  
men.

of peltinge Zoilus, or bigg momus coold,  
<sup>8</sup>gaininge the wispe of talest tipptoa skold.<sup>8</sup> 576

<sup>1-1</sup> 8 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> Which Gnartolite escapinge off the walles,  
thus iollelie to kinge Cambuscan calles,  
whome told, and him retold too, and agen,

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> of theires will hold; invertinge that the kinge delt wrongefullie,  
in doing's eldest sonn this iniurie. and that they weare

<sup>5</sup> n'woold

<sup>6-6</sup> with crooked curtechies, solemn lookes, like him, that

<sup>7-7</sup> then milkinge his mustaches (wried aright)  
(his eies to heavn cast) bodd the kinge good night.  
but turninge round to ail Cambuscans men,  
them viler raild then anie tonge or penn

<sup>8-8</sup> for which hee bore the wispe from everie skold.



- <sup>1</sup>then what neede handes (in warfare) knighthode raise,  
 Wheare long tungen gunn shott mote prevent the praise ?  
 as whilome deignd this wriglinge fyrbaliste  
 smile, crouch, begg, sigh, cogginge humilianiste.<sup>1</sup> 580
- <sup>2</sup>*fraud discerned.*<sup>2</sup>      “<sup>3</sup>Sirrah,” Cambuscan lowrd, “all yee haue loste<sup>3</sup>  
 Your principale verbe (credite) which yee boste :<sup>4</sup>  
 but if I catche yee<sup>5</sup> once with one bold lye,      583  
<sup>6</sup>your faire coynd truithe<sup>6</sup> shall scarce yee iustefye.”
- Cambuscan scoffs  
 at Gnartoly,  
 and threatens  
 him.      <sup>7</sup>With all (shakinge Morliuo) sayd, “doubt not,<sup>7</sup>  
 but Ile solve youres and the boies gordian knott !  
<sup>8</sup>ne thinke your wordes, alone, have to decline  
 your rebell selves ; but this my discipline !”      588
- <sup>9</sup>*swoordes of Prooffe.*<sup>9</sup>      They waivinge him with their swoord Sanglamort,  
 the bothe threttes thretninge earnestes of brave sport.<sup>8</sup>
- <sup>10</sup>Meane time,<sup>10</sup> Binato was sore fought with all  
<sup>11</sup>by grand Horbillo, so that helpe gann call,      592  
 vnto whose aide Cambuscan rode with speede,  
 supplience all in all wheare theare was neede :<sup>11</sup>
- Cambuscan  
<sup>12</sup>*ye king aideth  
 whear neede is.*<sup>12</sup>      <sup>13</sup>and made suche havocke everie waie hee went,  
 as soone his foes rann, and within dores pent.<sup>13</sup>      596
- <sup>15</sup>*cruel fight twixt  
 twoe brothers.*<sup>15</sup>      <sup>14</sup>But feirce Algarsife and Camball, this while<sup>14</sup>  
 fought, whoe should winn, and whoe should leese the  
 soile.

1—1 4 lines om. in Ash. and the following lines inserted :—

as art of faction levineth to learn,  
 eternal brondes idealie to earn.

2—2 om. in Ash.      3—3 “You Sirrah,” said Cambuscan, “well yee bost

<sup>4</sup>lost,      <sup>5</sup>you      <sup>6—6</sup>Your townes coynd troth

<sup>7—7</sup>t’ whome shewinge Morlivo, sayd, “dowt yee not

<sup>8—8</sup>4 lines om. in Ash.      <sup>9—9</sup>om. in Ash.      <sup>10—10</sup>This while

<sup>11—11</sup>by grand Orbell, so as for helpe did call,

to whome Cambuscan on Ducell made speed,

and gratuslie supplied him wheare was need ;

<sup>12—12</sup>om. in Ash.

13—13 these 2 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—

wheare tottringe on the point of fallinge down,

Ducello holpe him well to stand his grown :

tho did Binato drive Orbello backe,

and to their heeles putt all his gawdie packe,

Ducello down all tramplinge wheare hee went,

& killd each one that in his mowth hee nempt.

<sup>14—14</sup>Algarsife and Camballo all this while,      <sup>15—15</sup>om. in Ash.

With so fell yernesse<sup>1</sup> and continuance,

<sup>2</sup>with chaunge of fortunes wheele in combattantes, 600

The brothers  
Camballo and  
Algarsife fight.

as wonder weare to<sup>2</sup> tell; ffor now this syde

<sup>3</sup>recoiles, Then that side backward hyed.

yet by freshe courage chargd on head againe,

& still, still th' breatherne, fyghtinge lions twaine, 604

caringe, ne sparinge, ought to take or kill;

for whie the wager lay on eithers will,

Yet neither thone ne thother balckd the feild,

for leauinge, in a manner is to yeeld. 608

This fight Cambuscan (whose tente was in th' midle, <sup>4</sup>*ye fray parted.*<sup>4</sup>  
twixt east and west) beheld, and staid a litle

to see his sonnes fight out their knightlie prize,  
as knowinge knighthodes type is that assise 612

that alwaies trulie dothe: that all essaies

mote virtuouslie asport the noblist praise.

but seeinge Algarsife fight falsarie,

the kinge russhd in amid the mutinie. 616

Cambuscan parts  
his sons.

att whose dred praesence Algarsife retierd,

and shutt the gates (of all his syde admird).<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> feircenes

<sup>2-2</sup> on th' chaunge of Fortunes wheele, to combattantes; as wonder cannot

<sup>3-3</sup> then that side forward, backward, waveringe slyde,  
each with fresh courage charginge home againe,  
the brothers fightinge still like lions twaine,  
not fearinge, caringe, sparinge, take or kill;  
as eithers wager laie on eithers will,  
woold not thone should to thother leave the feild,  
though leauinge doth not ever simple yeeld.

Cambuscan tho, whose tent stood in the midle,  
twixt east and west, this markinge, staid the bridle,  
to see his twoe sonnes fight their knightlie prize,  
well knowinge knighthod winnes not th' golden flize,  
but trewe and iust ye strike, that heroes  
maie from the Vicious beare the noblest baies:  
so now gainst false Algarsifes polecie,  
in russhd amid their misticke mutinie,  
his horse Ducello tendringe in his teeth,  
all to Cambuscan, to bee killd foorthwith;  
vppon whome runninge was neere over thrown,  
had they not by this warr horse binn beestrown.

Which Algarsife abhorringe backe retierd,  
and shutt the gates, of all his men admird. <sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

## Part VIII.

## Canto octauo.

Attack on Fregi-  
ley.

Kinge Thotobun dothe promise ayde.

<sup>1</sup> battyre and sally bothe are tryed ;

Gnartolite, Leifurcke, Horbells inrode stayd.

Cambuscans Love theire crueltie discried.<sup>1</sup><sup>3</sup> stratagems  
of Camballo.<sup>2</sup> Binato with Camballo all this night

fierd in theire quarters manie a smoking light,

and placd some emptie curacies hard by,

Which glimpsinge like armd men at Fregely, 4

(f. 20)

soone thither drewe their Gunners aimes to shoote.

<sup>4</sup> ground gott,  
canons mounted.<sup>4</sup>

But th' Campe their error floutes, &amp; made this boote,

that from the barricadoed groundes ygott,

earlie salutes the towne with Canon shott. 8

havinge eake cutt each passage off, path, creeke,

theare to bee spokenn within their deeke.<sup>2</sup><sup>5</sup> town beseged  
rown.<sup>5</sup><sup>6</sup> Now Cambuscan havinge them leagred fast,

gan send th' intelligence theareof post haste, 12

to Ethelta his queene and lovinge wief,

Whoe ioid, but vengeance wishd on Algarsife.

Which famous newes beinge in Serra known,<sup>6</sup><sup>1-1</sup> feirce battrie, sallies hott are tried,

Orbells, Leyfurckoes, Gnartolytes inrodes staid,

Cambuscans love theire tyrannies discried.

<sup>2-2</sup> these 10 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—

Thus havinge brought his troopes home to theire state,

they dublie barricadoed everie gate,

so fast as art, force, divelish polecie,

fraud, engin, plottformes, soveraign tyrannie,

mote balke, or shunn the brazen horses teeth ;

which yet so held as mastred all thearewith ;

<sup>3</sup> not loosinge one, yf caught, to scape awaie,

till made them humblie willinge to obaie.

of whome, as grewe theire feare, so did theire hate

abhorr what made them so obtemperate,

as that in general, the Garrison,

chawd manie a quid : and counsell tooke theareon.

<sup>3</sup> om. in Ash.<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.<sup>6-6</sup>

Nathlesse Cambuscan, thus them leagring fast,

intelligence theareof sent hast post hast

to Ethelta his Queene (most noble wife),

who ioid, as vengeance wishd on Algarsife.

the fame wheareof in Serra beinge known,



<sup>1</sup>fyers as for halfe wonn victories weare blown.<sup>1</sup> 16

So sent hee Amidis <sup>2</sup>his page t' <sup>2</sup>his frend

king Thotobun of Arabie and Ind,

King Thotobun  
of Arabia pro-  
mises Combuscan  
help,

<sup>3</sup>t'impart the premisses; Whose gratulation  
powrd foorth this kind and kinglie disponsation, 20

of sweetlie wellcominge th' embassadere

With cheere and richer giftes then ever weare,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>and at departure with all love and ioie,<sup>4</sup>

thus hight: "Goe tell thie master, prettie<sup>5</sup> boye, 24

<sup>6</sup>that him I love, and honor much his action,

in that he aymes at th'atchett of slye faction,

to put down fac-  
tion

Whoe mote at last suche marriages begett,<sup>6</sup>

as no disvnion shall a-sonder sett.

28

<sup>7</sup>tell him<sup>7</sup> I will auxiliaries send him,

gainst warrs all difficulties, *whiche* maie spende him.

but lett him, as hee hathe begunn, perceaver,

and punish  
traitors.

<sup>8</sup>that traitors die, and iustice raigne forever." 32

But these (thoughe glorious newes) much yerkd

<sup>9</sup>warrs best issues  
are bad.<sup>9</sup>

Canac,

Whoe viewinge all in her perspective glasse,

found they weare mingled sweete, sowl, pleasant, bitter,

& praefaced ioie, but steepd in sadder licor.

36

"Alas" (quoth shee), "the best of these brave newes

Canace mourns  
the war.

bin butt wars entrie, without warrs yssues.

my ffather, to his honor, and with safty<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> bonfiers weare, as for Victories, vp blown.

<sup>2-2</sup> the page to

<sup>3-3</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> to whome at parture hee (in love and ioie),

<sup>5</sup> lovelie

<sup>6-6</sup> that him I honor for his roial action,

*which* purposeth ann hatchet for prowde faction;

whereby such marriages at last maie gett

<sup>7-7</sup> and saie.

<sup>8-8</sup> that falsehode die, and iustice live forever.

But theas brave newes weare yrkesome to Canace,  
whoe viewinge them in her perspective glasse,  
felt they weare mingled sweet, sowl, pleasant, bitter,  
though prefaced ioie, yet steepd in saddest licor,  
therefore pronounced that bravest warres beginniges,  
are but drie mornes sonn shine, of evns wett endinges.  
for wheare my ffather, to his honor hie,

<sup>9-9</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>hathe Fregiley beeseeged ; I ioie that mastrie, 40  
 for tis a brave on-sett : yet warr is warr,  
 and still dothe one side, nay oft bothe sides, marr.  
 Canace regrets  
 that if her Father  
 wins,  
 ffor saye my father winn and raze the towne,  
 I graunt that fame would blason his renoune : 44  
 Yet theare is losse in winninge, wheare the winner  
 somms their lives loste, whoe livd till warres be-  
 ginner  
 them lodd to fames highe daunger-teachinge schoole,  
 Whose rudimentes binn hott, conclusions coole. 48  
 Then if in warr wee kill our enimies,  
 and leese our frendes, thears Joies extremities.  
 her Brother  
 Algarsife must  
 suffer.  
 Whence if he chastize Algarsife, my brother,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet violence in th' act is the first mover. 52  
<sup>2</sup>nay, th'<sup>2</sup>instrumentes of chastninge, what bee<sup>3</sup> they ?  
 are they not Canons, <sup>4</sup>irn, steele ? <sup>4</sup> Harshe essay !  
<sup>5</sup>that suche feirce surgeons tooles shoold exercise  
 on mans soft fleshe, kill-curinge buttcheries, 56  
 calld remedies. But if suche curinge kill,  
 is not the remedie as badd as th' ill ?  
 Algarsif, ah,<sup>5</sup> wee twaine live by one ffather,  
 She and he will  
 both die.  
<sup>6</sup>and bothe muste die of him,<sup>6</sup> for ought I gather. 60  
 natlesse,<sup>7</sup> I knowe my ffather loveth mee,  
 but what if's love to mee prove hate<sup>8</sup> to thee ?

<sup>1-1</sup> hath Fregiley beesigd, not wonn perdi,  
 Yet whoe knowes not, that victors warr is warr,  
 that still one syde, yf not both sydes doth marr ;  
 say then my father winn, and raze this town,  
 and fame, thearefore, doe blason his renown :  
 Yet theare is losse in winninge, wheare the host  
 reckneth their lives. whome victorie hath lost.  
 yf then in warr wee kill our enimies,  
 and leese our frendes, are not these ioies sad prize ?  
 Or saie they chastize Algarsife my brother,  
<sup>2-2</sup> which <sup>3</sup> are <sup>4-4</sup> of ann  
<sup>5-5</sup> and wheare such surgeons on flesh exercise,  
 are they not hard-hart butchers remedies ?  
 but what yf in the curinge him they kill ?  
 is not that remedie as wurse as th' ill ?  
 Ah, Algarsife !

<sup>6-6</sup> and both through him must die, <sup>7</sup> howbeet <sup>8</sup> death

<sup>1</sup>I see my fathers<sup>1</sup> wellfare is thy daunger,  
 I see thy wellfare is my fathers<sup>2</sup> slaunder. 64 Canace mourns  
the war between  
her Father and  
her Brother.  
 I see his saftie and thine maie not bee,  
<sup>3</sup>but as Dylems or Contraries agree.<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet if thow die the deathe, I live that liefie Algarsife may die.  
 Which<sup>4</sup> dieth sisterlie with Algarsife." 68  
<sup>5</sup>So theare shee sobbd vntill this newe proiect  
 gann thus out of these cruel warrs collect,<sup>5</sup>  
 "that warr as doubtfull is as it is cruel :  
 wittnesse,<sup>6</sup> as fyer of propertie seekes fewell, 72 *simile.*<sup>7</sup>  
<sup>8</sup>to worke vppon (if it bee combustible),  
 so warr, ire, fier, near purposd yet in idle.  
 Nor dothe warr promise victorie to him  
 Who activelie or passivelie beginn ; 76  
 Nor th' innocent profferrs before th' nocent,  
 savinge that th' innocent's more confident.  
 Besides in th' chaunce of Warr, it so maie chaunce<sup>8</sup>  
 (if fortunes wheele plaie out her turninge daunce), 80  
<sup>9</sup>that my father (most deere) maie in this warr Cambuscan may  
be hurt or kild.  
 bee taen, or die, or hurt. Ah, bee these farr !  
 for if anie of these comm so to passe,  
 Worse weare my case than hers that never was." <sup>9</sup> 84  
 tho wept shee bitterlie for thone and thother,  
<sup>10</sup>and sweetlie prayd for father and for brother,<sup>10</sup> She prays for  
both.

<sup>1-1</sup> but well I see, his <sup>2</sup> mothers  
<sup>3-3</sup> but as Dilemmaes captious disagree. <sup>4</sup> that  
<sup>5-5</sup> tho theare shee sobbd and wept, till did collect,  
 out of theas cruel warres, this trewe proiect :  
<sup>6</sup> and that <sup>7</sup> om. in *Ash*.  
<sup>8-8</sup> to worke vppon, of matter combustible,  
 so neither warr nor fier doe purpose idle :  
 nor Warr doth promise Victorie to him,  
 whoe iustelie doth the iustest warr beginn.  
 nor warr preferres the veriest innocent,  
 more then to make him some what confident.  
 but yf by chaunce of warr (as so maie chaunce),  
<sup>9-9</sup> that my most deere-kind ffather, in this warr,  
 maie taen bee, slaine or hurt, Ah, bee that farr :  
 Or yf of thease, the wurst chaunce com to passe,  
 I needes must com into the selfe same case."  
<sup>10-10</sup> and still praid for her ffather deere and brothere.



Canace prays for  
peace between her  
Father and  
Mother and her  
Brother.

(f. 20 b)

Cambuscan's  
<sup>2</sup>great battry <sup>2</sup>  
of Fregiley.

<sup>1</sup>begginge withall it bee (if it maie bee)  
in her to make sound peace twixt all the three; 88  
much praisinge love (sweete peaces harbinger),  
meeke truithes, sterne Iustices colliginer.  
But warr it selfe her gentile hart abhorrethe.  
for whie? with it the Furies aye concurrerth, 92  
vnlesse it bee Justices instrument,  
trespasses raser, scourge, swoord, punishment;  
and theare shee sighd, it knowinge well before  
that this iuste warr had t' pay Algarsifes skore. 96  
Addinge, "warr bettr is ended then begunn,  
sithe, once begunn, th' end none knoes vntill donn."  
eftsoones repraienge for ann happie end,  
did to thallmighties will all recommend. 100  
The while from morninges peepe till high midd  
noone,<sup>1</sup>  
Cambuscans battringe<sup>3</sup> Canons beat the towne  
at everie quarter, <sup>4</sup>bothe from<sup>4</sup> campe, sea, shore,  
whence<sup>5</sup> greater battrie near was heard to rore; 104  
<sup>6</sup>so dilligent oft vttred and agen,  
by th' industries, swett spirites of valient men,<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>that once begun, near had<sup>7</sup> to make ann end,  
till it demolishe all it dothe intend, 108

1-1 oft begginge, yf it possible mote bee,  
in her to make a good peace, twixt the three:  
much praisinge love (of peace the harbinger),  
mild truithes, sterne iustices kind foragere.  
but warr yt selfe her gentil hart abhorrd,  
in that with yt the Furies aye concurrd,  
but it bee iustices meere instrument,  
sinnes raser, scurdge, swoord, drawn for punishment:  
tho sighd oft and againe, as earst afore,  
sith knewe, this warr woold paie Algarsifes skore.  
yt wishinge better ended then begun,  
sith once begunn thend none knowes till yt donn;  
with both palmes lifted for that happie end,  
praid, and to God did all in all commend.

All this while, from the mornes peepe till high noone,  
<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>3</sup> roial <sup>4-4</sup> from the

<sup>5</sup> that <sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>7-7</sup> which once begun had not

<sup>1</sup>plaienge continualie bothe daie and night,  
till coolinge time admittes some small respite.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>but then afreshe as if all newe begunn,  
rebringes these canons foorth that back weare run, 112  
again to plaie and never ceasse to play,  
till battrie all th' inhabitantes dissmaye.<sup>2</sup>

Cambuscan's can-  
non renew their  
firing.

<sup>3</sup>And first his canons aymd th' aspringe spire,  
where prowd Algarsifes standard flaunted higher<sup>3</sup> 116  
then anie towr or steeple of the towne,

They bring down  
Algarsife's flag.

<sup>4</sup>and quicklie them requird to tatter downe;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>paringe their house topps, peared their earthen walls,  
which mowldred into heapes, and soone downe falls:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup>for gainst great canon shott there is no sheild 121  
then<sup>6</sup> that lesse force must to the greater yeeld.

<sup>7</sup>whence greater cries mongst people near wear heard,  
where daunger in so manie formes appeard. 124

so nowe deere-bought-witt by owne feelinge smart,  
examind neerer home their rebelles hart,

<sup>5</sup> corrections  
force.<sup>5</sup>

to graunt within them selves kinge Cambuscan  
is a most trewe, iust, kind, wise, valient man; 128  
and that<sup>7</sup> of pride and insolent selfe wille,

The Fregilian  
rebels acknow-  
ledge Cambus-  
can's justice.

<sup>9</sup>they had<sup>9</sup> deservd this seege and muche more ill;

<sup>10</sup>In so muche that the most wishd present peace,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> continualie hott playinge night and daie,  
small time of coolinge givn (a litle staie):

<sup>2-2</sup> 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> The Canonieres ayminge at that prowd spire,  
where Algarsifes own standard flaunted hygher,

<sup>4-4</sup> which prowd they quicklie made to tatter down.

<sup>5-5</sup> 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> for gainst such Canon shott there was no sheild, but  
<sup>7-7</sup> as witnessd the walles breaches, when they fell,  
there shewd their strongest mountaines seavndid dwell,  
and weare so peared as greater cries none heard,  
while Danger in so manie formes appeard:

as now the seeged (of an infelt smart)  
examind neerer their rebellious hart,  
whoe now, vnbid, graunt that kinge Cambuscan,  
is a most lovinge, trewe-iust-valiant man, though they

<sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>9-9</sup> had well

<sup>10-10</sup> Vppon which motives manie wishd for peace,

- <sup>1</sup> though peace were never yet obtained by ease. 132  
 ô power of correction, if well extended,  
 which soone makes to obey, and not contemned.
- The Fregilian  
 rebels praise  
 Cambuscan,  
 Th' vnkind Fregiliens, wantinge Love wileare,  
 spake well of virtue now, though but for feare: 136  
 naie, now collaudes Combuscans virtues all,  
 which graunted that his force their hartes apall.  
 a certaine signe, that virtues foes are faine  
 it to agnize, for shame, or feare of paine; 140  
 and made as though they would to virtue cleve,  
 yf Algarsife, their chiefe, would give them leave;  
 and want peace. and grauntes (vnaskd) that peace were better farr  
 then the feirce yssues of vncertaine warr.<sup>1</sup> 144
- <sup>2</sup> people hood-  
 winckd.<sup>2</sup>  
 Algarsife, heeringe this, begann to thincke  
<sup>3</sup> the people (in short time) backe from him would  
 shrinke<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup> sithe, maie they their commaunders virtuous see,  
 they also all will trulie virtuous bee.<sup>4</sup> 148
- Algarsife dissi-  
 mulates.  
<sup>5</sup> Wherefore him beares like virtues nicitie,  
 intermixt with virtues neutralitie:  
 knowinge, hee sooner gettes whoe simulateth,<sup>5</sup>
- <sup>1-1</sup> peace, never purchasd yet by idle ease;  
 which heere provd that correction iust extended,  
 doth soone make to obey, and not contemned:  
 for still Cambuscans Canons so paid home,  
 as ment not leave one stone vpon a stone,  
 nor engin on the walles, ne seaven mountes,  
 for on that rest hee cast vp their accomptes.  
 Which causd the townes men, Who lackd love wileare,  
 to speake of love and Virtewe well, for feare,  
 and now collaud Cambuscans Virtewes all,  
 which provd his forces now did them apall:  
 a certaine sign, that Virtewes foes are faine  
 her to agnize for shame, or feare of paine,  
 an index that they virtuous would becomm,  
 incase Algarsifes leave mote first bee wun;  
 concluding a bad peace were better farr  
 then the sharpe yssues of revengefull warr. <sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.
- <sup>3-3</sup> thvncertaine people backe from him would shrinke,  
<sup>4-4</sup> 2 lines om. in Ash.
- <sup>5-5</sup> him, thearefore, beares like Virtewes nicitie,  
 to weet, commixt with court calliditie,  
 as knowinge, sooner gettes that simulates



<sup>1</sup>then hee that churlishelie quite abnegatethe, 152  
 Woold faine that all men shoold his actions deeme  
 pure, virtuous, though affected, but to seeme.

But hee and thother princes laboreth<sup>1</sup>  
 to reinforce what the campe demolisheth, 156  
<sup>2</sup>because wheare Canons puissance dothe mayme,  
 nature craves fitt vtensilles to sustaine.<sup>2 3</sup>

Algarsife restores  
 what his foes  
 destroy.

<sup>5</sup>Then sayd prince Algarsife, with smilinge grace,  
 vnto his soldiers (lookinge in his face), 160

<sup>4</sup>audacity simu-  
 lateth fortitude  
 & is followed.<sup>4</sup>

“Yee spirites generous, resolve” (quoth hee),  
 “in your iuste cause stowtlie to followe mee,  
 with hart, minde, and with vigor of all handes, 163

Algarsife calls on  
 his men to follow  
 him.

Yea, with your vttmoste force, which none withstandes :  
 tusshe !<sup>5</sup> w’are not borne to die like Rattes in holes,  
 nor hide our heades in dareke, with battes, and mowles,

They are not rats  
 and cowards,

<sup>6</sup>ne bee suche cowardes, as vp kept at baye,  
 while canon shott (vs luklesse borne) dothe slaye. 168  
 No, wee bee men as they, and dare well meete  
 all them who vex our walkes in our owne streete.  
 and knowe they shall, ear daye, wee meane to fight,<sup>6</sup>

but will fight.

<sup>1-1</sup> then not seeme so, and churlish abnegates ;  
 but faine hee woold all should his actions deeme  
 at virtuous pure : though but affect and seeme,  
 on which termes hee, and all his, laboreth

<sup>2-2</sup> for wheare and what the Canon bulletes mayme,  
 natures Vtensiles must, elles nought sustaine :

<sup>3</sup> *Ashmole here inserts the following lines :—*

Which donn Algarsif made out rodes of sallie,  
 and bidd his counsell of warr not to dallie,  
 but to distroie b’ intention what distroies them,  
 which weare those canons, then which nought more noyes them,  
 for that besides they curve their libertie,  
 they kill amid the sweetes wheare dead they lye :

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> did thearefore with a bold and knightlie grace,  
 thus resolutelie saye to his soldiers face :

“Yee generous ! hencefoorth resolve with mee,  
 with all your vigors, hartes, handes, stowt to bee ! for

<sup>6-6</sup> ne plaie such cowardes as to stand at bay  
 till Canon shott vs (luckles born) doe slay :  
 no, for w’ are men as they, and dare them meete,  
 for barringe of our walkes in our own street :  
 shall thearefore knowe, ear daie, wee dare to fight,

<sup>1</sup>and our distresses by owne virtues quight. 172

Saye then, if wee shall try't; Sirrs, followe mee,  
wheathr their virtues or ours trewer bee!"

Algarsife's  
soldiers trust  
him,

The soldiers verie much lovd Algarsife,  
and made his wronges theirs, in their owne beliefe,  
saienge, that his example is the sterne 177  
that guides, and shall guide them, to learn and earn.

(f. 21)

and will fight.

Whearyvpon, in each quarter, they prepare,  
to charge the campos sodainlie and vnware.<sup>1</sup> 180

<sup>2</sup>apparition be-  
fore battaile<sup>2</sup>  
seen by Algarsife.

<sup>3</sup>But lo, in dreame, this vision t' him appears, vz.

ann aged-sceminge Sier, wearinge white heairs,  
which prefaced in his visage, veritie,  
and awd him straunglie, t' heere him seriouslie. 184

He is to fight by  
day, not night.

"Algarsif" (quoth hee), "fight no nightes, for whie,  
thow shalt by daie subdewe thine enimye,  
whoe, turninge frend, thee bindes, till him thow kill  
who lives: so sweare the destanies. ffarewell!" 188

That sayd, hee vanishd soone, agastinge all,  
whoe pondred, that fore Princes death, or fall,  
landes plage, states chaunge, or bloodie battailes losse,  
thighe powres (heavn's elementes) hanges out the crosse,  
of misticke embleams, which have to foretell, 193  
to reason, What sense hathe yet not to revell.

Algarsife is rash,

Howbeet, Algarsife fearlesse vox, and rasshe,  
praesuminge, courage all eventes shoold passhe, 196

and disregards  
the warning.

ne reckethe prophecies, or anagogies,  
ne queint amphibolies, or tropologies,  
but all his thoughtes flewe at his newe empire,  
which hee termes honor (point of his aspire).<sup>3</sup> 200

1-1 and by our Virtewes, our distresses quite.  
saie then, Yf yee will fight, com followe mee!  
to try which of our Virtewes trewest bee."

The soldiers, whoe so much lovd Algarsife,  
as hopd his wronge could salve their false beliefe,  
soone graunt this his example is the stern  
them stears, Whoe rather had to earn boote, then learn:  
did thearefore in all quarters them prepare  
to charge the camp by night, and vnaware.

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> 20 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>and so, in th' dead of night, he passd the dike,  
 praepard, resolvd, well arind, cruel alike,  
 to doe all mischifes, ear they weare discried.  
 tho charginge, the Fregiliens lowdlie cried, 204  
 in all fowre quarters of Cambuscans campe,  
 that vnextpected feare mote dieper stampe.<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>Nathlesse, these false Fregiliens exclamation,  
 tonitruous vprores, lowd vociferation,<sup>2</sup> 208  
<sup>4</sup>onlie awooke the men, *which* litle slept,  
 or restinge, had their watch and wardes well kept.<sup>4</sup>  
<sup>5</sup>but to th' alarum a like wellcomm sent,  
 Camp vollies for town vollies, lent and ment.<sup>5</sup> 212  
 and,<sup>6</sup> iust at thinstant, all the canons plaien  
<sup>7</sup>from towne to Campe, from Camp to towne againe,<sup>7</sup>  
 in suche ann horrid noise, and flaminge light,  
 as if noone daie <sup>9</sup>weare wedded to midd night: 216  
 or as if th' pitchie clowdes of fulgrous heavn  
 had taen their In vp,<sup>9</sup> neath the spheres seaven.  
<sup>10</sup>So now,<sup>10</sup> all quarters (plaienge out their quarters)  
<sup>11</sup>chaungd wordes for bloes, and thrustes for thrustes  
 rebarters:<sup>11</sup> 220  
<sup>12</sup>till pikes, and pikes, whole troopes, and shokes of  
 pikes,  
 sidewise, and foreright, vibrant thrustes in strikes,<sup>12</sup>

The Fregilians  
 attack Cambus-  
 can's camp at  
 night.

<sup>3</sup>sally out of y<sup>e</sup>  
 town by night.<sup>3</sup>

The Camp fire on  
 them.

<sup>5</sup>simile.<sup>5</sup>

The fight becomes  
 general.

<sup>1-1</sup> so, in the diepest dareke, passd the town dike,  
 as merciles, as cruell, all alike,  
 to massaker before they weare discried :  
 and in the charge, as lowd as could, out cried,  
 in all fowre quarters of Cambuscans campe,  
 that sodaine feare mote dawnt as well as dampe.

<sup>2-2</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> Yet this but wooke the men whoe litle slept,  
 Or sleepinge, had their watch and wardes well kept,

<sup>5-5</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash. <sup>6</sup> for

<sup>7-7</sup> from campe to town, from town to campe againe ;

<sup>8</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>9-9</sup> had lent her to midd night, and all the sulphrous clowdes of angrie  
 heavn had taen their Innes vp,

<sup>10-10</sup> to viewe

<sup>11-11</sup> wheare wordes chaungd bloes, bloes for wordes rebarters

<sup>12-12</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.



- <sup>1</sup>bothe parties charginge, till th' fregiliens fell,  
 and the Cambuscanites on them pell mell. 224
- Cambuscan's men  
 shout "Ethel,"  
 "Canace."  
 Then theare warrs roughest doll they freely dell,  
 crienge, "Ethel, Canac;" "Canac, Ethel."  
 The verie names of Ethel and Canac  
 causd the fregiliens allmost leese the place,<sup>1</sup> 228  
<sup>2</sup>had not Algarsifes statizers rann in,  
 to putt some hope, wheare no hope was to winn.  
 Thus all the quarters fower, in general,  
 Weare tramplinge out warrs bloodie catterbrall,<sup>2</sup> 232  
<sup>3</sup>that vertue trewe gainste virtue false mote trie  
 a trewe, iust, noblie earned victorie.  
 Which, in the darcke, mote hardlie well bee shoven,  
 Onlie the Leaders actes maie yet bee knowen. 236  
 ffor<sup>3</sup> Gnartolite, who chargd Cambuscans quarter,  
 Gnartolite  
 charges Cambus-  
 can's quarters.  
<sup>4</sup>resolvd as many as hee could to martir,<sup>4</sup>  
<sup>5</sup>whose soldiers, findinge spoile, seazd all they wishe,  
 beate, by th' Cambuscanites vnto stocke ffishe.<sup>5</sup> 240  
<sup>6</sup>guilt flieth  
 triall.<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>for Gnartolite, when he Cumbuscan spide,  
 spurrd on his soldiers, while selfe steppd a side,  
 because he knewe, if Morliuo him mett,<sup>7</sup>  
 the kinge woold roialie paie all his debt. 244  
 Cambuscan slays  
 rebels.  
<sup>8</sup>whose matchlesse swoord, vppon the Gnartolites,  
 powrd out the large reward of hipochrites.<sup>8</sup>  
<sup>1-1</sup> on both sides givn, till the Fregiliens fell,  
 to take vp what their vengefull ffoes them dell  
 of warres rough dole, which deerlie selles and paies,  
 some cryinge, "Etheel," some "Canace" displaies.  
 whose verie names of Etheel and Canace  
 made the Fregiliens quicklie quitt the place,  
<sup>2-2</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash.  
<sup>3-3</sup> for wheare trewe virtewe strove the false to trie,  
 theare a trewe iust and noble Victorie  
 was in the darcke, as to the daie light shoven,  
 in th' Leaders actes; which thus and thus weare known: false  
<sup>4-4</sup> depravd all those hee caught, and them did marter;  
<sup>5-5</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash. <sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash.  
<sup>7-7</sup> yet when hee neere him, but Cambuscan spied,  
 eggd on his soldiers, but hee rann to hide,  
 well knowinge that yf Morlivo him mett,  
<sup>8-8</sup> sith wheare hee lightes on anie Gnartolites,  
 hee powrd on the reward of hypochrites,

<sup>1</sup>with takinge some his prisoners, chaced the rest,  
who came for canons, but to winn them messt.<sup>1</sup> 248

<sup>2</sup>"Sirrah," quoth Cambuscan (in heate) to him,  
"none of your worckes of darknes, see to winn ;  
but knowe and bee't well known, to all your town,  
Ile visite yee by daye, yea at highe noone." 252

Cambuscan  
threatens an at-  
tack at midday.

Gnartolite soone telles what the kinge had sayd,  
which verie muche the guiltie towne dismayd.

<sup>3</sup> *this ye take  
valiant brothers  
fought.*<sup>3</sup>

Algarsife, who had chargd on Camballs quarter  
(beinge the third time), that no furious tartar 256  
eare shewd more greedines to winn that game,  
which warr dothe killinge call, or to bee taen.

yet still those martial breathern deadlie fought, 259  
till bothe their pikes weare broke, and swoordes flew out,

Camballo and  
Algarsife fight  
fiercely.

most feircelie hissinge, percinge, cuttinge, stasshingē,  
in that same stile which death endites to crasshingē,  
faste grapled weare this paire in mutual locke, (f. 21 b)  
and strove to bringe thone vnder thothers yocke.<sup>2</sup> 264

<sup>5</sup>bothe fastned, bothe fast, like fell mastiffs twaine,  
which hold fast eithers hold, to neithers gaine.<sup>5</sup>

*simile.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>6</sup>Amid this combatt in Cambuscan cam,  
which Algarsife perceavinge, loosd and rann,<sup>6</sup> 268

Algarsife flees.

<sup>1-1</sup> *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

<sup>2-2</sup> thus cryinge to them, as they fled from him,  
"these workes of youres of darknes, this shall win,  
that I will enter on your rebell town,  
by daie, not night : Yea, at the point of noon."

Of which bold thrett Gnartolite made report,  
which much dismayd all of the guiltie court.  
Algarsif chardgd home into Camball's quarter,  
with pikes so vibrant, as yet never Tartar  
expressd more greedines to winn that game  
that warr doth killinge call, Or to bee taen :  
for both these brothers breathles deadlie fought,  
till both their pikes weare broke, & swoordes flew out,  
both closelie graplinge with a mutual locke,  
that one should vndergoe anothers yoke.

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>4</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>5-5</sup> *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> Cambuscan runinge in amid the fray,  
which Algarsife perceavinge, rann away,  
fearinge Ducello, least to bapprehended,  
might on the sodaine all the busines ended.

<sup>1</sup>to scape by flight. Yet prisoners theare weare taken  
of those who had Cambuscans syde forsaken.<sup>1</sup>

Binato (Cambus-  
canite) puts Hor-  
bello (Algarsifite)  
to flight.

But Binatē with Horbello so contendē,  
<sup>2</sup>as all the world su[s]pected none mote mend it.<sup>2</sup> 272  
<sup>3</sup>for hee the chawffinge giant putto flight,  
and, thoughe tware darcke, he sawe to hitt him right.<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup>for whie? a messenger blowe at his head,  
assurd Binatē he had that monster speedd. 276  
and in the chace some of his prisoners tooke,  
the rest for feare did backwardes never looke.

<sup>5</sup>popular sur-  
mise.<sup>5</sup>

Akafirs quarter was the more envied,  
for that old prophecie praesignifyed, 280  
how, by the south wind, a north tyde should drowne,  
and burne vp (bothe at once) Fregilia town;<sup>4</sup>  
and after the north wind had cleerd the weather,  
<sup>6</sup>a woman queene shoold theare commaund forever. 284  
which galld Leifurco to the verie hart,  
so that hee vsd all violence and art  
which laie in false Videriaes fallecies,  
to crosse, or disappoint the destanies. 288

Algarsife's ad-  
miral

attacks Cambus-  
can's by land and  
sea.

Whearefore hee sett on Akafir twoe waies,  
by land and sea; yet Akafirs arraies<sup>6</sup>

1—1 some others in the chace weare prisoners taken,  
beinge of those had Cambuscan forsaken.

2—2 as all the world needes litle wish it mended.

<sup>3—3</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

4—4 for singlinge such a stroke vppon his head,  
as theareof tumblinge, vp was tane for dead.

The rest gainst Aquaphir (whonie thenvied most)  
fought, Off to keepe him from the sowthern coast,  
for that, by prophecie, thence should com down  
a sea, should drown and burn Fregilea town;

<sup>5—5</sup> om. in Ash.

6—6 a maid in Faerie Land should rain for ever:  
nought beinge so much feard in anie Land,  
as hee or shee, that theare shall all commaund.  
Which so galld Leyfurcke to the verie hart,  
as thearefore vsd all violence and art,  
which lay in vile Videreaes venefies,  
to crosse and disappoint the destanies.

whearefore by land and sea, chardgd Aquaphir,  
whose bold livetenent ventringe out too farr,



<sup>1</sup>made good the streetes, and held them for their  
waies,  
to his and to his soldiers raftinge praise.<sup>1</sup> 292  
<sup>2</sup>thoughe of his leaders one they prisoner caught,<sup>2</sup>  
whome the Fregiliens handled worse then naught,  
<sup>3</sup>with tauntes disgracfull, and fowle indecore,<sup>4</sup> <sup>3 fowl quarter kept.<sup>3</sup></sup>  
which martial virtue ever did abhore : 296  
<sup>5</sup>for professd soldiers<sup>5</sup> reverenced weare of old  
as vices scurdges, virtues anchor hold.  
<sup>6</sup>whence that profession otherwise to vse,  
is but presumptuouslie it to traduce. 300  
but each good soldier, if by fortune taen,  
was fairelie held, as of the sonns of fame.  
But they this leader to the vauhouse bore,  
where leaving lawes of armes without the dore, 304  
how cowardice, how feare, how crueltie  
abusd his rancke, let silence put it bye :  
not meaninge to provoke good soldiers ire,  
when indigne passages they read or hier. 308  
Retraite once made, as well in towne as feild, <sup>retrait.<sup>7</sup></sup>  
Wearines did some litle respite yeild,  
till earlie Titans drowsye countenance  
disclosd new light : light did new matters vaunce.<sup>6</sup> 312  
<sup>8</sup>ffor, by daies prime, the camps rathe soldiers  
survaied with sharpest eies their prisoners, <sup>Cambuscan's prisoners.<sup>9</sup></sup>  
Whoe, beinge viewd by daie light, weare well known  
to have servd once on this side, thoughe now flown :  
Naie, some had twice, some thrice, had rann awaye,<sup>8</sup> 317

<sup>1-1</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> chaunced by his enimies theare to be caught ; <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> with all reproch, foule termes, scorn, indecore,

<sup>5-5</sup> in that trewe soldiers <sup>6-6</sup> these 14 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>8-8</sup> which known by daies peepe, the campos soldiers  
servaied all their Fregilien prisoners,  
mongst whome apparantlie weare found and known  
some that had servd on this side (as their own),  
some once or twice, some thrice had run awaie,

<sup>9</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>after th'ad sworne, and tooke Cambuscans pay.

The rebel De-  
serters from  
Cambuscan are  
condemn'd.

At these th' whole host out roerd, and traiters howted;  
naie more, each soldiers boy theire basenes flowted.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Wheareat these (seeminge boies theire falshode knewe)  
for shame (farr passinge feare) hunge th'ead, tonges  
gnewe.<sup>2</sup> 322

<sup>3</sup>But now the martial Captaines Court down sate,  
to punishe peremptorie theire fault, 324  
sithe findinge some of th' prisoners weare known spies,<sup>3</sup>  
some revoltes, some relapsd, all enimies,

<sup>4</sup> runnecotes  
punished.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>whose aggravated faultes by doinge ofte  
of pardons hopelesse weare, Nor weare they sought. 328

So these condemn'd, thence garded weare to dye,  
lothd, skorn'd, revild, cursd of th' vulgaritie.

Cambuscan says  
that

Which Cambuscan knewe b' Amidis his page,  
and theareof thus disputes in his courage: 332

killing men  
doesn't win their  
hearts.

"What conquest ist" (quoth hee) "to vanquishe foes,  
if I, by killinge them, theire hartes doe lose?  
but everie mastrie makes not victorie,  
vnlesse the hart be vanquishd willinglie; 336  
nor force alone cann stowtest hartes subdewe,<sup>5</sup>

- <sup>1-1</sup> though to Cambuscan sworn, and taen his paie;  
thearefore the market bell them traiters howted,  
and everie soldiers boie theire basenes flowted;

<sup>2-2</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

- <sup>3-3</sup> on whome the court of Captaines presentlie  
sate to condemne them peremptorely,  
sith found some of them turnecotes, villaine spies,

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

- <sup>5-5</sup> could not but aggravate their faultes, sith oft  
weare pardonlesse, nor weare theire pardons sought,  
wheare martial lawe doth presentlie dispatch,  
with processe short, whome yt doth haynous catch.  
and so condemn'd weare garded thence to die,  
cursd, hated, scorn'd of the Vulgaritie.

All which Cambuscan knowinge by his page,  
did theareof thus dispute in his courage,  
that it no conquest is to vanquish foes,  
in case the conquerer theire hartes doe lose;  
for that such conquest makes not victorie,  
vnlesse the hart bee also vanquishd by:  
nor though constraint cannot stowt hartes subdewe,

<sup>1</sup>but stowborne hartes may yeeld to meeke virtue.

He try th' conclusion, wheather force or love  
have greater force sterne soldiers hartes to move. 340

Cambuscan goes

but this shalb' of Cambuscans owne trophies,  
by love t' have mastred all his enimies."

So, to the place of exequution cominge,  
the soldiers, seeinge it, sett vp a ronninge, 344

to the place of  
execution,

Wheare hee to th' prisoners said thus, ear they  
die,

"Whie d'ye, Fregiliens, falselye from mee flye?  
ioine with my enimies? my state betray?  
as if your last howr weare not iustice day." 348

appeals to the  
Fregilian rebels

"Good Lord" (quoth they), "wee have donn worse  
then this, (f. 22)

but lett our deathes amendes make for our misse,  
sithe wee have nought elles left then deathe to  
paye,

which death is trewe and iuste, wee note denaie." 352  
so, beinge readie to turne off the ladder

and then forgives  
them.

(deaths articl' infectinge th' beholders sadder),

"Com downe," Cambuscan sayd, "ye I forgive;  
and if it bee your chaunce yet longer t' live," 356

<sup>2</sup>unexpected  
lenity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> yet meeke love maie the stowtest hartes make bowe.  
I therefore prooff will make, yf force or love,  
have greatest powr, stowt soldiers hartes to move.  
but this shall of Cambuscans trophies bee,  
by love, not force, to vanquish enmittee.

Tho, to the place of exequution cominge,  
the soldiers (touchd heerein) sett vp a runinge,  
to heere him tax the prisoners ear they die:

"Fregiliens!" quoth hee, "whie d'ye from mee fly?  
ioine with mine enimies, my state betraie,  
as yf no iustice weare, nor had to paie?"

"Good lord," they said, "wee have don wurse then this,  
Lett thearefore deathes stroke satisfie our misse,  
wee havige nought elles left, but death to paie,  
which death is iust, wee never cann denaie."  
at which confession, which made all men sadder,  
they beinge readie to turne off the laddere,

Cambuscan said, "com down! I ye forgive;  
and yf yt bee your chaunce your times to live,



<sup>1</sup> Yee maie at leasure once remember him  
 Whoe could, yet woold not, kill yee for your synn.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> but doe no more (if yee doe after mee),  
 least love convert to iust severitie."<sup>2</sup> 360

Cambuscan's  
 army ratify his  
 mercy,

<sup>3</sup> Heereat th' whole hoste cried out, "God save the  
 kinge,"

heavns hollowe vawlt his honors ecchoinge.

The ioifull pardned ones could vowe no lesse  
 then hartes, lives, deathes, all to his services. 364  
 others bethought them that this noble scheone [?]  
 instanced Canac, and Ethelta the queene.

and the Fregilians  
 appreciate it.

the fame wheareof spred to Fregilia towne,  
 and to the people, who told his highe renowne, 368  
 saienge : "Tis not yond noble kinges intent  
 to kill his sinninge subiectes that repent."

Gnartolite and Leifurco this envied,  
 for his virtue theire malice multiplid, 372  
 throughe false Videria, for (to his dispight)

<sup>4</sup> faire quarter  
 broken.<sup>4</sup>

The Fregilian  
 leaders hang Cam-  
 buscan's knight.

they hunge the prisoner vp they tooke last night.  
 Oh, heinous deede ! for ev'n this lawlesse action  
 blewe vp in all the towne a fowle distraction,<sup>3</sup> 376

<sup>1-1</sup> Yee by this token maie remember him,  
 that could, yet would not, kill yee for your sinn."

<sup>2-2</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> Wheareat th' whole armie cried, " God save the kinge !"

his honor vp to heaven ecchoinge,  
 and the sad pardoned, glad, did vow no lesse  
 then theire whole lives and deathes to his services.

the rest conceavd this noble act and scene,  
 Did instance Canace, and Etheel the Queene.

The fame wheareof, flown to Fregilea town,  
 causd that the people said (to his renown),  
 "it is not of our lovinge kinges intent,  
 to kill his subiectes, that are penitent :  
 so maie wee doe and live, woold Algarsive  
 and his state setters, all vs thus reprove."

but this Leyfurcke and Gnartolite envied  
 (as it his popular love multiplid),  
 whearefore, through vile Videreaes pride and spight,  
 they hunge the soldiers vp weare taen last night :

a lawlesse deede, for which a fowle distraction  
 rose in the town, evn to ann insurrection,

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>specialie mongst the soldiers, whoe protested  
against the fact, which lawe of armes detested.<sup>1</sup>

Algarsife's  
soldiers protest  
against hanging a  
captive.

<sup>2</sup>sayenge: "faire warrs are gone (faire quarter broke),"  
so swore noold fight no more, least like rope and  
stroke

bee quitt on them per talionis Legem, 381  
as barbarouslie begun is, per ilke stetemen.

'Gainste this Algarsife negativelie contestethe,  
sithe beinge a fact that th' soldiers all infesteth.<sup>2</sup> 384  
and swore it was dishonorable donn,

<sup>3</sup>faction in ye  
town.<sup>3</sup>  
So does Algarsife.

<sup>4</sup>naie, worse, improvidentlie now begonn,  
now, while as th' kinges host stooode before their face,  
and cann, or maie, revenge this malice base: 388  
addinge withall, "this chokes all hopes of peace,<sup>4</sup>  
which mote the warrs on fitt conditions cease;

so dothe it quenche that soldierlie delight  
<sup>5</sup>of virtue fightinge, or like virtue bright." 392

"Whie then," quoth Leifureke, Gnartolite and Hor- But his Generals  
bell, justify it,

vnto Algarsife: "w' vnderstand you well,  
that now y' are weerie of your charge and paines;<sup>5</sup>  
if so, then when you liste, laie downe the raignes, 396  
<sup>6</sup>and wee'l take 't on vs.<sup>6</sup> Ells, whie comm wee hither  
but t' hold the towne, by all waies<sup>7</sup> whatsoever,

and suggest his  
abdication.

<sup>1-1</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> which said, "faire warres are gonn, faire quarter broke,  
whearefore, wee'l fight no more for the like yoke:  
for talionis lex maie doe the same  
wee others doe to others, to our shame."

Against which act (that all the town infesteth)  
prince Algarsife negativelie contesteth.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> "yea, most improvidentlie then begun,  
when the kinges armie lies before oure face,  
and maie revenge this on our malice base;"  
Yea, vouchd that this tooke hence all hopes of peace,

<sup>5-5</sup> of virtuous fightinge, Or like virtuous right,  
"O then," said Gnartolyte, Leyfureke, & Orbell,  
"Algarsife! now wee vnderstand you well,  
that you wax wearie of your charge and paines;

<sup>6-6</sup> that we maie take them <sup>7</sup> meanes

Algarsife's Generals justify their killing their captive.

for what care wee for anie tyrannie,  
 while wee stand full possessd of th'empirie,<sup>1</sup> 400  
<sup>2</sup>and not one<sup>2</sup> eminent to take offense,  
<sup>3</sup>or rise for Virtue 'gainst<sup>3</sup> our insolence?  
<sup>4</sup>Sir, shall wee not kill one? yes, everie one  
 that on our groundes leaves no stone on a stone;<sup>4</sup> 404  
 but<sup>5</sup> wee muste weaken him (bee't<sup>6</sup> wronge or  
 right)."

Algarsife reproves them sharply.

<sup>7</sup>"But that" (quoth<sup>7</sup> Algarsife) "becoms no knight.  
<sup>8</sup>twas Achills feare draggd Hector, when him slewe,  
 some courage in his mermidons t' renewe.<sup>8</sup> 408  
<sup>9</sup>but I suche<sup>9</sup> chivalrie still hate, and will,  
 which<sup>10</sup> thinckes not it dothe well when it doth ill.  
<sup>11</sup>sithe to contende against apparant right,  
 dothe in-lie give the lye to mental light.<sup>11</sup> 412  
 nor will I leave my charge, but vnderstande yee,  
<sup>12</sup>I will in this same fasshion aye commaund yee."<sup>12</sup>

<sup>14</sup>y<sup>e</sup> witch practiseth.<sup>14</sup>

Viderea stirs up discontent against Algarsife.

Videria, skulkinge<sup>13</sup> neere, arroundes their ears,  
 and praid them marcke how him Algarsife beares, 416  
<sup>15</sup>"for" (quoth shee) "doe but marcke (beet daye or  
 night)  
 if once hee comm within his parentes sight,  
 and not hange downe the head, or balke the place;  
 but in this cause near looke him in the face."<sup>15</sup> 420

<sup>1</sup> *Ash. here inserts:—*

we havinge gott all arbitrarie swaie,  
 that selfe will, libertie, ambition, maie,

<sup>2-2</sup> and leave no <sup>3-3</sup> or leade the peopl against

<sup>4-4</sup> these 2 lines om. in *Ash.* and the following inserted:—

then th' more wee kill the lesse remaine to anioe vs;  
 besides, theexampl agastes all wold destroy vs.

<sup>5</sup> for <sup>6</sup> bee yt <sup>7-7</sup> "hâ! that" said

<sup>8-8</sup> these 2 lines om. in *Ash.* <sup>9-9</sup> for I that <sup>10</sup> that

<sup>11-11</sup> but to strive and not have a seeminge right

doth inly give the lie to conscious light,

<sup>12-12</sup> I will in the same manner still commaund yee. <sup>13</sup> beinge

<sup>14-14</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>15-15</sup> "for," quoth shee, "Doth hee not (bee't daie or night),

yf happs to com within his ffathers sight,

hunge down the head, recoile, or balke the place,

and, gainst the right, neare looke him in the face? "



<sup>1</sup>Theie vovd they woold. But ló, from off the  
campe  
newe daie light taught them wheare the soldiers  
ramp,  
in troops selected, for some praesent gard,  
charge, or supplie, which the Fregiliens feard.<sup>1</sup> 424  
<sup>2</sup>Now, so it chauned after some sleapes repaste,  
Cambuscan, wearinge then about his waste Cambuscan,  
his brazen horses bridle, as hee did,<sup>2</sup>  
when servd on fote, and not on horsebacke ridd, 428  
bethought revenge <sup>3</sup>on thilke<sup>3</sup> indignitie to revenge his  
of hanginge vp his knight<sup>4</sup> in Fregelie. knight's murder,  
<sup>5</sup>Tho, castinge how to serve on horse and foote,  
biddes battries all, and musketes wholie shoote, 432  
and make smoothe worke of th' seaun mountes & the orders a fresh at-  
towne. tack on Fregiley.  
So gettinge vp, he quicklie trode the rowne<sup>5</sup>  
from east to west, <sup>6</sup>from th' north<sup>6</sup> vnto the south, (f. 22 b)  
<sup>7</sup>and cri<sup>7</sup> revenge, which pleasd the soldiers tooth. 436 <sup>8</sup>reveng wheare  
The trenches all<sup>9</sup> full mand with muskettiers, quarter is  
the barricadoes with sure<sup>10</sup> canoniers, broken.<sup>8</sup>  
the plottformes with toughe<sup>11</sup> laborers,  
th' artillerie with swettie<sup>12</sup> pioners. 440 The batteries pre-  
<sup>13</sup>barrelles of powder serpentine brought out, pare.  
heapes of whole canon bullettes to distrowte,<sup>13</sup>  
and everie officer which<sup>14</sup> ought attende

<sup>1-1</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> They swore they woold. And so, when night was past,  
Cambuscan wearinge rownd his wast  
his brasse horse bridle, as hee ever did,

<sup>3-3</sup> for that <sup>4</sup> knightes

<sup>5-5</sup> and to encourage all his soldiers toot  
hee first bid all his battries boldly shoote,  
to make smooth worke of the seavn mountes & town,  
him selfe the while oft visitinge the rown,

<sup>6-6</sup> from North <sup>7-7</sup> t' incite <sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>9</sup> are

<sup>10</sup> good <sup>11</sup> score of tough <sup>12</sup> lustie

<sup>13-13</sup> barrelles of powder, serpentine, are brought,  
and heapes of canon, buffettes, that distrought,

<sup>14</sup> that

<sup>1</sup>stoode readie prest best services to spend. 444

<sup>2</sup> great battry  
made.<sup>2</sup>

So theare out flies the roringst batterie<sup>1</sup>

on all the towne and mountes of Fregiley ;

Fregiley is bom-  
barded by Cam-  
buscan,

tire after tire, vollie on vollie ofte,

<sup>3</sup>at each mount, walls peece, corner, lowe and loft, 448  
that nought theire force withstandes, nor countes their  
number,

which quattes the townes men, makes them hide them  
vnder :<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Yet they with great and small shott still replye,  
hitt or hitt not, vollies of muskettes flye.<sup>4</sup> 452

and <sup>5</sup>all supplies that mote bee hadd or thought,

<sup>6</sup>weare to the battrie plentifullie brought.

all th' earth, aier, sea (to th' midle region), seeminge  
smoke, fyer, noise, cries, in bundled clowdes vp steem-  
inge ; 456

who says he will  
leave no stone of  
it on another.

which dreadfull battrye, by Cambuscans doome,

had not to give ore till too morrowe noone :

but all their groundworkes hee will beate to duste,

and leave no stone vppon a stone to ruste.<sup>6</sup> 460

Part IX.

Algarsife is  
imprisoned,  
and Cambuscan  
slain.

*Canto nono.*

Fregiliaes battred ; and <sup>7</sup>b' assault neere taen ;

Videriaes practise prisoneth Algarsife ;

Cambuscan, by her <sup>8</sup>treason eake is slane ;

Amidis buries him,<sup>8</sup> with Love and grieve.

<sup>1-1</sup> stood readie, theire best services to spend.

So theare on flewe the roringst batterie,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> at each mount, walles peece, flanker, pane, lowe loft,  
as nought theire force withstandes, ne countes theire number,  
which quattes the townes men, closely hidinge vndere :

<sup>4-4</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash. <sup>5</sup> where

<sup>6-6</sup> so plentifully weare to the battrie brought,  
as thearth and th' aier, to the midle region seemd  
one smoke and fyere of a kinges wrath entind.  
and yet the battrie by Cambuscans doome,  
had not to ceasse vntill too morrowe noone,  
not till hee had their ground workes beat to dust,  
and not one stone left on a stone to truste.

<sup>7</sup> is <sup>8-8</sup> treasonous art is slaine, whome Amidis interr

<sup>1</sup>The drowsie sonn (morn's<sup>1</sup> mind sicke murner) rose,  
and at his north east casement sadlie shoes  
a great survaie of last nightes batteries,

<sup>2</sup>Which fewe wordes mote somm vp: "Lô! wheare it  
lies." 4

Lô! wheare Fregiliaes statelie palaces,  
her bewteous temples, highe piramides,  
aspiringe pinackles, perpolishd towres,  
her curious arches, trophies (honors dowres),  
her glorious buildinges, high walles, circuite stronge,  
Lô, how fewe howrs have laid them all alonge.

<sup>3</sup> *yt towne beaten  
smooth down.*<sup>3</sup>

Fregiley and all  
its buildings are  
levelled with the  
ground.

8

her proud plumes pulld, her avarice disdained,  
her envies crussd, her murderous rage araignd,<sup>2</sup>  
her glotonies, her letcheries cutt off,  
her mincinge idlers forced to runn alooff,

12

<sup>4</sup>her artishe liers, wittie versute theeves,<sup>4</sup>

her fraudulent suggestions (for belives).

16

All its shams are  
ended.

her painted truith,<sup>5</sup> her vermild modestie,

her vaunted faith, <sup>6</sup>subornd idolatrie,<sup>6</sup>

her farr fetcht proiectes to prevent the good,

her false claimd petegrees t'inskrewe her blood, 20

<sup>7</sup>her eloquence, her sugred adulation,

her confidence, her daring protestation,

her possessd greatnes, vpstart vsurpation,

her bold presumption, boilinge emulation: <sup>7</sup> 24

<sup>1-1</sup> The purple sonn (nightes

<sup>2-2</sup> which now laie ope, wheare prowd Fregilea lies

with all her start vp statelie palaces,

her factious temples, prowd pyramides,

her curious arches (trophies of her powres),

aspiringe pinacles, perpolisht towres,

her glorious buildinges, high walles, bullwarckes stronge,

all which a few howres shott have laid alonge;

her prowd plumes pulld, her avarices maymd,

her envies crushd, her raginge murder araignd,

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>4-4</sup> her artskilld liers, virsute coninge thieves,

<sup>5</sup> troth

<sup>6-6</sup> suborned veritie,

<sup>7-7</sup> her eloquence, violence, adulation,

her counterfeatinge, sayninge, protestation,

her greatnes stoln, her duple vsurpation.

her bold presumption storminge castigation.



Lo, time, the feathomer of wittes and spoile,  
 hathe flunge all<sup>1</sup> in ann heape, for men to smile.  
 The Fregilians  
 seek shelter. <sup>2</sup>as fast, at first, as the Fregiliens lyed,  
 so faster, now, they rann theire heades to hyde 28  
 from the devowringe canons mowth, that weetes  
 all vnderground and bove, if in the streetes  
 no bullwarcke, mount, trench, celler, wall, ne rocke,  
 ne crevis of excuse, hides from the knocke. 32  
 Cambuscan's can-  
 nonade continues. Yet all the canons still gann shoote and plaie,  
 for Cambuscan commaundes it, till midd daie.  
 Scarce mote bee told, the great calamitie  
 Which this bad peopl' endewrd in Fregiley, 36  
 Wheare, dares not once peepe out, for Canons daunger,  
 least musket shott arrest eake everie raunger.  
 Besides which perilles, yet the future feare  
 of ann assault (att hand), theire hartes doth [?] teare.  
 The Fregilians  
 fear an assault  
 from Cambus-  
 can's army. and yet this moste afflicties their amblinge minde, 41  
 that a good kinge (lovinge good thinges designd)  
 should plage and kill them thus: Howbeet they swore,  
 hee had donn all thinges well, thoughe hee doe  
 more ;<sup>2</sup> 44  
<sup>4</sup>saienge, his virtues they doe honor still,  
 and love t' expresse it, mote they have own will.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> thease

<sup>2-2</sup> wheare looke how fast, at first, the Rebells nyed,  
 so fast and faster now they rann to hide,  
 from the devowringe canon that them splittes,  
 all vnderground, and on them in the streetes  
 so as no bullwarke, mount, trench, wall, pale, rocke,  
 or crevis of excuse, them hides from knocke ;  
 Yet still on Yonge and old the Canons plaie,  
 for so Cambuscan bid till mid of daie.

When scarce mote tell the paine of penurie,  
 Which all the people felt in Fregiley ;  
 wheareto came eake ann vniversal feare  
 of ann assault, which more hath to deteare :  
 nought more afflictinge theire revolted mindes,  
 then that a good kinge (lovinge good desindes)  
 should plage and kill them thus. Nathles, they swore,  
 hee had donn all but iust, though hee doe more ;

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>these bee the men wold have all good them done,  
and promise kepte to them, but will keepe none.<sup>1</sup> 48

<sup>2</sup>a courtinge love, inheritinge the grace, Some Fregilians  
of laughinge in ones throte, to cutt his face.

beinge of those binn soone loste, quicklie wonn, (f. 23)  
Virtuous example makinge loste ones comm. 52

not so of stattinges. But kinge Cambuscan, praise Cambus-  
theire hartes, throughe his late clemencie so wann,<sup>2</sup> can.

<sup>3</sup>as that this folke (of virtues love in breste)  
could not find theare their kinge how to resiste,<sup>3</sup> 56

<sup>4</sup>but blasd his virtues so, in everie part,  
as made the townes all statistes calme in hart.

Wheareat Algarsife, their stowt General, <sup>5</sup>ye breach rein-  
perplexed at his stronge walls and mountes down fall, 60 forced.<sup>5</sup>  
tangled the breach with benches, chaires, blockes, Algarsife repairs  
timber, his walls,

th' assailantes entries, evrie wheare to hinder,  
incastinge stooles, ropes, froes, chaines, manors, beddes,  
and all trassh whatsoever, none oretreddes. 64

but chifelie fortified the market place, and fortifies his  
to the church path, to helpe, repulse or chace,<sup>4</sup> market-place.

<sup>1-1</sup> these 2 lines om. in *Ash*.

<sup>2-2</sup> and swore they lovd him, but with that court grace  
that laughes in a mans throte, and cuttes his face.  
yf then all feare doth first proceed from love,  
heere is to thincke, love doth this people move ;  
for though they soone are lost and quicklie wun,  
yet them (not madd) examples good make com :  
as plainelie was to see, when Cambuscan,  
by his late clemencie their hartes to him wan.

<sup>3-3</sup> these 2 lines om. in *Ash*.

<sup>4-1</sup> for which they so did blase his high desert,  
as evn the state it selfe did theareat start.  
which so perplexd Algars (their general),  
as seeinge now his walles and mountes down fall,  
tangled the breach with froes, church dores, stones, timber,  
thassailantes entrie everie wheare to hinder ;  
in castinge ropes, chaires, stalles, furmes, grates, & beddes,  
landes, fees, bribes, and all trash that fewe ore treddes ;  
and fortified with thease the market place,  
for safe retrait vpon repulse or chace.

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in *Ash*.

- <sup>1</sup> Well plantes the gapps with chambred-iron slinges,  
 that the first entrens mote breake shinns and limbes.<sup>1</sup>  
 Algarsife is at every point of danger,  
<sup>2</sup> so theare was no place which did reskewe neede, 69  
 but heere and theare Algarsif rann with speede,<sup>2</sup>  
 proposinge danger for his meede of glorie,  
<sup>3</sup> that no base cowardise ecclips his storie<sup>3</sup>: 72  
<sup>4</sup> ne bee out reachd at versute pollecie,  
 or once out runn at hardie chivalrie;<sup>4</sup>  
 upholding his cause,  
<sup>5</sup> soothinge his cause, that brave thinges ill begunn  
 standes recompensd, if held out till rewonn. 76  
 and holdinge obstinacie by dispute,  
 to bee trewe virtue if once resolute.<sup>5</sup>  
 and resolved to fight.  
<sup>6</sup> Wheareto, his soundest reason was his swoorde,  
 maintaind by greatnes (gracinge well th' absurd); 80  
 for faction, properlie, holdes her intent,  
 wheather it bee by swoord or argument.<sup>6</sup>  
 so that a man mote of Algarsife saye,  
<sup>7</sup> and of his stowt defense of Fregiley, 84  
 a worser cause near better was defended,  
 save that of Troy, by Hector, till hee ended.  
<sup>8</sup> *assault to y<sup>e</sup> towne.*<sup>8</sup> Midd noone drawes neere; the canons Yet ne  
 rest,  
 Cambuscan addresses his men. but now Cambuscan all those troopes adrest, 88  
 which firste should force the breach att everie quarter,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

- <sup>2-2</sup> Nor was theare place wheare benefite mote dwell,  
 but that Algarsife rann to gard that well,

<sup>3-3</sup> so as no cowardice eclips his storie :

<sup>4-4</sup> *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

- <sup>5-5</sup> selfe soothinge thus, that brave warres ill begun  
 stand recompenced, yf held from never wun:  
 and deemd such stowbornes by this dispute,  
 to bee trewe, virtuous, yf once resolute :

<sup>6-6</sup> *these 4 lines om. in Ash.*

- <sup>7-7</sup> and of his disobedient Fregiley,  
 that a wurse cause was better neare defended,  
 save that of Troy, wheare manie gallantes ended.

But noone is comd, yet did no canon rest,  
 what time Cambuscan such elect adrest,  
 as first should force the breach att everie quarter,

<sup>8-8</sup> *om. in Ash.*



Pt. IX.] *Cambuscan cheers his men to assault Fregiley.* 143

<sup>1</sup> With valient secondes, placd to recharge after.

Captaines, Liuetenentes, Ensignes, officers,  
all soldiers fullie armd, them selves besterrs, 92  
t' expect the march to charge, when please y<sup>e</sup> drums,  
so soone as from the kinge direction coms.

All men have praid, and them to god commended,  
private debates amongst them frendlie ended ; 96  
theire mistresse colors worne neere topp of pikes,  
to prove that wronge, *which* theare, to right, they strikes.

Quicklie the kinge from all th' camps quarters came,  
and cheerlie now biddes all men write theire name, 100

With resolute, owne handes, in that highe rowl  
of famous deedes, eternizinge the soule : <sup>1</sup>

and vowd reward, accordinge as theire actes  
<sup>2</sup>his deere lovd Ethel and Canac respectes. 104  
onlie biddes meete him, midle of the towne,  
so theare shall winn of cittisens th' renowne.

They vowd all faithfullie they woold saunce faile,  
and so expectes the signale of battaile. 108

Now, false Videria, wishd att anie hand,  
they shoold the kinges owne person first withstand, <sup>2</sup>

Cambuscan's  
army gets ready  
for the assault on  
Fregiley.

Cambuscan ex-  
horts his men to  
do valiantly.

<sup>3</sup>y<sup>e</sup> witches trea-  
sonable plott.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> and valient secondes placd to charge in after :  
tho Captaines, Ensignes, and all Officers,  
Liuetenentes, Soldiers, them (full armd) beesterrs,  
as soone to march and charge as bidd the drumes,  
when sodainelie fro th' kinge direction comes :  
all havinge praid, and them to god commended,  
all private bates forgivn, and frendlie ended,  
theire mistresse colors dond on the pointes of pikes,  
to prove each for theire sakes the harder strikes.

thus readie Cambuscan to all quarters came,  
and cheerlie bid each one to write his name,  
with his own resolute hand in that rowl,  
that hath t' eternize the trivmphant sowl ;

<sup>2-2</sup> his queene Etheelta and Canace respectes :  
but biddes them all meete him midd the town,  
where hee will make them free men with renown.

*which* faithfullie they vowd, and to assaile,  
they stand expectinge th' signal of battaile.

While false Videria wishd (at anie hand)  
bove all thinges, the kinges person to withstand ;

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash*.

Algarsife sets  
Horbello to head  
the defence.

<sup>1</sup>and taught that in his brave repulse did lie  
the maine staie, point, scope of the victorie. 112

Whearefore Algarsife placd Horbell afore,  
With all suche gallantes as pressd for honore,  
saience him selfe, woold second on occasion,  
yet so, as no wheare hee neglect th' invasion. 116

Howbeet, the soldiers lookd all sadlie out,  
for gainste theire kinge to deale, breed manie a doubt,  
sith a kinges praesence inscribes in the name  
a secret awe, which guilt dothe feare, and shame. 120

He cheers up his  
soldiers.

Algarsife yet them cheerd vp, howsoever,  
and wisshd them now to fight for life or never :  
addinge, hee lovd his fathers dignitie,  
yet now must stand for common libertie : 124  
ann instance denotinge in all that faint thus,  
that hee that is not with vs is against vs.

<sup>2</sup>*ye breach bravly  
defended.*<sup>2</sup>

But lô, all Canons bowned at once for signe  
of bataille, which mote trie it thine or mine. 128

Horbello is first  
at it.

Mightie Horbello first came to the breach,  
Whose plumes seemd bove his crest the spears to reache ;  
most nimblie bore him, hither, foorth, and thither,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> and to them provd in his repulse doth lie  
the maine scope, staie, point of theire victorie :  
yet still, when him her snares or traine attemptes  
his noble horse from all distresse diremptes,  
gainst whome Algarsif placd Orbell abrest,  
with all those gallantes that vaine honor presst,  
him selfe resolvinge t' second on occasion,  
and no wheare to neglect the common invasion.  
howbeet, his soldiers lookd but sadlie out,  
for gainst truith and their kinge to fight, breeder doubt ;  
sith kinges maiesticke presence, in the name,  
a secret awe writes to theire guilt and shame.

Yet them Algarsif cheerd vp, howsoever,  
and bid them now to fight for life or never.  
and though hee graunte his ffathers dignitie,  
Yet now must and will stand for libertie :  
ann instance evident doth all attaint,  
that they that are not with are sure against.

Now Orbell runninge to defend the breach  
(armd with those glories whereat all men reach),  
him bore with such substanciall comportance,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>to and againe, as if all weare one feather : 132  
 that manie wondred at his countenance,  
 others admird his glorious comportance ;  
 for whie? his pike bore manie a tale man downe,  
 and downe once, others kepte them lowe a grown. 136 Horbello casts  
men down with  
his pike,  
(f. 23 b)  
 nor wantes hee of that kind of ostentation  
 which vaine conceipt refers to acclamation :  
 fallinge, most commonlie, in martial fraies  
 the youngest from the gravest beares the praise. 140  
 nathlesse, as manie carelesse as hee raught  
 hee either mowldred, or them prisoners caught,  
 insomuch that the vulgar admiration and takes others  
prisoners.  
 stoode stupified att Horbills deportation, 144  
 seeminge to surphet of owne glorious geste,  
 him cleaps of all the worldes brave knightes the best.  
 Vntill Cambuscan, iust at th' point of noone,  
 came in bright steele as the sonn hottlie shoone, 148 <sup>2</sup>Horbillo foiled  
by y<sup>e</sup> kinge.<sup>2</sup>  
 sharpe sett throughe hunger, at this dinner time,  
 which noblist services hath to define :  
 soone eyenge Giant Horbills iollitie,  
 rann at his tassant plumes vrbantie. 152 Cambuscan  
charges Horbello.  
 the pushe, thoughe downe hee putt, yet gann it rest  
 on Horbills curate, iust amidd his breste,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> as all admird his dredfull countenance,  
 sith with his pike bore manie a tall man down,  
 whome down, the rest ore trampled to the grown,  
 selfe raisinge in their place with ostentation,  
 which vaine conceipt (referred to acclamation)  
 of custom chauncinge in mavortial fraies,  
 yonge vpstartes from the graver beare the praise :  
 but looke how manie frowninge Orbell raught,  
 hee either mowldred, Or them prisoners caught ;  
 and, in the surfettes of his glorious guest,  
 expectes no lesse then of fames knightes the best ;  
 till kinge Cambuscan, iust at point at noone,  
 came in to read Orbelloes statelie doome,  
 wheare hee (sharpe sett of hungre at dinner time)  
 (which mental services doth best define)  
 ran mainelie in, and, with his lance in rest,  
 strake Orbelles curate iust amid the brest,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.



- with such a sadd demurr, as theare hee stode  
<sup>1</sup>like one that chawes digestion of the cudd. 156
- Cambuscan  
 throws Horbello  
 down.  
 He is  
<sup>2</sup>rescued by  
 Algarsif.<sup>2</sup>  
 But the next pusshe bore Horbell off the grown,  
 and his third thruste laid his brave vpside downe.  
 Wheare [h'] had binn slaine, had not prince Algarsife,  
 o'restridd him, till hee gatt from that misschiffe. 160
- who retires before  
 Cambuscan.  
 Cambuscan, it perceavinge, rann at him,  
 But Algarsife retierd like bird from gynn,  
 first savinge Horbells life. Tho Gnartolite  
 came to the reskewe, pusshinge pikes endight : 164  
 so theare Cambuscans selfe ev'n hand to hande,  
 refusinge succors, did gainst bothe those stande,  
 with chaunge of passages and thrustes so faste,  
 as looke what fell short was made home in hast, 168  
 and multiplied foorth, backe, too and agen,  
 that near one stode gainst twoe more doughtie men,  
 till one trewe thruste smote Gnartolites right eie,  
 so as his left mote rightlie see to lie. 172
- <sup>3</sup>Algars. fights  
 with twoe at  
 once.<sup>3</sup>  
 This while Algarsife with Camballo fought,  
 and gainst Binato, whome hee feircelie sought :  
 he fightinge to maintaine Fregilia towne,  
 they bearinge in to make his grown their grown.<sup>1</sup> 176

<sup>1-1</sup> scarce chawinge the digestion of the cudd :  
 but with the counterbuff (turnd round) neere down,  
 had at annother stroke him laid agrown,  
 and theare had slaine him, had not Algarsif  
 or'e strid him, and relivd from deathes reprice.  
 which Cambuscan disdayninge rann at him,  
 whoe thence recoild as fast as bird from Jyn.  
 With like malitious courage, Gnartolite  
 (which ever laie at watch, with force and spite)  
 rann in ; Wheare Cambuscan with knightly hand,  
 against all three did resolutelie band,  
 with strokes, exchaungd for thrustes : which fell so fast,  
 as look what missd, or fell short, made more hast  
 to singl out Gnartolite, whoe low did lye,  
 yet theare the point him thrust into the eye.

This while Algarsife gainst Camballo fought,  
 and yonge Binate ; which knightlie paire still sought  
 to drive him from maintayninge Fregil town ;  
 hee them to force to his, they to their grown ;

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>pusshinge, repusshinge, vibratinge agen,  
as valient mortal and immortal men,  
he gallantlie receavinge bothe theire sourse,  
and theie as resolutelie quittinge force. 180

Now as warrs chaunce beat Algarsife abacke,  
Gnartolites aide came in, with thwacke on thwacke, Gnartolite helps  
Algarsife.  
in trothe, so close they shockt, and fought so stronge,  
as never weaker battaile stood so long. 184

Akafir, this while, on Leifurco ventred, <sup>2</sup>landinge runn by  
ye admiral.<sup>2</sup>  
and, mawlg'r his hott designes, gott ground, & entred :  
whome on the point encountringe, face to face,  
rejoied to trie on equal termes the case,<sup>1</sup> 188

<sup>3</sup>bothes fatale vibrant pikes, pusshinge repusht,  
and soone requitted home-thrustes as home thruste,  
bothes greedie pointes oft lightinge on theire crestes,  
and ofte vppon theire bodies armed brestes. 192

thrice Akafir o'rethrew him in short space,<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup>Yet prowde Leifurco vsd no lesse menace,  
albee't was beaten backe, and neere dismaid, Akafir (Cambus-  
can's Admiral)  
overthrows Lei-  
furco.

if Gnartolite (full soone) had not brought aid, 196 <sup>5</sup> Gnartoly res-  
keweth Leyfurco.<sup>5</sup>  
whome Akafir, well eieinge, point wise smote,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> all strikinge, thrustinge, vibratinge agen,  
as mortal valient, and immortal men :  
hee beardinge and opposinge all theire sowrce,  
they powrfullie enforcinge force with force,  
vntill warrs force beate Algarsife abacke ;  
but then came Gnartolite with thwacke on thwacke,  
close shockinge fought it in and home so stronge,  
as never weake frontes yet did band so long.

Wheare Aquaphir vppon Leifurco ventred,  
and like swift lightninge gott ground & yt entred ;  
not stayinge vntill comd vp face to face  
reioied on equal termes to try the case :

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> these 5 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—  
    wheare quicklie made y<sup>e</sup> question evident,  
    that ann oth fortifies no argument.

<sup>4-4</sup> for drivinge Leyfureke from his violence,  
theare made yt known subsisted his essence ;  
dispite of which, soone had him quite dismaid,  
    had not false Gnartolite brought in his ayd,  
which Aquaphir perceavinge aynd his throte

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>and gave him home the lie, adowne his throte :  
full longe they fought, all parties valientlie,  
Yet neither side once seene to faint or flie. 200

<sup>2</sup> *Horbell beaten  
back, & y<sup>e</sup> hart of  
y<sup>e</sup> town wunn.<sup>2</sup>*

Onlie Cambuscan gave Horbell the chace,  
and mawlger reskewes wann the midle place :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>3</sup>for trilling th' pinn in's brazen horse's eare,  
he raignd, spurrd, fought, & iust by noone it beare,<sup>3</sup> 204  
Which, as hee wann, maintaind<sup>4</sup> by knightlie fight,  
his foes not daringe theare <sup>5</sup>t'endure his might.<sup>5</sup>

Cambuscan's men  
do not fight up to  
him.

Wheare longe hee lookd, when his whole camp wold  
comm,

<sup>6</sup>to that same center, *which* for them hee wonn. 208  
howbeet they came not vp, yet fought so well,  
as heraultes bookes mote boldlie cronikell.

So he makes an  
<sup>7</sup> honorable re-  
traite.<sup>7</sup>

Whearfore Cambuscan thence retraite gann make,  
Havinge longe lookd, for the poore soldiers sake. 212

Yet he has won  
the walls and  
much ground,

Thus, havinge wonn the walles and much good  
land,

which he fortifies.

the drums told all men theare hee made his stand ;

and stronglie fortified what so hee gatt,  
vntill att next assault he beare the statt. 216  
And surelie this retraite much love him wann<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> to give the lie for manie vnknightlie quote,  
*which* to maintaine, yt vouchd inherentlie,  
to cheere his mates, thence not to faint ne flie.

Nathles, through all Cambuscan clombe theire statt,  
and mawger reskewes the townes midle gatt,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

<sup>4</sup> hee kept

<sup>5-5</sup> to endwre his right ;

<sup>6-6</sup> to that brave center his example wun :  
his ensign stickinge theare, t'induce each eie  
to see that in that sign is Victorie.

Yet came they not all vp, though fought so well,  
as well gann herauldes recordes cronikell,  
how hee from thence, not once retrait wold make,  
but kept the townes hart for his soldiers sake ;  
wheare havinge wunn the walles, & much more land,  
the drums told all men, theare hee makes a stand :  
reinforcinge whatsoever theare hee gate,  
at next assault to beare Fregiliaes state.

mean time this brave essay much love him wan,

<sup>7-7</sup> *om. in Ash.*



<sup>1</sup>mongst the Fregiliens all, *which* gainst him cam :      The Fregilians  
for vp they held theire handes, in signe of love,      hail Cambuscan.

evn a farr off,<sup>1</sup> *which* did Cambuscan move      220  
rather to spare, then b' exequution kill,

<sup>2</sup>knowinge bothe woold, ear longe, stand at his will.

Algarsif, Horbell, Leifurcke, Gnartolite,      <sup>3</sup>*Fregiliens retire*  
retierd eake to theire lopeholt, fortifite.      224 *to another holt.*<sup>3</sup>

While Phebus homewardes welked fast to weste,      (f. 24)  
all sides repairinge them with needfull rest,

stood cautelouslie yet vppon theire gardes,  
by bothe sides watchd, what either partie wardes.      228

Lô, heere the witch Videriaes practises,      <sup>4</sup>*conspiracie*  
whoe marckd Algarsif how at last impresse,      *against Algar-*  
refusd once gainst his fathr to do meane,      *sife.*<sup>4</sup>

as contrarie to nature and extreame ;      232

Shee thearefore now did plott gainst Algarsife,  
to bringe his lief, state, honor, in mischife.

Wheareto shee, callinge Horbell, Gnartolite,      Viderea sets Al-  
Leyfurco too, thus halcioneth her spite :      236 *garsife's Generals*  
against him.

"Sirrs," quoth shee, "heers a daie shamefullie loste,  
*which* mote binn wonn with a litle more coste ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> mongst the Fregiliens all, though gainst him cam,  
who thearefore held vp handes in sign of love,  
far off to him ;

<sup>2-2</sup> both *which* hee knewe woold bee at his own Will.

On this, Algars, Orbell, Leyfurcke, Gnartolite,  
retierd to their lopeskonces fortifyte ;  
while welkinge Phoebus went down to the west,  
to warn all sydes to drawe to needful rest ;  
both parties keepinge verie iealous gardes,  
wheare as one squadron watcheth thother wardes.

Which darcknes fittinge best Videreaes driftes,  
repeates how oft Algarsife fell to shiftes,  
in balkinge gainst his ffather to demean,  
of nature, lothinge to bee too extreame ;  
shee, thearefore, thencefoorth plottes against his lief,  
to plunge his state and honor in misschiff :  
to *which* end, callinge Orbell, Gnartolite,  
and Leyfurcke, shee thus vttereth her dispite :

"Sirrs" (quoth shee), "this daie shamefullie is lost,  
*which* mote binn wonn to vs with litle cost ;

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in *Ash.*

but beinge loste, cannott bee wonn againe,  
 with tenn times the same charge, and as much paine.  
 Viderea declares  
 that Algarsife's  
 treason has lost  
 them the battle.  
<sup>1</sup>Yee knowe I bidd yee marcke and eye it well, 241  
 how Algarsife nill gainst his ffather dell,<sup>1</sup>  
 but startes aside, recoiles, or turnes awaie,  
 Which proves hee correspondes with him, or maie. 244  
 for had hee seconded Horbello well,  
 Wee, not Cambuscan, had wunn the battell.  
 whearfore, vulesse yee meane to leese y<sup>e</sup>2 town,  
 He should be im-  
 prisond, and his  
 Generals com-  
 mand.  
<sup>3</sup>putt Algarsife, th'inconstant, hence or downe: 248  
 charge him with treason, and imprison him,  
 that yee three maie commaund, if yee will winn."  
 Th'aplaude the motion, and imbibe th'ambition,  
 With purpose him t'attach with expedition. 252  
 So, in the night theie three, with a stronge gard,  
 saluten Algarsife, who with them faerd,  
 The Generals  
 entice him to a fit  
 place.  
 nothinge suspectinge what the matter was ;  
 and havinge trained him thence to fitter place, 256  
 Horbello charges  
 him with treason.  
 Horbell him chargd with treas'n, and soone arrestes  
 him.

But that word (treas'n) a litle not infestes him ;  
 Whearfore his fiste gave Horbell suche a knocke,  
 as waivd him round as turnes the weathercock : 260  
 callinge him turnecote with the tide and time,<sup>3</sup>

1-1 Yee knowe I bid yee marcke, naie marcke yt well,  
 how, face to face, n'oold gainst his ffather dell,  
<sup>2</sup> the

3-3 thrust Algarsife (the waveringe) hence or down,  
 whome charge with treasn and then imprison him,  
 that yee three maie commaund all, and all win."  
 th'imbibe the motive, and applaud th'ambition,  
 in him attachinge with all expedition.  
 tho in the night they three, with stronger gard,  
 salute Dan Algarsife, as with him faerd ;  
 Whoe nought suspectinge what the matter was,  
 they trained him thence into a fitter place,  
 and chardgd with treas'n, and thearewithall arrestes him.  
 but that word (full of art), once heard, infestes him,  
 for which hee gave Orbello such a knocke,  
 as turnd him rownd, as waives the weathercocke ;  
 and calld him turn cote, with the tide and time,

<sup>1</sup>braidinge "thou breath'ste but by this arme of mine,  
which whilome savd thie lief, When as the kinge  
had smote thee downe, thow wantinge but killinge. 264  
ah, heer's the world, Wheare, save a cowardes lief,  
and hee'l bee sure t' requitt it with mischiffe."

Algarsife  
reproaches  
Horbello.

So theare they tooke and bound him fast in chaines,  
and cast in dungeon deepe, wheare he remaines 268  
att the discretion of his enimies,  
for whose sweete sakes did gainste his father rise.  
theare now hathe leasure bothe to feele and pawse,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Algarsif im-  
prisoned<sup>2</sup>  
by his Generals,

What wicked companie dothe ever cause, 272

<sup>3</sup>Which, to serve turnes, bothe sokes and bringes men in,  
Wheare none, at last, shall either save or winn.<sup>3</sup>

Algarsifes soldiers, heeringe this ear morne,  
rann all to armes, and in a furious storme 276

<sup>4</sup>mutiny in ye  
town.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>demaundes theire General enlardgd, and swore<sup>5</sup>  
that, till they have him out, they'l fight no more,

The Fregilians  
demand Algar-  
sife's release.

<sup>6</sup>or elles will yeeld the towne and everie man  
to the knowne virtue of kinge Cambuscan. 280

Leifurco with his mates, over the gate,  
twixt iest and earnest thus to th' soldiers prate,  
but first woold by what boldnes knowe, and whie<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup>usurpation qua-  
lified by sugges-  
tion.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> thus braidinge: "Livst but by this arme of mine,  
which latelie savd thie lief, when as the kinge  
had smote thee down, nought lackinge but killinge:  
but ô this world! wheare, save a cowardes lief,  
and hee will suer requitt thee with misschiffe!"

Whome takinge, theare they bound fast in their chaines,  
and laid in prison stronge, wheare hee remaines,  
at the discretion of those enimies,  
for whose sakes hee did gainst his ffather rise;  
wheare now hath leasure, by good proof, to pawse.

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> to serve theire turnes: and theare too bringes vs in,  
wheare, on the reckoninge, what wee gaine they win.

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>5-5</sup> demaund their General, elles rudelie swore,

<sup>6-6</sup> but they will yeild the town vp, and each man,  
to the known Virtuouse right of Cambuscan.

This heard, Leyfurco with his mates thus prate,  
theare wheare weare safe enuff topp of the gate,  
"Sirrs! whence comes this audaciousnes, and whie

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.



<sup>1</sup>theie dare breede daungers more by mutinie? 284  
besides, assures them they shall aunswer that,  
if common soldiers have t'orerule the statt;  
eake vowinge that each mutinous in chiefe 287  
should feelinglie know th' prize of state-causd strife.  
nathles all th'<sup>1</sup> soldiers cried "comm bringe him out"  
<sup>2</sup>for, beinge in armes, they feard no bugges ne rowt,  
nor would rest satisfyed till him they have,  
While some to breake the pris'n (yet could not) strave.  
<sup>3</sup>parley by drum.<sup>3</sup> Midd this hurraie<sup>2</sup> a drumm from Camball coms, 293  
Whoe (standinge at fitt distance) thrice he<sup>4</sup> droms,  
in signe of parley from the campe: Wheareat  
<sup>5</sup>silence was made to speake t' him from the gatte. 296  
<sup>6</sup>Cambals de-  
mand.<sup>6</sup> "Horbill, Leifurco, Gnartolite," quod the Drum,  
"Prince Camball dothe require yee three eft soon,  
praesume not to touche Algarsifes least heare,  
He claims Algar-  
sife as his  
prisoner. because hee's onlie Camballs prisonere. 300  
and that Camball envies all men alive,  
save him that shall take prisoner Algarsiuie.  
again hee vowes, if mongst yee hee miscarrie,  
Your lives for him shall goe to Carons ferrie;<sup>5</sup> 304

<sup>1-1</sup> dare yee breed Dangers by *your* mutinie?  
inspection havinge none to vendicate  
into our misterie, and tax the state;  
but wee protest each mutinous in chiefe,  
shall knowe the prize of stirringe statish strife."  
Nathlesse, the  
<sup>2-2</sup> for, vp in armes, they feare nor threttes ne rowt,  
nor would bee satisfied till him they have,  
and swore would breake the pris'n: yet booteles strave.  
Amidd which coile

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>4</sup> thus  
<sup>5-5</sup> was silence made to speake to him off the gate:  
"Orbell, Gnartolite, Leyfureke," sayd the Drum,  
"the prince Camball requires yee three, eftsoon,  
not once to dare touch Algarsifes least haierie,  
hee beinge onlie Camballs prisonere;  
whoe now doth envie anie man alive,  
(him selfe except) that shall take Algarsive:  
hee thearefore vowes, yf mongst yee hee misscarrie,  
all your own lives shall goe to Carons ferrie:

<sup>6-6</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>naie, biddes yee sett his brother free with speede,  
elles at three daies all your hart bloodes shall bleed."

The blindfold drumm was brought this aunswer t'  
heere,<sup>1</sup>

"Drum," quoth<sup>2</sup> these statlinges, "backe this message  
beare, 308

The Generals  
declare that

t'<sup>3</sup> Prince Camball, and tell him if hee comm,

(f. 24 b.)

<sup>5</sup>naie, if once<sup>5</sup> stirr with pike, swoord, canon, gunn,

<sup>4</sup>a coming shift of  
rebells.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>6</sup>within foure hundred foote of this oure gate,<sup>6</sup>

if any rescue of  
Algarsife is at-  
tempted, he shall  
be slain.

or if Cambuscans selfe ought attemptate, 312

<sup>7</sup>or these our owne mutinous soldiers,

be it well known that everie of vs sweares

his brother Algarsife shall then bee slaine,<sup>7</sup>

and this is all, as now, wee have to sayen." 316

<sup>8</sup>This aunswer, as it husht all vp for th' time,

so't taught Videria this new brond t' entine, vz.,\*

[\* videlicet]

"Sirrs," quoth shee, "time is now to strike at th' roote,

<sup>9</sup>ye witches trea-  
son against the  
kings person.<sup>9</sup>

I meane at Cambuscans owne lief; see toot! 320

Yee knowe that hee full ofte dothe goe the rowne

singlie and meanlie garded, bowt the town,<sup>8</sup>

Wheare to surprize him is not hard t'effect,<sup>10</sup>

Videra exhorts  
the Generals  
to capture  
Cambuscan by  
treachery.

if wee one of his owne campe shall select, 324

<sup>11</sup>t'observe and bringe vs notice wheare hee fares,

that our laid ambushe catch him in our snares.<sup>11</sup>

1-1 and biddes yee free his brother with all speed,  
elles, after three daies, your best bloodes shall bleed."

Which Drum (first blindfold) neeres this aunswer t' heere,

<sup>2</sup> said <sup>3</sup> to <sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5-5</sup> Or if hee

<sup>6-6</sup> within five hundred foote of our townes gate;

<sup>7-7</sup> Or thease, our mutinous town soldiers:

then bee yt known, and everie of us sweares,

Algarsife shall immediatelie bee slaine,

8-8 Which aunswer, as yt husht all for the time,  
so taught Videra this new brond to entine.

"Sirrs," quoth shee, "now time is to strike at th' root  
of kinge Cambuscans own lief; then see toot!

for well yee knowe hee often goes the rowne,  
full meane and singlie garded bowt the town;

<sup>9-9</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>10</sup> to effect

11-11 to bringe intelligence when, wheare, hee fares,  
that so our ambush maie him catch in snares:

- Quidavis can be  
bribed.      <sup>1</sup>His purvier Quidavis wilbee the man,  
which, for reward, will betraie Cambuscan.      328  
Elles, if wee suffer him to goe thus on  
in winninge all our peoples hartes vs from,  
hee'le surelie force the towne : sithe men for love  
doe followe him, and this is good to prove,      332  
the love of virtue drawes all more or lesse,  
and love tis dothe the greatest services.  
but wee must purchase otherwise (if wittie),  
and strive to thrive in envie, not in pittie.      336  
lett this bee quicklie practizd." Th'all agree,  
and false Quidavis takes his profered fee,  
With promise to direct them wheare hee is,  
so that to take him th'ambusshe shall not misse.      340
- Quidavis takes his  
traitor's fee.      In trothe, this false Videreaes cursed trickes  
the needles eie and nailes head rightlie strikes :  
for never did old Troies flames more incense  
her illions Captaines with concupiscence,      344  
then did Cambuscan by the contrarie  
of love, truithe, iustice, temperance, them frye<sup>1</sup>
- Viderea has hit  
the nail on the  
head.      <sup>1-1</sup> whose purvier Quidavis wilbee the man,  
will for reward betray Lord Cambuscan.  
Elles yf yee still thus suffer him on to goe,  
and win our peoples hartes to him, vs fro,  
hee will surprize the town ; sith men for love,  
him popularlie seeke : which thus I prove  
that love of virtewe drawes all more and lesse,  
and love it is doth greatest services.  
Let thearefore this bee practizd." they agree,  
and Quidavis acceptes his asked fee,  
them promisinge to bringe wheare now hee is,  
wheareas to take him th'ambush shall not misse.

Thus did Videreaes trickes flunge virsute witt,  
the needles eie and nailes head rightlie hitt,  
in theas for Troies flame near did more incense  
with illions flagrance of concupiscence,  
and turbulence combust of appetites,  
then thease t' vntruith, vniustice eake, sh' incites :  
that by intestine fumes mote quite consume  
own noblest actions, so to leese their town.

gainst which Cambuscans noblest contraries  
of temperance, love, truith, iustice, forward hies,



<sup>1</sup>to bringe all backe to such a virtuous luer  
as never was performd by imposture. 348

and thearfore it behovd this Witch and then,  
to quenche the lampe which lighted all his men.

It chauned this night, toward ye breake of daie,  
as Princ Camball after some labors laie 352

Camballo has  
<sup>2</sup>an ominous  
dream.<sup>2</sup>

in tranquill extacie, ann vncothe dreame  
praesentes within his spirites this dismal schene, vz.,

Of his and'es ffathers tumblinge on a greene  
of daintie flowres, as in Elisium seene. 356

Wheare they, vprisinge, found them in a porch,  
which lodd them till a bewteous neibringe church,<sup>1</sup>

at whose ope dore a Ghoste in white them mett,  
<sup>3</sup>offringe out bothe his armes, bothe to regret. 360

A Ghost is at a  
Church-door.

But Camball, leesinge twoe teethe, backe did raigne :<sup>3</sup>

Cambuscan entringe said woold comm againe.

Cambuscan goes  
in, and vanishes.

<sup>4</sup>at thinstant Algarsife came passinge bye,<sup>4</sup>  
but vanishd out of sight immediatelie. 364

<sup>5</sup>This gastfull dreame drew breath, & soone awooke him,  
to thincke it did frendes losse, or death betoken.

Camballo awakes  
frightend.

"for," quoth hee, "suche impressions near bin sent vs  
but to forewarne what's with vs, what's against vs."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> to beate all backe to such a virtuous lewre  
as neare was donn by state artes imposture :  
whearefore behovd this wicked witch and them,  
to quench that lampe inlighted all his men.

So now yt chauned neere dawninge of the daie,  
as Camball, afr his first sleepe quiet laie,  
in tranquil extacie, had this strange dreame,  
which in his spirites darraignd this dismal scene, vz.

that hee, his father eake, walkd on a greene,  
which all the flowres bore in Elisium beene,  
from whence arisinge fownd them in a porch,  
that opened to a bewteous-ioyninge church ;

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in *Ash*.

<sup>3-3</sup> in both armes Offringe both them theare to greet :  
Camballo, twoe teeth leesinge, backe did straine,

<sup>4-4</sup> at th' instant came Algarsife glidinge by,

<sup>5-5</sup> which gastfull dreame so troubled as awooke him,  
to iudge yf mote frendes losse or death betoken ;  
for visions in the temperate neare are sent vs,  
but to warne what is with vs, what against vs.

<sup>1</sup>Whence hee, of their three states, thought di-  
versitie, 369

To save Algarsife,  
Camballo makes a  
Signal of

Algarsifes case stood next vnder his eye,  
Whome to preserve and eake maintaine his drum,  
this signale did his three daies doome forerunn, 372  
to weete : All his pavilion the first daie  
should bee in gracious-mercies-white arae.

1. White,

2. Red,

The seconde daie in redd it should bee light,  
to threaten iustice blood demaundes of right. 376

3. Black.

The third daie all in blacke it should bee rayd,  
to sweare that all and some should bee distraid.  
Which embleams hee bid vaunce, for foes to reede  
of mercie, iustice, death, how hee decreed, 380  
accordinge as his foes should yeeld or not,  
their doomes weare written in this gordien knott.<sup>1</sup>

Canace, at home,  
has

<sup>2</sup>Now Canac, thoughte at home & farr from hence,  
so sleepe wox that shee note bannishe sense, 384  
but that of propertie it challengd sleepe  
to meete her spirites all in a dungeon deepe :

<sup>3</sup>a fearfull  
dreame.<sup>3</sup>

Where seemd a longe speckd snake, his postern drewe  
and wrigled, her to stinge with forker blewe ; 388  
for dread of whome shee calld Algarsifes aid,<sup>2</sup>

She sees Algarsife  
nearly kild by a  
snake.

on whome the snake leapt, and him round araid,  
<sup>4</sup>so that hee stirrd not : but (stunge) gann to swell,  
and dies.<sup>4</sup> sithe none wiste the right charminge spell,

Cambuscan  
rescues him.

<sup>5</sup>till happellie her ffather slewe the snake, 393  
and by his virtuous wordes did th' venom slake ;  
for ioie wheareof Canac gann laugh and singe,<sup>5</sup>

(f. 25)

<sup>1-1</sup> these 14 lines omitted in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> So Canace in like extacie asleepe,  
beheld her selfe in a drad dungeon diepe,  
where a longe speckled snake his postern drewe,  
and crawld vp her to stinge, with forker blewe ;  
for drad wheareof shee calld Algarsifs aid,

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> so as n'ote stirr, but stunge, did theareof swell to death ;

<sup>5-5</sup> till to her seemd her ffather slewe the snake,  
and by some Virtuous wordes the venom slake ;  
for ioie wheareof Canac did laugh and singe,

that all the chamber heard her carrolinge, 396

<sup>1</sup>till her owne voice her wooke : sighinge, quoth shee,  
 "Some dreames bin<sup>1</sup> trewe, though some but fancies  
 bee.

god sheild my ffather and my brothers twaine, Canace prays for  
 and sende good newes, *which* I woold heere full faine." her Father's and  
 Brothers' safety.

<sup>2</sup>Tho, tho<sup>2</sup> it fell (alas that so it fell !) 401

<sup>3</sup>as this good kinge tried if his gardes watchd well, As Cambuscan  
 Quidavis, with his ambushe in the night, visits his Guards,

findes tretcherouslie out this valient knight. 404 <sup>4</sup>*ye k. tretcher-*  
*ously surprised.*<sup>4</sup>

"Whoe goes theare?" quoth the kinge, "whome  
 seeke yee?" than

theie aunswerd, that they sought kinge Cambuscan.<sup>3</sup> he challenges  
 Quidavis and his  
 men.

"I am the man," quoth hee : At th' instant, lô,

<sup>5</sup>his kinglie presence awes them backe to goe. 408 At first they  
 shrink back,

for trewe kinges this inscribe of soveraigntie,

that vassalage backe startes at maiestie.

yea, roial virtue such a presence beares

as once ites verie eie strikes ffoes with feares. 412 for Kings strike  
 their foes with  
 fear.

so gann stowt Pirrus lookes agast his foes,

that none durst (thoughe death wounded) give him bloes.

so sparckled Marius eies in the darcke iaile,

as none his murdrers durst him once assaile. 416

But then Cambuscan, seeinge theie weare ffoes,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> her own noise her awakinge, then said shee,  
 "som dreames are

<sup>2-2</sup> what time

<sup>3-3</sup> as kinge Cambuscan tried yf gardes watchd well,  
 false Quidavis, with ambush in the night,  
 most tretcherously betrayed this faithfull knight ;

Whoe first said, " Qui vola ? whome seeke yee heere ? "  
 they said, " wee seeke Cambuscan everie wheare."

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in *Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> his roial presence awd them backe to goe,  
 for trewe kinges have inscribed of soveraigntie,  
 an awe that backe retortes all tretcherie :  
 so Pirrus lookes in Argos gastes his ffoes,  
 wheare, though death wounded, none durst give him bloes ;  
 so sparckled Marius eies in darkest Jaile,  
 as not his murdrers once durst him assaile,

Cambuscan weetinge well theas weare his ffoes,



<sup>1</sup>him in owne ensigne clothd and onward goes,  
 and with his flaggstaff, vsd instead of pike,  
 hee made it good that hee did rightlie strike. 420  
 and rightlie so bestirrd, till false they fell,  
 t' infect with traiterous shame theire cronikell.  
 Horbell hee beat, and Gnartolite hee spedd,  
 and baid the rest, who stood of him adredd ; 424  
 vntill Leyfurco caught him fast behinde,  
 While all the troope him stabbd and hard did bind.  
 One of his gard fought for him valientlie,  
 but all the rest gave waie to destanie. 428

Cambuscan  
 attacks the  
 Traitors,

but is attackt in  
 rear, stabd and  
 captured.

Amidis  
<sup>2</sup>his page pas-  
 sionate.<sup>2</sup>  
 goes with  
 Cambuscan.

Whence leadinge him, th'abusd with all the spight  
 of those vile epithites which states endight,  
 to iustifie owne wronges, and blase his slaunder,  
 Whose popular innocence was all their daunger. 432  
 naie, th' vulgar blind, whoe still their good missvse,  
 had rather then his liefe confusion chouse,  
 none goinge in with him but Amidis,  
 his gentile page, Whose drerie eies sawe this, 436  
 and how detested cowardes crueltie,  
 wheare it vsurpes, dares trample maiestie.<sup>1</sup>

1—1 him puttes amid his Ensign (worn for cloths),  
 and with his flaggstaff, for a pike in fight,  
 it made good gainst them all that hee is right ;  
 and so longe rightlie fought till false they fell,  
 to infect with shame theire traiterous cronikell :  
 Off beatinge Orbell, Gnartolite, hee sped,  
 and felld the rest so as of him weare dread,  
 till Leyfurcke, baser eake (that graceles groome),  
 him caught & muredred ; yet hee livd till noone.  
 though of his gward one fought right valientlie,  
 the rest gave waie to his hard destanie.

which donn, they raild him with that hate and spite,  
 that factious artes to peoples mowthes indite,  
 to iustifie theire wronges and blase his slaunder,  
 whose popularitie became theire danger.

none with him bidinge but page Amidis  
 (his lovelie boy), whose liddes did witnesse this,  
 that cowardice is of that crueltie,  
 as wheare prevailes, dares trample maiestie.  
 so falshode, wheare yt getteth soveraigntie,  
 doth never lesse then baffle Veretie,

2—2 om. in Ash.

so mightie Cesar in owne colors died,

<sup>1</sup>topp of owne glories, which his foes envied. 440

"Amidis," quoth Cambuscan, "goe, begonn,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> a dieng mes-  
sage.<sup>2</sup>

for heers no place for thee now I have donn;

and tell my Queene, that to take Algarsife,

Cambuscan says  
he loses his life  
for his Queen.

<sup>3</sup>I, for her love and honor leese my life,<sup>3</sup> 444

<sup>4</sup>and give to Canacie, my daughter deere,

He sends Canace  
his bleeding  
Colours,

these bleedinge colors, which are now my beere,<sup>4</sup>

my love and wronges to her to signifie

<sup>5</sup>then when her eie renewes my memorie." 448

more said hee not to wofull Amidis,<sup>5</sup>

but gave his hand: "Adiewe, boie, god thee blisse."

<sup>6</sup>tho fetchinge his last sighe, at noone hee dyed,

and then dies.

in th' midle of his flowringe age distried. 452

thus hee, a statish martir, caught the glorie

of mured wrongfullie, as saithe the storie.

Which when the wofull Amidis beheld,

hee sighd, and sobbd, and gladlie would binn killd,

His page Amidis  
sobs.

yet viewes his lord when he had no word lefte, 457

after his onlie comfort was bereft:

Looke howe ann ewe yeanes one poor weaklinge *simile*<sup>7</sup>

lamm

459

in winter guistes, when snowe on ground doth stann,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> topp of his glories, by his ffoes envied.

"Hence, Amidis!" Cambuscan said, "begon!

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> I to her iust ire sacrifice my liefc:

<sup>4-4</sup> and to Canace (mine onlie daughter deere),  
these bleedinge colors give; now made my beere,

<sup>5-5</sup> when her kind eie renewes my memorie."

more could not saie to dolefull Amidis,

<sup>6-6</sup> tho fetchinge a deepe sigh, sancke down and died,  
amid his flowringe age, by fraud distried.

where hee (a statizd martir) caught the glorie  
of mured wrongfullie, as sweares the storie.

all which when weepinge Amidis beheld,  
hee also gladlie lookd but to bee killd,  
beholdinge still his Lord, though liefc thence weft,  
as theare his staie and comfortes weare bereft;  
like as ann Eawe droopes, that a lambe doth yeane  
in winter gustes when snoes make flockes goe leane,

<sup>7</sup> *om. in Ash.*

As Cambuscan  
had cared for  
Amidis, so Amidis  
weeps for his  
dead benefactor.

<sup>1</sup>shuddreth for cold, Yea dies for lacke of meate,  
bleatinge owne lackes, but more for th' lambe dothe bleate,<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>of tender love borne to the younge her owne,  
then when owne liefe takes last leave to be gone.<sup>2</sup> 464  
<sup>3</sup>so, so Cambuscan caerd for Amidis,  
so Amidis wepte Cambuscan to misse.  
so poors on his thrice-thrice-deere Lord him fedd.  
but ah! how gettes hee meate, his master dead? 468  
cold snow, cold love, cold kindnes, all yce cold,  
yet faine his pensive liddes woold him behold,  
"hei me," quoth hee, "whie d' I survive him dead?  
or whoe iste speakes of love now truth is fledd? 472  
I will goe seeke my death, which flies from mee,  
and tell the world what iniuries theare bee."

The vile Fregiliens, pittiinge the sweete boy,  
wailinge most rufullie his frendes distroie, 476  
for shame lettes him alone to doe as woold.  
So after his dead lord was pale and cold,  
takes off his ensigne, which his emblem bore,  
and foldes it vp as relique of honore : 480  
then tooke in armes his allmost naked lord,  
and gave him the best grave hee could affoord.<sup>3</sup>

(f. 25 b)  
Amidis folds up  
Cambuscan's  
Ensign as a relic,  
and buries him.

1—1 when shuddringe coldes them sterve and lacke of meate,  
doth yet, ear Death, her orphan Lambes case bleate.

<sup>2—2</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

3—3 so did Cambuscan care for Amidis,  
so Amidis for Lord Cambuscan misse,  
so poerd on his deere master earst him fedd;  
but now, whoe gives him meat (his master dead)?  
cold sno, cold love, cold frindship, stiff with cold :  
Yet on him fixt his eies, still to behold,  
oft sayinge, "whie doe I survive thee dead?  
or whoe once speakes of love? truth, iustice, fledd.  
I thearefore Death will seeke, which flies from mee,  
and tell the world what hypocrites states bee."

The vile Fregiliens, pittiinge the poore boie,  
while rufullie murnd for his Lordes distroie,  
him lett alone, to doe all that hee woold ;

Wheare after his dead Lord was pale and cold,  
tooke off his Ensign, which his embleam bore,  
and yt vp foldes (truithes relique of honoure) :  
then tooke in armes his reverend naked Lord,  
to whome deignd the best grave hee could afoord,



<sup>1</sup> Wheare, with some fewe, performd the funeral  
 With simple solemne obsequies roial. 484 Amidis buries  
Cambuscan,  
 and this sadd epitaphe they saie hee wrote,  
 teeres weare his yncke, his brokenn voice the note,<sup>1</sup>  
 his soule the muse, his hart the table was,  
 his finger the dull<sup>2</sup> penn, his vowe the place : 488  
 "Heere lies the trewe and iuste in word and deede, *epitaphium.*<sup>3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup> Whose lief, love,<sup>4</sup> hart, for foes did live, die, bleede : and writes an  
Epitaph on him.  
 none was so valient. all hee left<sup>5</sup> behind  
<sup>6</sup> is counterfeate, and scarce the sume of kind." 492  
 "Adiewe, sweete Lord," him kissinge ofte and aye ;  
 thence to Queene Ethel and Canac gan strae,<sup>6</sup>  
<sup>7</sup> but all the waie weepes, meltes, and wastes to mone,  
 suppinge owne sorrowes, comforted of none ; 496  
 and this repeates : "If none this wronge will wreake,  
 the dead will rise, and stones them selves will speake."<sup>7</sup>

*Canto Decimo.*

*Part X.*

Great murninge for Cambuscans losse of lief : Fregiley is taken,  
and kept by  
Akafir.  
 kinge Thotobun him wondrouslye dissleepes ;  
<sup>8</sup> winns th' town with's horse ; frees yet woundes  
 Algarsife ;  
 gives Discipline : the towne<sup>8</sup> Akafir keepes.  
<sup>9</sup> Phœbus, neere six howres with his brodest eye,  
 sawe, full of grieve, this lovelesse tragedie,<sup>9</sup>  
 stuffd with vntrewe and vniuste homicide ;

<sup>1-1</sup> and with a fewe performd the funeral  
 of simple-solemne-exequies roial.  
 then this sad epitaph with greefe hee wrote,  
 teares was his yncke, his broken voice the note,  
<sup>2</sup> trewe <sup>3</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>4-4</sup> whose love, lief, <sup>5</sup> leaves  
<sup>6-6</sup> are counterfeate, though vauntinge it in kind."  
 "sweet Lord, adiewe!" him kissinge oft and aye,  
 thence to Queene Ethel and Canace to straye.  
<sup>7-7</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash.  
<sup>8-8</sup> the town hee winnes, frees, yet woundes Algarsife,  
 gives discipline : &c, the town  
<sup>9-9</sup> Neere six howres Phœbus, with wide open eie,  
 beheld with grieve this bloodie tragedie,

<sup>1</sup>but to make shewe<sup>1</sup> how hee abhorrd the deede, 4  
<sup>2</sup>and that th' whole world mote knowe this tyrannie,  
 The Sun mourns  
 for Cambuscan's  
 death.  
 he himselfe murner turnd for companie,  
 Doinge as near before hee did, ne since  
 (the rather all folkes malice to convince) 8  
 done, for three howres a moste darke sable hoode,  
 When Cinthiaes fullest visage furthest stode :  
 t' astrologize, then truithe, love, iustice died,  
 nature ne supranature ever lyed. 12

Twice now had Titan wasshd his blubbed eye<sup>2</sup>  
 in Thetis bason, farr from companie,  
<sup>4</sup> *Camballoes*  
*agonie*<sup>4</sup>  
 at hearing of his  
 Father's death,  
<sup>3</sup>when these newes came to prince Camballoes eare,  
 hee start vp, rent his clothes and tore his heaire, 16  
 and surelie tho had falln with fittes extreame,<sup>3</sup>  
 had not his ffather taught him to demeane ;  
<sup>5</sup>but gatheringe him into ann agonie,  
 movd, as immovd, thus tempred his outerie : 20  
 " What, is Algarsife mine, a prisoner taen ?  
 Cambuscan eake, my roial father, slane ?<sup>5</sup>  
 th' one by his frendes, and thother by his people,  
 and bothe in theire owne campes, <sup>6</sup>oh, ist possible ? 24  
 unknown to him. and all so closelie donn, and I so neere !<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> to make it seene  
<sup>2-2</sup> and that the world mote reade this tyrannie,  
 hee his own selfe did murne for companie,  
 yea did, as never did before ne since,  
 (apparantlie theire malice to convince)  
 three howres putt on his most darcke sable hood,  
 when Cynthiaes fullest face disveiled stood ;  
 t' astrologize that then truith, iustice, dyed :  
 for nature, supranature, never lyed.

<sup>3-3</sup> ear when thease newes (hard pluckinge Camballes eare)  
 made start vp, rend his clothes, and teare his haiera :  
 whoe, surelie, in had falln to fittes extreame,

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> but vp him gatheringe from his agonie,  
 movd, as vnmovd, bespake thus temperatellie :  
 " What ! is my brother Algars prisoner taen ?  
 and kinge Cambuscan, my deere ffather, slaen ?

<sup>6-6</sup> is this possible ? and all donn closely, and my selfe so neere ?

ô Camball ! ô Binate ! ô Akafire !

and ô dull soldiers (heires of endles shame !)

Wheare, wheare weare yee, when Cambuscan<sup>1</sup> was  
slane ? 28

Camballo re-  
proaches himself,  
his Generals and  
Soldiers, with not  
being present to  
stop Cambuscan's  
death.

how shall wee looke men, naie boies, in the face ?

<sup>2</sup>wheare such a fact infectes all with disgrace,  
as no excuse, ne dispute cann bee heard,<sup>2</sup>  
for some faultes qualities bin<sup>3</sup> audience barrd." 32

<sup>4</sup>and tho repeates,<sup>4</sup> that his late vncothe dreame  
was th' oracle of this tragedious schene.

<sup>5</sup>"What shall I saie,<sup>5</sup> wheare doinge nought avails ?  
what shall I<sup>6</sup> doe, wheare speakinge also failes ? 36

<sup>7</sup>Yet hathe it<sup>7</sup> oft binn seene, the valiantst kinges,  
knightes, barons, dukes, have <sup>8</sup>trapd bin in such stringes.  
treason<sup>8</sup> hathe brought th' invincible to ende.

He was slain by  
treason.

ô<sup>9</sup> yet, mee seemes, Cambuscan shoold not wend ; 40

no, no, mee seemes<sup>10</sup> Cambuscan shoold not passe,  
thoughe all the world durst practise his disgrace ;  
sithe wheare vntruith dares truith discountenance,  
it gaines but<sup>11</sup> by vsurpinge truithes semblaunce. 44

<sup>12</sup>nor was it ever so extinguishd yet,  
but that ites least left spareke new liefie could gett ;  
ne shall his blood goe vnrevenged thus,  
but I will them distroie, who annoyd vs." <sup>12</sup> 48

He shall be re-  
venged.

When Camballs soldiers heard Cambuscans death,

<sup>14</sup>passion rann them and theires quite out of breath,

<sup>13</sup>ye soldiers  
passion.<sup>13</sup>

Whoe weepinge, flockd and swarmd to Camballs tent,<sup>14</sup>

1-1 kinge Cambuske

2-2 whear such a fact infectes with such disgrace,  
as no excuse cann ne dispute bee heard ;

<sup>3</sup> are <sup>4-4</sup> tho calld to mind <sup>5-5</sup> "ah ! what shall saie <sup>6</sup> wee

<sup>7-7</sup> yt havinge <sup>8-8</sup> binn caught in such gyns ; for treasn  
<sup>9</sup> hâ <sup>10</sup> thinckes <sup>11</sup> not but

<sup>12-12</sup> which truith was never so extinguishd yett,  
but that her leastleft spareke new liefie woold gett,  
his blood thearefore shall not vnrevenged goe,  
but I will them distroie, distroied him so."

13-13 om. in Ash.

<sup>14-14</sup> Dismayd, rann passionatelie out of breath,  
with moanes and teeres, vp to Camballoes tent,



- <sup>1</sup>swiftlie to tell all theire impatient bent : 52
- Camballo's soldiers reproach themselves "ô prince Camball" (quoth they), "what have wee donn ?
- W' are all vndon, evn evrie mothers sonn !
- (f. 26) What ! have wee savd our selves, and lost our kinge ?  
ah, heer's a feild soone loste without fightinge ! 56  
out on vs ! out ! sithe wee have broke our word !  
Wear't not as good to have betraid oure lord,  
as to vnsecond him, as twice wee did,<sup>1</sup>
- for not meeting him in Fregiley, when wee shoold him have mett the towne amidd ? 60
- <sup>2</sup>Which had wee donn, the towne and daie weare oures,<sup>2</sup>  
and this dissaster near have staine our powres.
- and not following him, so as to have saved his life. <sup>3</sup>Againe, wee promisid wheare hee went before<sup>3</sup> 64
- wee would him followe : could a kinge say<sup>4</sup> more 64
- <sup>5</sup>Then hee his promise kepte ? so did not wee,  
sithe gonn is hee before, yet heere wee bee.  
Wee, who shoold fought to death for him, Yet live,  
while hee his life loste for false Algarsive ; 68  
whearefore of vs, ô what cann worse bee sedd,  
then that hee's dead, and none of vs made dead ?
- They cry Shame on themselves. fye on vs ! fye ! whoe are suche promise breakers,  
as all the world maie brand meere deedlesse speakers !  
ah, who noold love him whose life aimed this end,<sup>5</sup> 73
- <sup>1-1</sup> as multitudes distract, impatient :  
thus blunderinge, "Prince Camball, what have wee donn ?  
wee have vndon vs everie mothers sonn,  
sith savinge of ourselves, hath lost our kinge,  
and masterie of the feild, without fightinge :  
Out on vs all ! that brake our plighted word,  
which brokn, is't not as good to tray our Lord ?  
sith not him secondinge, as twice hee did,
- <sup>2-2</sup> which had wee donn, what lost is had binn oures,
- <sup>3-3</sup> of promisinge, that Wheare hee went before <sup>4</sup> doe
- <sup>6-5</sup> then keepe his knightlie word ? so did not wee :  
thus is hee gonn before, yet heere wee bee ;  
wee, whoe should fought for him to death, yet live ;  
hee his liefe leesinge for false Algarsive.  
whearefore of vs what wurser cann bee sedd,  
then that hee's dead, and none of all vs dead ?  
ffye on vs all ! whoe are such promise breakers,  
as all the world maie brand for deedles speakers :  
Wheareas his noblist liefe by deed intende,

<sup>1</sup>before his death to doe good to his frend?"

Akafir at this speeche wepte bitterlie,  
because the worme of shame dothe never die, 76  
sobbinge: "men maie vs tax, state awe vs brake,  
and bugg-beard vs our master to forsake.

Whearefore, good sirs, thoughe wee note make amendes, Cambuscan's  
Army will revenge  
his death.  
Yet maie wee on our slacke selves take revenge, 80  
not by preventinge his praecedencie,  
sith hee's gonn all before, saunce remedie;  
yet wee maie followe with like confidence,  
and with our loves his trewe love recompence." 84

On that they ioind all handes, and lowd gann crie<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> Camball temper-  
eth discretly.<sup>3</sup>  
on prince Camball to fight immediatelie.

<sup>4</sup>"Not so" (quoth Camball), "for to fight by night  
and flie by daie, steales victorie: Ne like 't. 88  
first, lett the sonn rise, that my fathers storie  
maie better convert with our allegorie.  
for knowe my colors redd are not taen downe,  
ne mortal blacke succeedes yet in ites rown; 92  
but morrowe morne this battaile so shall steare,<sup>4</sup>

Camballo bids  
them wait till  
next day.

<sup>1-1</sup> before his death to benefit his frendes."

At this speech Aquaphir wept bitterlie,  
for that guiltes wurme and shame doe never die;  
"so that men maie vs tax, how feare of state  
hath buggbeard vs, our Lord to abnegate:  
whearefore, too late now, cannot make amendes,  
though venginge him, yet scarce vs proves his frendes.  
Yet though hee vs preventes precedentlie,  
by chalkinge out our waie to honors hie,  
wee by him followinge with like confidence,  
shew love for love, though no full recompence."  
on which design they ioind handes and out crie,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> "Not so," said Camball, "for such fight by night,  
in hott blood, and by daie in cold blood, flight,  
is not that resolution knightes professe;  
but wee thus temperatelie must make progresse,  
that Phebus selfe maie read my ffathers storie,  
how yt converteth with our allegorie:  
for yet my colors white, red, n' are taen down,  
ne mortal black, as yet, succeedes theire rown,  
but shall to morowe trie by battailes thwacke,

- <sup>1</sup>as our and their designs all blacke shall weare."
- <sup>2</sup>*popular outrage.*<sup>2</sup> So all men them prepar'd gainst morrowe daie.  
Now, of th' fregiliens this remaines to saie, 96
- The Fregilians  
fall out. that through opinions (divers of distraction)<sup>1</sup>  
they fell to sydes, from sides to common faction,
- Algarsife's party <sup>3</sup>Whence they whoe lov'd Algarsif gann disdain  
that his Inferiors should him thus enchain. 100  
and looke how th' vulgar bablen, so they prate
- abuse the 3 usurp-  
ing Generals, that "three vsurpers, whoe them cleap'd the state,  
Horbello, Gnartolite, Leifurcoes grace,  
whoe by vsurpinge prince Algarsifes place, 104  
naie, kinge Cambuscans (wheare them selves th' in-  
skrewe),  
t' extort all services of all as dewe :
- mere water-  
spaniels of  
Viderea. thoughte beinge but Videriaes water spanieles,  
meere settinge, sharkinge, cheatinge, mountbancke  
camilles,<sup>3</sup> 108  
will have vs eate suche spoone meate as they give,  
or somm our portions<sup>4</sup> vp with Algarsive."
- <sup>6</sup>*vulgar seconding  
faction.*<sup>6</sup> <sup>5</sup>Thother towne soldiers,<sup>5</sup> whoe gainst these vp stand,  
and for Horbello, Gnartolite,<sup>7</sup> Leifurcke bande, 112  
swore all their processe wise is, trewe, iuste, well,
- <sup>1-1</sup> what hath to conclude all their trickes in blacke."  
thus warnd, they armd them for too morrowe daie.  
Meane time of the Fregiliens restes to saye,  
that through opinions which aie breed distraction,  
<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*
- <sup>3-3</sup> which emulous, of stronge imagination,  
preferd own idols to prevarication.  
Whence came, that whoe Algarsif lov'd, disdaind  
that his inferiors thus should keepe him chaind.  
Some others of the Vulgar boldlie prate  
that "three Vsurpers whoe them vaunt the state,  
and beare them as vncertaine of their nation,  
as gracelesse certainelie in their creation,  
Orbello, Gnartolite, Leyfurco greate,  
b' vsurpinge impiously Algarsifes seate,  
(naie, rather, kinge Cambuscans) them inskrewe  
t' extort from all of vs, oures, as their dewe :  
though they are but Videreaes waterspanieles,  
(meere setters, cheaters, sharks, mountbancke camelles)
- <sup>4</sup> reckonings <sup>5-5</sup> Some other Vulgar, <sup>6-6</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>7</sup> Gnartol



<sup>1</sup> because Algarsife did gainst's sier rebell:<sup>1</sup>  
and thearfore, him a prisoner thus<sup>2</sup> to hold  
dothe free theire<sup>3</sup> state of daungers manifold,  
which are vnfit for everie one to kno.

The partisans of  
the 3 treacherous  
Generals justify  
the imprisonment  
of Algarsife, be-  
cause he rebelled  
against his Father.

<sup>4</sup> "nor ist our partes<sup>4</sup> t'enquire how secretes goe.<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup> Now if these three our statt ganna monarchize,<sup>6</sup>  
obedience sinneth not it t'<sup>7</sup> idolize :

and<sup>8</sup> what care wee, while wee participate  
<sup>9</sup> the profittes which are cast on vs by state ?  
they bee too wise, trewe, iuste, to err or lie  
in what concernes bothe them and vs so nye.  
Whence wee'l still stand with them, vnlesse theie fall ;  
then hee that longest lives, lett him take all."

Now guiltie Horbell, Leifurcke, Gnartolite,  
castinge on chaunge, the lipp versutlie bite,  
Yet meaninge t' hold the raignes as longe as maie,  
vnlesse that nil be held which will awaye,  
prepard, wantes not to purge them by excuse,<sup>9</sup>  
that<sup>11</sup> from them selves mote putt off fowle<sup>12</sup> abuse.  
<sup>13</sup> for theie (kind hartes) Algarsiuie did surprize  
not, but because hee gainst his sier did rise ;<sup>13</sup>

<sup>10</sup> wringing shifts  
of factionistes.<sup>10</sup>

But the Generals  
themselves

did not imprison  
him for this.

<sup>1-1</sup> as deales gainst Algarsife, who doth rebell ;  
<sup>2</sup> fast <sup>3</sup> the <sup>4-4</sup> ne longes yt vs

<sup>5-5</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

the peoples witt, thinckinge that litt it knoes  
is more then all, yf they but kenn their nose.

<sup>6-6</sup> "then yf thease three our state cann monarchize, <sup>7</sup> to <sup>8</sup> then

<sup>9-9</sup> the benefittes cast on vs by the state,  
they are too wise, trewe, iust, to wronge or lye  
in states, which them concernes, and vs like nye.  
wee'l thearefore with them stand, vnlesse they fall ;  
so lett the longest liver heere take all !"  
thus setters dare blind bobb the peoples pates,  
with what them willingly infatuates.

Yet guiltie Orbell, Leyfurcke, Gnartolite,  
proiectinge chaunge, their virsute lipp so bite,  
as meane to hold the raignes as longe as maie,  
vnlesse that nil bee held that will awaie.

& now proiect so them to purge b' excuse,  
<sup>10-10</sup> om. in *Ash.* <sup>11</sup> as <sup>12</sup> all

<sup>13-13</sup> whoe thus pretend they did Algars surprize,  
not, but as false, did gainst his ffather rise :

Algarsife's treach-  
erous Generals

(f. 26 b)

are ready to give  
him up to Cam-  
ballo.

<sup>3</sup> *Algarsifes*  
*miserable con-*  
*dition.*<sup>3</sup>

He rues his fate.

Whearein they vaunte good service to the kinge,  
<sup>1</sup>through Zeale and dutie in theire governinge. 136  
 But now wheare their good kinge Cambuscan's slaine,  
 "allas" and "well a daie" (full oft they saien),  
 "that fact of oures, n'is oures, but th' multitude  
 who<sup>1</sup> nil bee ruld, ne learn, th'are growne so rude. 140  
<sup>2</sup>but gainst him, whome wee guiltie find of's death,  
 forsoothe, theire Sanglamorte theie will vnsheath."  
 Touchinge Algarsife, theare theie readie stande,  
 him to deliver vp to Camballs hand 144  
 (incase they mote theire peace first make with him),  
 for theire gainst Algarsife and th' kinge donn sinn.  
 so murdringe towne-artes, vppermost to wricke,  
 dare hurt and heale to gaine as poleticke. 148  
 Thus did all th' factions of the towne comment,  
 Which Camball knewe, and how theire marchett  
 went;  
 yea,<sup>2</sup> by intelligence exactlie knewe  
<sup>4</sup>how prince Algarsife did his fortunes rewe, 152  
 Whoe (poore soule) for his pleasure sake preferrd  
 his sense to reas'n, till smartinge, felt hee errd;  
 for sense afflicted reas'n it leades to see<sup>4</sup>

- 1-1 through zealous dewtie in theire governinge,  
 but wheare Cambuscan, theire trewe kinge, is killd,  
 ("alas!" and "well a daie!" full smooth they smild),  
 that fact was none of theires, but th' multitude which  
 2-2 "but whome wee guiltie find of this his death,  
 our townes great twoe hand sword shall draw his breath.  
 and touchinge Algarsife, wee readie stand  
 him to deliver vp to Camballs hand,  
 incase that maie our peace and saftie bringe,  
 as well for Algarsife as for the kinge."  
 blaminge theire people, Whome thinfatuated,  
 them on theire backes with paine to lift vpstated.

Nathles, all that theire factious artes comment,  
 Camballo knewe, and how theire market went, for

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

- 4-4 how Algarsife his miseries did rewe,  
 whoe (poore prince) for his pleasures sake preferred  
 his sense to reasn, vntill smart felt hee errd;  
 for sense afflicted reasn hath to discerie,

<sup>1</sup>that *which* it could not earst for iollitee. 156  
 sithe Custome in makes ann habitual chaine :  
 whence currs, once killinge sheepe, doe kill againe.  
 so now hee found theare is no demonstration<sup>1</sup>  
 but is imperfect without contemplation, 160 *Algarsife laments  
 his captivity,*  
<sup>2</sup>and theare in ruminates his captive state,  
 lewdlie 'mongst princes falls enumerate,  
 Whose wordes and teeres bothe breakinge forth to-  
 geathr,  
 Weare his seaes-afterbirth of stormie weather; 164  
 and now b' experience of own ofte made prooff,  
 his sense of reas'n vnlearn't to huff and snuff.  
 "My younge loose lief*e* *which* I have lost" (quoth hee),<sup>2</sup> *his young loose  
 life,*  
 "Would grive mee lesse if it did hurt but mee, 168  
<sup>3</sup>yet what is deerer to my selfe then I,  
 if it bee tried b' owne sensualitie?  
 but my trewe honor and iust fame are lost, *his lost honour.*  
 (love gonn) as th' vulgar to my shame discuste. 172  
 then what is honor *which* hathe left no fame?  
 and what is lief*e* *which* hathe lost all good name?"  
 But hee, whose banckes orerann theire griefe with care,  
 expressd his bale in tearinge off his heare : 176 *He tears his hair  
 out.*  
*which* yet note roote vp th' inward faultes more nye,<sup>3</sup>

- 1-1 what earst it could not for prosperitie :  
 in *which* plite findes theare is no demonstration,  
 2-2 Whearefore to ruminare his captive state,  
 doth mongst lewd princes him enumerate,  
 whose teeres with wordes out breakinge both togeather,  
 weare his seaes after birth of stormie weather ;  
 in *which* o'rewhelmd experience gave for prooffe,  
 that sense of reasn had learnt no more to snuff :  
 but thus, "My loose lief*e* *which* is lost," said hee,  
 3-3 but ô! what's neerer neere then I to I,  
 yf yt bee tried by sensualitie,  
 save honor? Whose trewe and iust fame are lost,  
 Yea lost, as th' Vulgar to my shame discust :  
 then what is honor, that hath left no fame?  
 and what is lief*e*, *which* earneth no good name?  
 but I, whose banckes ore runn with grief and care,  
 maie bale expresse by tearinge off this haiere,  
*which* yet vprootes not th'inward faltes (more nie)



- <sup>1</sup> which grow (hee gonn) on his posteritie.  
 Algarsife laments and thus (they saie) hee plaine (thumpinge his brest),  
 "breake hart, die vip'r (of men th' vnworthieste)! 180  
 I cannott saie, ne maie men speake or wright  
 the number of my faultes which mee endight;  
 faultes wheareof mote their period end in mee,<sup>1</sup>  
 I woold to my iust punishmentes agree. 184  
 but I have caused my noblest ffathers death,  
 his wrongfull deathe, whoe first infusd<sup>2</sup> my breathe:  
 his death, whose warrs on mee weare but of love;  
 yet I prefferd his ffoes love his above. 188  
 Was never love more lovelesselie requitted,  
<sup>3</sup>hatinge my selfe, with hate tis iustelie fytted.  
 Whearefore all deathes bee you in mee vnited,  
 and snatch hence your convicted and endited; 192  
 Yea doe, doe all yee liste to Algarsieue,  
 so as hee cease to feele, and no more live,  
 that false Algarsieue and'es vngratefull sinn<sup>3</sup>  
 bee so raisd out, as hee had never binn. 196  
<sup>4</sup>lett neither earth, seaes,<sup>4</sup> aier, fier, once disclose  
 theare livd suche one as made his frendes his foes;  
<sup>5</sup>Whoe thearfore gettes all kindes of enimies,  
 the true, iust, false, vniust." And theare hee cries 200  
 that heavn it heard, bound in Videriaes traines,<sup>5</sup>

Let men kill him,  
 the ungrateful,

and wipe out all  
 memory of him.

- <sup>1-1</sup> but growe, I dead, on my posteritie."  
 then thus hee plaine (oft thumpinge his hard brest):  
 "hart breake, die viper, of men thvnworthiest;  
 sith I note speake, ne maie men saie or write,  
 the number of my sinnes which mee indite:  
 of all which mote their period end in mee!

<sup>2</sup> gave mee

- <sup>3-3</sup> which makes mee hate my selfe, to hate best fitted.  
 thearefore, all deathes, bee yee in one vnited!  
 and take hence *your* convicted and indited,  
 to doe what so yee list with Algarsive,  
 so as he cease to bee, and no more live!  
 that wicked hee, for his vngratefull sinn,

<sup>4-4</sup> that neither earth, sea,

- <sup>5-5</sup> hath thearefore gott all kindes of enimies,  
 the trew, iust, fals, vniust." that said, out cries,  
 that heavn him heard, wrapt in Videreaes traines:

<sup>1</sup> ne'ar to bee freed, no thoughe hee shooke his chaines.<sup>1</sup> Algarsife acknowledges his guilt.

<sup>2</sup> and tho hee glassd this in his conscience :  
 " no state so sure as that of innocence ; 204  
 but th' tranquil state to give vp t' agitation  
 dothe surelie shipwracke make at perturbation."

so felte hee that all fleshelie purchases  
 beginninge sweete, have ende in bitternes.<sup>2</sup> 208

<sup>3</sup> Longe ear this Amidis to Serra came,  
 Wheare hee th' misfortunes told of Cambuscan,<sup>3</sup> Amidis tells Cambuscan's death to his Widow and Daughter.  
 with his last farewell t' Ethelta the<sup>4</sup> queene,

<sup>5</sup> and Canac, whose bothe reddes paelde deadlie teene.  
 her fathers bloodie ensigne t' her hee gave, 213 <sup>6</sup> Canac at the bad newes swoundeth.<sup>6</sup>  
 Weepinge, said, did all the kinge wishd to have.

Shee puttes his colors on behinde, before,  
 her selfe amidd, as was her Siers decore :<sup>5</sup> 216  
 this halfe before, that other halfe behind,  
 thinges past, as present, to recall<sup>7</sup> to mind.

<sup>8</sup> "Ah newes!" (quoth shee),<sup>8</sup> "my brother prisoner taen ! Canace laments Algarsife's capture and Cambuscan's death.

<sup>9</sup> my ffather (lives hope) ioie, trust, also slaen ! 220  
 and I alive. Wellcomm his colors deere,<sup>9</sup>  
 my mothers widdowhode shalbee my beere."

<sup>10</sup> that said, adowne shee sancke, dienge in him<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> neare to bee freed, though shooke his clinckinge chaines.

<sup>2-2</sup> these 6 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—

Which damned witch, this heeringe, did but smile,  
 and ioid, shee could surprize by force and wile.

<sup>3-3</sup> Ear this had Amidis to Serra rann,  
 wheare the disaster told of Cambuscan,

<sup>4</sup> his

<sup>5-5</sup> and to Canace, Whose reddes vox pale and teene ;  
 to whome her ffathers Ensigne vp hee gave,  
 did, and said, all the rest the kinge did crave.

Whose colors Canace doninge hind, before,  
 her selfe amid (as was her ffathers lore),

<sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>7</sup> reduce <sup>8-8</sup> out sobbd, "O newes !

<sup>9-9</sup> my ffather (liefes ioies, hopes trust) also slane!

and I alive? O Ensign ! wellcom deere,

<sup>10-10</sup> tho sighinge, down shee sancke to die in him,

<sup>1</sup>Whose deathes daunce did to all his rancke beginn: 224  
 Wearinge his embleam th'wart her lillie brest,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which in her his newe<sup>2</sup> funeral exprest.

(f. 27)  
*\*a courageous  
 lady.\**

Queen Ethel  
 revives her faint-  
 ing daughter  
 Canace,

At th' sight<sup>3</sup> wheareof Queen Ethel rann in hast,  
 and in bothe armes her lithie corse embract, 228  
<sup>5</sup>rubbinge her temples, stoppd all issuinge breathe,<sup>5</sup>  
 and wrunge her finger hard (th' awakes from death),  
<sup>6</sup>givinge her spirites eake drawne by divine art  
 to tharteirs, to diffuse what chokd her hart. 232  
 and well it mote bee sworne that Ethel th' queene  
 became the wife of so compleate a kinge;<sup>6</sup>  
 for thoughe shee weare the center of the iust,  
<sup>7</sup>yet no love needes in her loves want distrust. 236  
 naie, as her courage, so her love grewe great,  
 each immitatinge (wiselie) eithers seate.

and comforts her  
 by promising  
 Algarsife's re-  
 lease,

No sooner was pale Canac raisd to life,  
 but th' Queene vp cheerd her, saienge Algarsife<sup>7</sup> 240  
 shall out bee baild from his imprisonment,  
 by suche fitt ranssom as shathe thither sent.  
<sup>8</sup>and further, of Cambuscan, her trewe knight,  
 thoughe hee's betraid in waginge of her right, 244  
 his vertues yet have provd him suche an one<sup>8</sup>  
 as trewer, iuster, lovinge was none.

and by praises of  
 Cambuscan.

- <sup>1-1</sup> whose did deathes dawnce to all his file begin :  
 his embleam wearinge thwart her lillie brest,  
<sup>2</sup> deere <sup>3</sup> At sight <sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*  
<sup>5-5</sup> her temples rubbinge, stoppd th' out fadinge breath,  
<sup>6-6</sup> inpowringe spirites (extract by divine art)  
 in th' arteires to disperse what choakd the hart :  
 and lovelie hugginge her vnto her nyer,  
 seemd of Cambuscaus liefte hers to r'inspire.  
 what time mote well bee said, Etheelta, heere,  
 of so compleate a kinge became the peere.  
<sup>7-7</sup> Yet iustice n'ote trewe love, out of her thrust ;  
 for of her iustice love tooke so kind heate,  
 as thone succeeded wiselie thothers seate.  
 No sooner had Canace (the pale) gott liefte,  
 but her the Queene cheerd, sayinge, Algarsife  
<sup>8-8</sup> and touchinge Cambuscan (thrice, thrice good knight),  
 though is betraid in waginge her iust right,  
 yet as his virtewes him have provd such one



<sup>1</sup>“and so much honor shall betide his name,  
as puttes liefē in the dead by quickeninge fame. 248

nor shall hee die, that aye lives vnto mee,<sup>1</sup>

but hee my liefē shall have, I wilbee hee.

<sup>2</sup>yet had I rather leese him then leese honor ;  
honor is liefē : our bothe lives ownes one owner. 252

Queen Ethel says  
that Cambuscan's  
honour'd death is  
Life.

suche deathe is liefē, *which* dienge, is repeated  
of everie livinge soule whose love dothe speake it ;  
still iustelie live theie whoe deigne iustice raise  
etherealie<sup>2</sup> enshrind in mortal claies. 256

<sup>3</sup>trophies of marble, garlandes greene of baie,  
temples of cristal, statues faire of raie,  
monument of riche stones, tumb of gold mettall,  
choires of sweete hymnes perpetual, I will setle ; 260  
all these perpolishd I will statelie build<sup>3</sup>

She will raise  
marble trophies  
and a golden tomb  
to his memory.

to him who was for love, truith, iustice killd.”

<sup>4</sup>These hopes cheerd Canac vp more then the  
former,<sup>4</sup> Canace is cheerd,

Yet beggd shee to b' his everlastinge murner, 264

<sup>5</sup>as one apprentizd to griefe, care, hope, feares,

Which (not dispairinge) never faile of tears.

but will ever moan  
her Father.

When Amidis his embassies had donn,

full soone t' his lordes sepulcher backe did ronn,<sup>5</sup> 268

<sup>6</sup> Amidis lookes to  
the grave.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> “so honor, thearefore, shall efferr his name,  
as in the dead puttes liefē, by quickninge fame :  
nor shall hee die, whoe still lives vnto mee,

<sup>2-2</sup> yet had I rather leese him, then mine honor,  
*which* is my liefē ; our both lives own one owner ;  
Whose death is liefē, *which*, dienge, is relivd  
by that trewe lovinge love, that liefē revivd :  
to prove such trewlie love, whoe iustice raise, eternallie

<sup>3-3</sup> whome cristal temples, statuaes faire of raie,  
trophies of marble, garlandes greene of bay,  
rich monumentes of stone, tumbes of gold mettall,  
quires of sadd hymnes perpetual, I will setle,  
and all perpolishd, I will statelie build

<sup>4-4</sup> Thesea comfortes more cheerd Canace then the former,

<sup>5-5</sup> as one apprentizd aye to lovelie cares,  
*which*, though dispaire not, yet ioies most in teares.

When Amidis had thus his message donn,  
hee soone did backe to his Lordes sepulcher runn,

<sup>6-6</sup> om. in *Ash*.

Amidis goes back  
to Cambuscan's  
grave.

<sup>1</sup>for love is Livelie, painefull is trewe love,  
Which no death of the livinge cann remove.  
wheare, lookinge in, his hart repeates this mone,  
"Lô, heere the cage, after the bird is flown!" 272  
Yet theare about hee hauntes, lovd theare to bee,  
althoughe his eies sawe not what love would see.

<sup>2</sup>ill newes hath  
winges.<sup>2</sup>

It is told and  
retold round the  
world,

Now it fell out,<sup>1</sup> mongst other circumstances,  
Which coincide with kinges and states mischaunces,  
t'observe<sup>3</sup> how soone ill newes abroad are hurld,<sup>4</sup> 277  
told, and retold, heere, theare, about the world,  
<sup>5</sup>as bowt the twoe poles turnes th'all rowlinge spears,  
Which, if<sup>5</sup> removd, would fill the world with feares.  
so, if a kinge bee killd, or prisoner taen, 281  
no secrecie cann it conceale from fame,  
<sup>6</sup>feare bears it knowne, thoughe (ofte) no man knoes  
howe,

often by unper-  
ceivable means.

Yea<sup>6</sup> ofte b' vnsensive meanes (as clerkes avowe); 284  
<sup>7</sup>somtimes b' impression of highe shapes in th' aier,<sup>7</sup>  
Which (as in tabliture) is theire<sup>8</sup> bewraier;  
<sup>9</sup>somtimes th' aier states and kinges actes d'aggregate,<sup>9</sup>  
and, as in mental bodie,<sup>10</sup> them translate, 288  
<sup>11</sup>which th' aier, to remote aier, foorth shouldreth, till  
ites science into some folkes it distill.  
and thinges of sympathie binn quicklie known,<sup>11</sup>  
thoughe farr off, to <sup>12</sup>consymphathites ythrowne;<sup>12</sup> 292

<sup>1-1</sup> through love, for ever painefull is trewe love,  
ne cann deathes dangers from the lovd it move,  
wheare lookinge in, his hart repeates this mone:  
"lô, heere the cage, whence out the turtl is flown."  
nathlesse, hee theareabout did love to bee,  
although his eie sawe not what love did see.

But heere yt falles

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in *Ash.*      <sup>3</sup> to marke      <sup>4</sup> whurld

<sup>5-5</sup> which as the poles, bowt which runn rolinge speares, Yf once

<sup>6-6</sup> feare first it makinge known, though none wist how, Yet

<sup>7-7</sup> somtimes b' impressions high shapd in the aier, <sup>8</sup> newes

<sup>9-9</sup> which aier doth somtimes kinges actes proclamate, <sup>10</sup> bodies

<sup>11-11</sup> from aier to aier, foorth showldringe, each to tell  
thimpressions, till in some folke yt they spell.

wheare thinges of sympathie are quicklie known,

<sup>12-12</sup> consymphathies out throwne;

<sup>1</sup>like as twoe eightes contewninge touch but one,  
thother, contestinge, softlie soundes anon.<sup>1 2</sup>

<sup>3</sup>sometimes by force of stronge imagination,  
holpe by some numens highe concomitation ; 296  
but with dreames visional wee liste not mell,  
Wheareof, perchaunce, annother time maie tell.

Ill news oft travels  
by imagination.

On this it chauned kinge Thotobun of Ind,  
harkeninge newes from Cambuscan (his good frend), 300  
could heere none good. Tho mental perscrutation  
mowlded much thoughtes in his imagination,  
which castinge what his frend mote doe this while<sup>3</sup>  
gainst his Fregilien rebelles, thus gann smile,<sup>5</sup> 304

<sup>4</sup>king Thotobun  
voweth revenge.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>6</sup>saienge, "hee cann them chasten at his pleasure,  
and then sende worde theareof by line, and leasure.<sup>6</sup>  
Or theie have simplie yeelded to his grace,  
Or<sup>7</sup> laid downe armes, or rendred vp the place." 308  
yet of his furthr love borne to his frend

He devises rea-  
sons, of Cambus-  
can's success, &c.,  
to account for no  
news coming to  
him.

<sup>8</sup>hee thus proiected otherwise in minde<sup>8</sup>  
Wheather Cambuscans force sufficient weare,  
to force the towne, <sup>9</sup>and it b' assault to beare : 312  
but force and fraud the weake and wise maie feare,  
as<sup>9</sup> daungerous superlatives to steare.

(f. 27 b)

Out of which collectes (thoughe by wisdome drawne)

<sup>1-1</sup> as when twoe eightes contewnd to touch but one,  
that other softlie doth contest anon.

<sup>2</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

so oft in peoples buzzinges is to spie  
a secret truith, they knowe no reason whie.

<sup>3-3</sup> and sometime by a stronge imagination,  
holpe by some higher numens information ;  
oft by dreames visional, which more to tell,  
to verie few is given to revel.  
Yet so yt chauned, kinge Thotobon of Ind,  
newes harkeninge from Cambuscan, his deere frend,  
dyd cast what his kind frend mote doe this while,

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>5</sup> stile,

<sup>6-6</sup> "hee cann them chasten at own absolute pleasure,  
and theareof send me word by line and leasure.

<sup>7</sup> and <sup>8-8</sup> thus otherwise proiected in his mind,  
<sup>9-9</sup> and by assault it beare ;

Yet force and fraud the weake and wise doe feare, are



K. Thotobun,  
thinking of Cam-  
buscan,  
1 he found no suche estate, or certaine pawne, 316  
how kinge Cambuscan mote (thoughe stronge) bee  
sure,<sup>1</sup>  
but that Videreaes fraudes might<sup>2</sup> him immure.  
3 While thus his serious thoughtes him furthered,  
this stronge imagination vext his head, 320  
that in his owne house laie some theeves close hidd,  
whoe, at advantage, woold him robb or ridd.  
so stronglie this impression in him wrought,  
as instantlie his twoe-hand swoord he raught,<sup>3</sup> 324  
and rann vp to his private gallerie,  
4 Wheare his moste secret thinges and treasures lie.  
Now ronninge, Lô, One with a drawne swoord coms<sup>4</sup>  
as fast against him as he forward ronns; 328  
5 which stoppd him staie, as att ann apparition,  
which seemd at first to bee some sore ment vision.  
But, heedinge, saw twas his perspective glasse  
that shewd himselfe vppon him selfe to passe.<sup>5</sup> 332  
“What! wee against ourselves” (behight the<sup>6</sup>  
kinge),  
“this maie of somewhat elles bee th’ alsioninge.”  
6 varietie of rare  
glasses.<sup>8</sup> 7 Too longe it weare to thincke of wondrous glasses;<sup>7</sup>  
how somme at once cann shewe a thowsand faces, 336  
and<sup>9</sup> some (placd aptlie for prospective) shoe

1-1 hee found no suertie, nor assured pawn,  
that kinge Cambusc (though stronge) could bee so suer,  
2 mote

3-3 hee yt permittinge, thus thoughtes mustered  
the stronge imaginations of his head,  
that in his own howse some close thieves laie hid,  
whoe, on advantage, him woold robb or rid;  
the which concept so stronglie in him wrought,  
as that forthwith his twoe edgd swoord hee rought,

4-4 wheare all his secret matters, layd vp, lie :

but runinge, One out with a drawn swoord comes

5-5 Which staid him, for none is, but that invasion,  
him summoneth to countermaund thocasion.  
tho, lookinge, sawe in his perspective glasse,  
him selfe vppon his real selfe to passe. <sup>6</sup> this

7-7 It weare too longe to tell of wondrous glasses,

<sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>9</sup> how

<sup>1</sup>theire farroff walkers neere, in th' aier to goe ;  
some, convexd, so catch titans beames by art,  
as turne (contracted) to a fyerie dart ; 340

The wondrous  
glasses of King  
Thotobun.

some shewe thwhole bodie, some the face alone ;  
some shewe trewe obiectes, some the flattringe shoen ;  
some shewe ites obiect twice as great as tis,  
Whearein nature and art contend as wise ; 344  
some in a glasse ann absent shade have shoen,<sup>1</sup>  
and some as worse a sight : let that alone.

<sup>2</sup>Thotobun was the wisest, learned kinge,<sup>2</sup>  
that ever turnd the volumes of learninge ; 348  
<sup>3</sup>for, all of thighest skie and diepest deepe,  
in th' globes cilinder, and without dothe peepe,  
bird, beast, fishe, flye, men, everie creepinge thinge,  
tree, plant, herbe, weede, and each greene leafe that  
springe, 352

He is the wisest  
of all Kings.

veines, metall, mineralles, all kind of stones,  
and what earth, seaes, aier, fyer breedes to younge bones ;  
no act of nature, moral fact divine,  
no propertie, but he knewe to calcine ; 356  
for this was hee who made Canacies glasse,  
the Ringe, and Swoord, with the brave horse of brasse ;<sup>3</sup>

He made the  
magic Glass,  
Ring, Sword, and  
Horse of Brass.

- <sup>1-1</sup> see farr off walkers in the aier to goe ;  
how som, convexd, catch Titans beames by art,  
which so contract, prove as a fierie dart ;  
how some thwhole bodie shewe, some, th'face alone ;  
how some, trewe obiectes, some, but flattringe shone ;  
how some shewe thobiect twice as great as tis,  
whearein art, nature eake, seeme equal wise ;  
how some, in glasse, ann absent shade have shoen,  
<sup>2-2</sup> Which Thotobun was the most reverend kinge  
<sup>3-3</sup> for all the diepest diepes, and highest hie,  
yea, the whole Vniverse, rann in his eie,  
men, beastes, birdes, fish, flies, everie creepinge thinge,  
trees, plantes, herbes, weedes, and all that greene doth springe,  
with metalles, minerales, all kindes of stones,  
which thearth, aier, sea, fier, breed in millions :  
each act of nature, moral and divine,  
all properties could calcine and sublime.  
for this was hee that made Canacies glasse,  
the ringe, and swoord, and the stronge horse of brasse ;

King Thotobun,  
by his art, finds  
that Cambuscan  
is dead.

<sup>1</sup>and greater things then all this hee cann sho,  
but all bin curious of their skill that kno. 360

Hee all these ominous dowbtes to explore,  
them calculates vp in his highest towre,  
Wheare soone hee found his frend distressd, evn  
dead,

at *which* he stormd, And thus he feircelie sedd : 364

“And have they vsd thee thus, my Cambuscan ?

Ile print thy wronges in th’ blood of them anan,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>and skore on th’ browes of their posteritie  
ann everlastinge shame of tretcherie.<sup>2</sup> 368

<sup>3</sup>Yet raigne thou shalt, to tread them vnderfoote.”

He brews  
<sup>4</sup>a *spirital quint-*  
*essence,*<sup>4</sup>  
a life-giving  
Elixir,

So speedelie prepares this learned boote,  
in a well luted violl, close incensd,  
th’ elixal elemental quintessenced, 372

with all th’ seaun planetes, spirites, immixt togeather,  
and owne inspir’d breath : *which* gann deliver<sup>3</sup>

to Columbell their milke-white turtle dove,

<sup>5</sup>beinge their common post in case of love. 376

Him hee biddes post for life, ear th’ sonn goe downe,<sup>5</sup>

to kinge Cambuscan, in Fregilia towne,

and sends it by a  
Dove to Amidis.

and give to Amidis this glasse and note,  
<sup>6</sup>the *which* kinge Thotobun tyed to his foote.<sup>6</sup> 380

1—1 and greater things then thease cann doe, and shoe ;  
but they binn curious of theire skilles, that kno.

Now hee, thease ominous signes to explore,  
them calculated in his highest towre ;  
and theare found out his frend distressd, yea, dead ;  
wheareat hee stormd, and, for revenge, thus sedd :  
“have they thus vsd thee, mine own Cambuscan ?  
Ile write thy wronges in th’ blood of everie man,

<sup>2—2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

3—3 Yet shalt thou raign, and tread them vnderfoote.”  
tho, speedelie prepard this learned boote,  
thelixir elemental quintessenced,  
*which* in a luted phiol hee intensd,  
with all planeticke spirites immixt togeather,  
and, by him selfe inspird, did thease deliver

<sup>4—4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

5—5 whoe was theire common post, in case of love ;  
whome bides to post for lief, ear th’sonn goe down,

6—6 both *which* kinge Thotobon bound to his foote,



<sup>1</sup> On speedes hee (as a seeg'd townes flienge post,  
to bringe backe newes of aide, ear th' towne be lost).

Now, ear the peepe of daie, Page Amidis 383 *Thotobun's Dove  
reaches Amidis.*  
heard the doves voice on th'ouse topp ear him sees.<sup>1</sup>  
"good newes" (quoth hee), tho, ronninge foorth,<sup>2</sup>  
behold

<sup>3</sup> the dove brought to his hand, the message told,  
for this familiar Dove twixt yond twoe kinges<sup>3</sup>  
went boldlie too and fro, as vsen frendes. 388

<sup>4</sup> Tho Columbel and Amidis in rann,<sup>4</sup> *<sup>5</sup> K. Cambuscan  
awaketh.<sup>5</sup>*  
and powrd thelixar into Cambuscan,  
<sup>6</sup> Whoe foorthwith wooke in Tartarie, and rose,  
callinge for meate, his armor, and out goes. 392 *Amidis pours  
the Elixir into  
Cambuscan,  
and it brings him  
to life again.*

for ioie wheareof, (quoth weepinge Amedies),  
"no treasure to a ffrend," tho dried his eyes ;  
and theare they sweetlie entertaind the dove,  
which tooke his leave, and flewe to thowes rove. 396

Quicklie Cambuscan tho tooke from his midle  
his leather hunger waste, Ducelloes bridle,  
and armd and dond Morliuo his good sword,  
tho, to thetherial welkin, he susurrd<sup>6</sup> 400 *<sup>7</sup> his brassen horse  
fighteth.<sup>7</sup>*  
Ducelloes vsual call, Who came straight waie ;

<sup>1-1</sup> to flie with all, as siegd townes flienge post  
hath letters born, When other meanes weare lost.  
When lô ! ear th'peepe of daie, Page Amidis,  
on th'owes topp heard the Doves voice of this.

<sup>2</sup> to

<sup>3-3</sup> the Dove into his hand this message told ;  
for this familiar bird, 'twixt thease twoe kinges,

<sup>4-4</sup> then Amidis from Columbell in rann,

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> Whoe foorthwith wooke, start vp, to liefie arose,  
and calld for meate, his armor, and his clothes.  
for ioie wheareof, yonge Amids nose did bleed,  
out cryinge, "Ô ! trew loves good sign at need."  
then havinge sweetlie entertaind the dove,  
hee tooke leave, and thence flewe to thowes rove.

At thinstant, Cambusc tooke from off his midle  
his leather hungar band (Ducelloes bridle),  
which donninge, and with Morliuo, his sword,  
hee to thetherial welkin soft susurrd

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>2</sup> *a friendly  
enemy.*<sup>2</sup>Cambuscan sets  
Algarsife free.

<sup>1</sup> And then hee chargd home, wheare Algarsife laye,  
 hewd ope the gates, cutt off his chaines, enlargd him,  
 and, but with one wound givn on's head, dischargd  
 him. 404

His soldiers cry.

<sup>3</sup> *alarum mis-  
taken.*<sup>3</sup>Camballo's army  
charge,

Algarsifs soldiers, russhinge to the prison,  
 and findinge th' gates wide ope, b'yond powr of reason,  
 but missinge him, did passionatelie crie.

Whereat Prince Camballs hoste rose instantlie, 408  
 as at a suddaine ambusshes alarum,  
 speedelie aunswerd by thwhole armies swarme.

And tho Binato, Camball, Akafir  
 rann to thassault, as close as troopes mote stirr : 412  
 Whose choler now had in them domination,  
 beinge revenges swifteste vindecation.

but find no foe.

but as they chardgd, "Ethel, Canac," they cried,  
 "Canac, Ethel," yet not a foe discried. 416  
 Wheareat they musde, deeminge them fledd, or packinge,  
 which soone denounced that Algarsife was lackinge.

<sup>4</sup> *k. Camb.  
recouereth the  
town alone.*<sup>4</sup>

But lô, a midd the marckett place a noise,<sup>1</sup>  
 composd of manie a rewfull-dienge voice, 420  
 Which<sup>5</sup> "mercie, mercie !" cried, "o gracious kinge !"

<sup>6</sup> This drewe vp th'oste, to see one glisteringe,  
 armd, on a flaminge horse, with blasinge sword,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> on whome remounted, settes his ffoes at bay,  
 chardgd, heawd the gates ope, cutt the chaines, enlargd him,  
 evn Algarsife, whose head though hurt, dischargd him.  
 Algarsifs soldiers, runinge to the prison,  
 fownd the gates ope, beyond their powre and reason,  
 and thearefore could not chowse but make out crie.

Which heard Cambaloes host, rose instantlie  
 and armd Binato, Camball, Aquaphir,  
 rann to thassalt, as close as troopes incurr ;  
 for tho had choler in them domination,  
 apt to provoke iustice to vindication :  
 for as they rann, "Etheel ! Canac !" they cried,  
 "Canac ! Etheel !" yet was no foe discried.  
 wheareat they musd, them iudginge fledd, or packinge,  
 which soone denounced Algarsife thence was lackinge.

While lô ! amid the market place, a noyse  
<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.* <sup>5</sup> that  
<sup>6-6</sup> Which crie drewe thost to kenn one glisteringe  
 in golden armor, horssd, with naked sword,

<sup>1</sup>Whoe, like swifte lightninge, through th' Fregiliens  
skowrd, 424 Cambuscan alone  
on his Horse of  
Brass, puts the  
Fregilians to  
flight.

o'returninge standes, troopes, squadrons, all that flees,  
save those whome downe right blowes smote on their  
knees.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Now, now Ducello, for his master fightinge,  
gave all vp to bee killd hee caught by bitinge, 428

<sup>3</sup>*fiercnes of y<sup>e</sup>  
brasen horse.*<sup>3</sup>

distroienge all and some, that stood in's way,  
nor left hee one vnfetchd vp (gonn a straie) :

The Horse kills  
all folk who get  
in his way.

in so much that they who admird this horse  
stood stupified, havinge thus felt his force. 432

Not Diomedes horse (fleshe eatr of men)

had e'ar th'obedience this atchivd o're them ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>4</sup>so all men grauntes the kinges feirce bloes weare suche  
for strength, length, waight, ne'ar knight coold halfe so  
much. 436

Tho Camball (saunce resistance) tooke the towne,  
albeet annoth'r first beare the renowne.

Camballo takes  
Fregiley,

Hee, hee, twas hee, whose swoordes wrath staid in time,  
of clement hart shewd in hott blood this signe,<sup>4</sup> 440 and shows merey.  
that onlie Loue hathe pittie to forgive

<sup>5</sup>Wheare iust revenge mote kill, or not reprove.

behinde whome, when page Amidis theie spied,<sup>5</sup>  
how all the matter went, was soone discried. 444

<sup>1-1</sup> that, like blew lightninge, the Fregiliens skowrd,  
payd, ore turnd standes, troopes, shockes ; yea made all flee,  
save them whome down right strokes felld to the knee :

<sup>2-2</sup> these 8 lines om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> whoe theare confesd his dreadfull blowes weare such,  
for waight, strength, length, as neare knight halfe so much ;  
whose horses mowth all those hee caught fast held,  
and offred vp to his Lord, allreadie killd,  
oretramplinge all the rest, subdewd, bestrowen,  
elles had his rider oft binn overthrowen.

Tho Camball tooke (without resiste) the town,  
which earst his ffather wann, as heere is showen,  
Cambuscan stayinge his feirce sword in time,  
of clement hart, in hott blood, this good sign,

<sup>5-5</sup> wheare iust revenge mote sternelie all deprive.  
By whose horse syde when Amidis they spide,



- <sup>1</sup> Wheareat th'whole host flunge vp such acclamation,  
as when theavns does all thinges b'yond expectation,  
and now belivd, and sawe twas Cambuscan,  
<sup>2</sup> *Algarsife taken & bound by his brother Cambal.*<sup>2</sup> Whearefore all th'oste to take all prisoners rann.<sup>1</sup> 448  
Camball tooke Algarsife, and bound him fast,  
yet, as a frendlie ffoe, him oft embract.  
<sup>3</sup> theare was no soldier but tooke prisoners store,  
and made all theires which thothers robbd before. 452  
“Ô” (quoth Cambuscan), “are Yee now come  
downe,  
Cambuscan gives his soldiers Fregiley,  
and honours.  
<sup>4</sup> my boies? Ile give yee, for your paines, this towne:  
Y' all shalbee cittisens.” Tho hee alighted,  
and sweetl' embract ev'n everie one he knighted, 456  
cleapinge them fellowe soldiers, and coheires<sup>3</sup>  
of th'onors which hee gettes in these affaires.  
<sup>4</sup> suche was this noble kinges truith, iustice, love,  
as all theire hartes his giftes with ioie approve. 460  
<sup>5</sup> *tartarien townes yealded vp.*<sup>5</sup> Which knowne, full manie a towne in Tartarie  
them yeeldes, and sent in pledges instantlie.<sup>4</sup>  
Tho, vp hee puttes<sup>6</sup> his swoord (a peacefull signe),  
Cambuscan orders a search for his foes.  
but first hee did a gen'ral serche inioine, 464  
through all the towne, and in all secret corners,  
<sup>7</sup> for his malitious ffoes, beinge theare soioiners,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> wheareat thwhole host gave vp such acclamation,  
as when heavn all thinges doth b'yond expectation.  
then plainelie seeinge this was Cambuscan,  
to take all prisoners, everie soldier rann.

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> when not a soldier but tooke prisoners skore,  
theires makinge that those pillardes robbd of yore.  
“Are yee comd vp?” Cambuscan said to his men,  
“Ile give yee for your paines this town agen,  
wheareof yee shalbee Cittisens.” tho lighted,  
and (them embracinge) with his swoord hee knighted,  
Yea cleapd them fellowe soldiers, and coheires  
<sup>4-4</sup> tho they, vpon their knees, with ioie approve  
what hee did for them, by truith, iustice, love.  
Which famd, full manie a town in Tartarie,  
rose, yeilded, and sent pledges instantlie.

<sup>5-5</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>6</sup> putt

<sup>7-7</sup> for his old capital foes (theere soioiners)

Viderea, Horbell, Leyfurcke, Gnartolite,

<sup>1</sup> traiters Night.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>for these weare they had donn him most dispite. 468

But none of these could b' anie means be found,

Viderea and the  
3 treacherous  
Generals escape  
by an under-  
ground passage.

because theare was discovered vnderground<sup>2</sup>

a vast abisse or dungeon, ribbd with bone,

right<sup>3</sup> darcke, and hollowe built, and<sup>4</sup> laid with lome,

which had a passage to the Posterne gate, 473

<sup>5</sup>and this waie twas the traiters gott out at.

Tho t' him theie brought fast bound Princ Algarsife,

<sup>6</sup> Algars: is pre-  
sented prisoner.<sup>6</sup>

on whose sadd browe was writt muche woe and grife;<sup>5</sup>

Whome when the kinge sawe, said, "Hence naughtie

Cambuscan orders  
his rebel son  
Algarsife away,

knave!"

477

<sup>7</sup>so, turnes him fro, and nought but frowninges gave.

Then<sup>7</sup> Amidis and Camball beggd for him,

beseechinge pardon for his<sup>8</sup> prisoners sinn, 480

<sup>9</sup>Whose weakenes, eake, beggd for him this good time,<sup>9</sup>

thus ffoes to begg for ffoes, is frendships<sup>10</sup> signe.

<sup>11</sup>Howbeet, he balkd theire importunitie,

and refuses to  
forgive him.

With sterne-sett count'naunce (in austeritie),<sup>11</sup> 484

on which theie lecturd, that love to provoke

<sup>12</sup>dothe challenge iustice at her feircest stroke;

so read they, that the maiestie of a kinge

(f. 28 b.)

(abvsd) nis soone pleasd with eie fingeringe.<sup>12</sup> 488

1-1 om. in Ash.

2-2 thease beinge they had donn him all dispite.

Yet none of them, as yet, could theare bee found,

for that theare was discovered vnderground

<sup>3</sup> most

<sup>4</sup> o're

5-5 at which by waie the traiters scapd out at.

Yet theare was brought to him bound prince Algarsife,

on whose sad browe weare graven sorowes rife.

6-6 om. in Ash.

7-7 and, turninge from him, nought but frowninges gave; While

<sup>8</sup> the

9-9 whose personal weakenes eake beggd this good time:

<sup>10</sup> trewe loves

11-11 Nathles the kinge waivd thimportunitie

with wrinkled browe, which swore austeritie,

12-12 doth iustelie challenge iustice angrie stroke,

so as the maiestie of anie kinge

abvsd nis soone pleasd with guiltes flubberinge.

Cambuscan rebukes Camballo and Amidis for pleading for pardon for Algarsife.

<sup>1</sup> Whearfore the kinge his sonn and page rebukes,  
saienge, 'they want discrecion in their suites,  
in deeminge that so coninge ann offender,  
audatious eake, shoold slipp on termes so slender; 492  
as if th'offenders (more of will then weaknes)  
shoold doe as liste, then vaunt theire weake com-  
pleatnes;

so pleasures of suche weaknes woold bee th' cause.<sup>1</sup>  
"but, credite mee, sweete meate shall have sowr sawce;  
<sup>2</sup>for single eies I knowe, from squinting litle, 497  
and him who slilie haultes before a crippe.

Ells might each humorous-wanton appetite,  
or thirst of bribe, &c., which custom hathe t' excite,<sup>2</sup>  
begg, with selfe-rawe-made legges (as beggers kno<sup>3</sup>),

He will not get it. <sup>4</sup>and cleape it weaknes: but hee scapes not so. 502  
sithe I twixt him and yee this difference putt,  
that y' have watcht, warded, fought with emptie  
gutt, 504

He has rebeld.

<sup>5</sup>peremptorie  
termes.<sup>5</sup>

and rann those wantes and daungers which I rann,  
but Algarsife woold none with Cambuscan;  
Whearefore hee shall conforme to all wee did,  
or by my sword I sweare, off goes his head! <sup>4</sup> 508

<sup>1-1</sup> Hee, thearefore, to his sonn and page imputes  
bold indiscretion, to presume, by suites,  
that ann ideal settinge—false Offender  
(of knaves the wurst) should scape on termes so slender;  
as yf Offenders, more of will then weakenes,  
should doe what list, then vaunt of weake compleatnes:

<sup>2-2</sup> so pleasure of such weaknes should bee th'cause,  
for I well knowe single eies from squinting litle,  
and him that slyly haltes before a crippe,  
elles mote each wanton humorous appetite,  
or thirst of bribe, &c., which custom cann excite,

<sup>3</sup> doe [See Harman's *Caveat*, p. 5, 51, ed. 1869.]

<sup>4-4</sup> and weakenes humbbike\* (?) cogg, but scapes not so;  
for I twixt yee and him this difference putt,  
that yee watchd, warded, fought, with emptie gutt,  
yea, rann those wantes and Dangers which I ran:  
yet this knave woold not so with Cambuscan;  
whearefore, him not conforminge to all wee did,  
this trewe iust sword shall reave the traitors head.

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in *Ash*.



<sup>1</sup>Touchinge your loves suite, heere's my iuste behest,  
his mother shall have him, to doe as list."

Algarsife's  
mother is to de-  
cide his fate.

This aunswer taught th' younge suitors thus to stann,  
that wills the greater halfe of everie man. 512

so Algarsife, bound, backe to Gaile they bore,  
not daringe to speake for him one word more.

He is taken back  
to prison.

Lô, heere the ioifull daie of victorie,<sup>1</sup>  
of livelie mirth, to murninge contrarie, 516

victorie.<sup>2</sup>

for Phebus now, whoe whilome blachd his face,

<sup>3</sup>wore bright-gold eglettes edgd in richest trace,  
which (lett at nitent length) his orient haier  
made his cleere-praesence chamber everie wheare : 520

The sun shines

and entringe into his cleane azurne haull,<sup>3</sup>  
dauned a brave galliard (which becoms<sup>4</sup> the taull)

With smoothe, then loftie, trickes, then smoothe againe ;

<sup>5</sup>"neere halfe ann howr wee saw't," so mote yee plaine.

evn as a friskinge lambe gann daunce, ron, bound 525

simile.<sup>6</sup>

by damms kind side, ne cares to stand on ground ;<sup>5</sup>

so lordlie Phebus frolickd in his spheare,

<sup>7</sup>and this of custome gann this daie each yeere, 528 every day.

Which claimes for argument to somme to prove,

swifte-fierie Sol, not earthie ops, dothe move.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> now touchinge your loves suite, my full behest  
is that his mothre him have, to doe at list."

this aunswer taught bold suitors this to stann,  
y<sup>t</sup> will's the greater halfe of anie man.

so backe to Jaile Algarsife, bound, they bore,  
not daringe to speake one word for him more.  
Yet lô ! the daie of ioiefull Victorie,

<sup>2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> Dond his brode brodered eggletes for solace,  
and lett at dangle length his orient haiere,  
to make his presence chamber everie wheare,  
him vauncinge in his cleane swept azurn haul,

<sup>4</sup> became

<sup>5-5</sup> neere halfe ann howre, which they beheld full faine,  
mount as a friskinge Lambe, gan run and bownd  
by own Dames side, not caringe t' stand on ground :

<sup>6</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>7-7</sup> on this faire festival daie everie yeere,  
for argument a proprijs, drawn to prove,  
Sols fierie selfe, not earthie Ops, doth move.

<sup>2</sup> *festinal day of  
victorie.*<sup>2</sup>

Cambuscan  
founds the Order  
of the Golden  
Girdle in honour  
of the Dove who  
brought his life-  
restoring Elixir.

He gives a great  
Feast.

Amidis is chief  
guest.

<sup>1</sup> Cambuscan now, to celebrate this daie,  
solemnizd a great feast t' all men, they saie ;<sup>1</sup> 532  
and for his<sup>3</sup> knightes of th' order honorable,  
<sup>4</sup> of cedar kervd he built a large round table,  
and calld it thorder of the golden girdle,  
in kind remembrance of that milke white tirtle, 536  
*which*, on this daie, gann vanquishe death with liefе ;  
so theare sate all his knightes, save Algarsife.  
To tell the dainties of their roial fare,  
of boild, roste, bakd, of flagons of nectare, 540  
of statelie pastworkes, of wild fowle and birdes,  
of march pane stuff, *which* closetes fine affoordes,  
no princes kitchen clerke could tell in haste,<sup>4</sup>  
for it Lucullus in Apollo past ; 544  
<sup>5</sup> but theare was livelie meate, and drincke to fare,  
*which* no wheare elles was founde to eate but theare.  
It pleasd the kinge, that Amidis his page  
sate chiefe guest, bove the kinge (though younge of  
age), 548  
because his Loue had followd him till deathe,  
and never left him till new liefе gave breathe.  
Wheareat some iocund knightes this question move,<sup>5</sup>

1—1 Cambuscan, tho, to celebrate the daie,  
solemnizd a great ffeast for all, they saie,

2—2 *om. in Ash.* <sup>3</sup> all

4—4 hee built, of Cedar kervd, a large round table,  
*which* hee cleapd thorder of the golden girdle,  
in kind remembrance of the milke white Turtl  
*which* on this daie deignd vanquish death with liefе,  
wheare sate down all his knightes, save Algarsife.  
But now to tell their Daintie, roial, fare,  
of boild, rost, bakd, Of Nectars flagons rare,  
of statelie paest workes, wild fowles store, and birdes,  
of march pane stuff, *which* wateringe teeth soone boordes,  
no Princes kitchen clerke could quote in hast,

5—5 sith of the livelie meat and drincke then theare,  
was no wheare elles fownd : Dainties still are rare.  
Wheare't pleasd the kinge, that Amidis his page  
sate chiefe gwest bove his Lord, though yonge of age,  
for that, of love, had followd him till death,  
no iote him leavinge, while liefе drewe his breath.  
Which vrgd some of the knightes this question t'move,

- <sup>1</sup> Whie the kinges selfe (as iust) sate not above? 552  
 To whome the kinge the question thus discuste: vz.<sup>1</sup>  
 "Love without iustice is not Love, but lust, *analysis.*<sup>2</sup>  
 and<sup>3</sup> iustice without love is crueltie; Cambuscan says  
 for I by love doe live, by Justice die. 556  
<sup>4</sup> And iustice without truith is tyrannie;  
 but truith without Justice is slogardie. that as Truth  
without Justice  
is Sluggardy,  
 Naie, truith without love is false veritie,  
 as love without truith is hypochrisie. 560  
 yea, love without truith is but surquedrie:  
 So love without iustice is lenitie, and Love without  
Justice is Lenity,  
 such as fond cockeringe spillethe vtterlie,  
 Which, partialie, gives and takes indulgence, 564  
 while it to iustice vseth connivence.<sup>4</sup>  
<sup>5</sup> But my characters bin love, truith, iustice;  
 so, not to have true love, of all dothe misse,  
 as to lacke Justice, love and truith are gone, 568  
 sithe eache convertes, in wisdom, t' vnion.  
 Whearfore, love wrongd is truiths iust ielowsie, (f. 29)  
 and iustice wrongd is trewe-loves iniurie.<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>6</sup> Whence, to provoke Love and truith impiouslie, 572  
 provokes sterne Justice to severitie. so opposition to  
Love and Truth  
makes Justice  
severe.

1-1 whie the kinge's selfe (trewe, iust) sate not above?  
 Which question thus and thus, the kinge discust:

<sup>2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3</sup> so

4-4 these 9 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted:—  
 which love mee obedient made to iustice lore,  
 that, humbl, I mote, bove iustice, love restore;  
 for nought hath iustice stern to satisfie,  
 but guiltles Love, iustices remedie.  
 for trewe love each waie beares iust innocence,  
 wheareby repaires feirce iustices offense.

5-5 which love's my character, so iustice is;  
 then iustice to neglect of both doth misse:  
 for love provokd, turnes iustice ielowzie,  
 which wisdom hath to extend iudicialie.

<sup>6</sup> the next 8 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted:—  
 Yet meeke love and stern iustice so convert  
 as each, in each, own scopes have to insert,  
 as reason seeth cause to make extense,  
 but so as both neare angrie bee at once.



Yet Love turns  
Justice to Love.

yet, wheare trewe love (distressd) for pittie sewethe,  
Justice turnes lover : Mercie all subdeweth.  
But falshode, *which* is truithes old enimie, 576  
wantes love and iustice : so n'ath lenitie.  
All *which* your soules wisdomes throughe reasons eie,  
maie moderate to pious remedie.

And as Love is  
the soul of Per-  
fection, Amidis  
is set highest at  
the Feast.

But<sup>1</sup> love the signe, and seale is of perfection, 580  
<sup>2</sup>*which* all deliuereth to th' vse of dilection,<sup>2 3</sup>  
<sup>4</sup>*which* multiplieng in him, so begettes,  
as, vpmost on my right hand, heere hee settes."<sup>4 5</sup>

<sup>6</sup>The knightes, all satisfied heereat, sate still, 584  
havinge from these his reasons heard their fill.

<sup>7</sup> *a loving  
carrouse.*<sup>7</sup>

Tho this most roial kinge bode fill the cupp,  
and lookd on all with cheerfull aspectes vpp,  
saienge, "My knightes, this cupp, by th' warr, I  
swear,<sup>6</sup> 588

hathe, as yee knowe, cost me right deerlie deere.

Cambuscan drinks  
the health of his  
Knights.

<sup>8</sup>now, heer's a<sup>8</sup> helthe t' yee all, with all my hart."

<sup>9</sup>At that adowne theire knees theie quicklie start,<sup>9</sup>  
"on these conditions, that this towne I wonn 592

<sup>1</sup> *which*

<sup>2-2</sup> and both delivereth to thvse of election,

<sup>3</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

love seasoninge temperance (natures remedie),  
the faire queene regent of integritie.  
*which* love bove nature ruleth by correction,  
so is victorious, band eake, of perfection ;  
Love makinge peace, and concord<sup>es</sup> harmonie,  
all frendlie ioyninge, in one Vnitie.

<sup>4-4</sup> and love yt multiplieng in him gettes  
that in my bosome charitable sittes,

<sup>5</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

demonstratinge, of faith, hope, charitie ;  
the last is first, so getteth soveraigntie."

<sup>6-6</sup> At this, the knightes, full satisfied, sate still,  
oft havinge on his reasons fedd theire fill,  
and now determined, concludentlie,  
Love is the founder of integritie.

Tho, this most noble kinge biddes fill his cupp,  
and (cheerefullie of countenance), lookinge vp,  
thus haield, "My knightes, this cupp (yfaith, I swear)

<sup>7-7</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>8-8</sup> so heer's ann

<sup>9-9</sup> wheare at not one sate, but on knees down start,

<sup>1</sup>yee shall safe keepe by those meanes I begunn."

so,<sup>1</sup> in that cupp vnites them lovingelie.

<sup>2</sup>Theie swore theie woold, and pledgd him hartelie.

"Now, thearfore, sithe it is my daughters dowre, 596

still shall yee call this towne Canacamor,<sup>2</sup>

thoughe other ancientes it Rosalia call;

<sup>3</sup>others, the standinge vp of them *which* fall."

That said, the knightes flunge vp their capps for  
ioie, 600

saienge, "Viuat Canac! Viue Le Roy!"<sup>3</sup>

Tho, givinge thanckes, Cambuscan soone arose,  
of his<sup>5</sup> townes reparation to dispose;

<sup>6</sup>and first buildes vp the walles, so stronge and hie, 604

as highe, ne lowe, climbs o're ne puttes it buy.

Next,<sup>6</sup> turnes a cristal streame int' everie streete,  
to washe them cleane, and keepe the cittie sweete.

Then,<sup>7</sup> for his garrison leaves victualles store, 608

that warr, ne peace, shoold cause<sup>8</sup> it want no more;

<sup>9</sup>or if it chaunce some to bee of their order,

hee biddes that none bee taken by disorder,<sup>9</sup> 611

but that they maie with stronge laddes<sup>10</sup> fill his bandes,

biddes first clapp on them bothe their valient handes,

<sup>11</sup>to trie,<sup>11</sup> then soldiers chouse of virtuous brest,

sith<sup>12</sup> of tonge stories, hand glories are beste.

<sup>13</sup>mutinistes and wronge doers all hee hates,<sup>13</sup> 616

Cambuscan alters  
the name of Fre-  
giley to 'Canaca-  
mor.'

<sup>4</sup>reparations,  
fortifications,  
Discipline of  
warr.<sup>4</sup>

He rebuilds the  
town walls,  
lays water in  
every street,

stores the garri-  
son,

and orders good  
soldiers to be  
chosen.

<sup>1-1</sup> yee shall by those meanes safe keepe I begunn." then

<sup>2-2</sup> all swearinge they woold pledge him hartelie.

"Now sith, hencefoorth, this is my daughters dowre,  
yee still shall call her town Canacemoure,

<sup>3-3</sup> and some, the standinge vp of them that fall."

At that, the knightes flunge vp their hattes for ioie,  
and cried, "Viuat Canace! Viue Le Roy!"

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>5</sup> this

<sup>6-6</sup> and first, the walles vp buildes so stronge and hie,  
as great, ne small, o're climbs, or slipps out bye, then

<sup>7</sup> and

<sup>8</sup> make

<sup>9-9</sup> *which* donn, yf chaunce that some bee of his order,  
hee biddes none bee receavd in by disorder,

<sup>10</sup> men

<sup>11-11</sup> for prooffe

<sup>12</sup> for

<sup>13-13</sup> "all mutiners, and doers wronge, I hate,

- Cambuscan orders <sup>1</sup>and biddes them all be turnd out att the gates,<sup>1</sup>  
vnlesse theie <sup>2</sup>sorrowe and<sup>2</sup> repent their factes,  
and make amendes to doe no more suche actes ;  
<sup>3</sup>leavinge it in free choise to suche as tarrie, 620
- that his Soldiers  
may marry, “alliege them to vs, well maie they marrie.”  
But that sicke soldiers live stronge, and so die<sup>3</sup>  
(active and nimble of dexteritie),
- and that sick ones  
shall be oild. hee biddes with olives fatt to rubb them over, 624  
and<sup>4</sup> phisickes confidence shall them recover.
- He builds 12 City  
Gates. Twice six gates to his towne hee edified,  
<sup>5</sup>and to each gate one porter leaves for guide,<sup>5</sup>  
t’ admitt no weaponed straungers to annoie them, 628  
but, if suche will make entrie, first distroie them ;  
<sup>6</sup>and willes them providentlie watch and ward,  
so as all men keepe their owne courtes of gard.<sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup>
- <sup>9</sup> *admiral made  
governer.<sup>9</sup>* <sup>8</sup>That said, the kinge Don Akafir gann call, 632  
*He appoints  
Akafir the first  
Governor of  
Canacamor.* Who in this service was his admirall,  
and, in his stead, first gracd him with th’onor<sup>8</sup>  
of governinge his towne Canacamor :<sup>10</sup>  
in hope hee will so faithfullie demeane, 636  
<sup>11</sup>as still hee find his towne stronge, virtuous, cleane ;  
expectinge, sithe hee leaves him chiefe commaunder,<sup>11</sup>  
hee shall keepe in his men, keepe out each straunger ;
- <sup>1-1</sup> and bid all such bee turnd out at the gate, <sup>2-2</sup> sorrowfull  
<sup>3-3</sup> yt leavinge to free choise for such as tarrie,  
that them alyinge to vs heere maie marrie.”  
then that sicke soldiers maie live stronge and die, <sup>4</sup> so  
<sup>5-5</sup> and twice five Porters left theare for their gwid,  
<sup>6-6</sup> wheareto biddes providentlie watch and ward,  
so as all men keepe well their courtes of gard.  
<sup>7</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*  
“but thus yee keepe thease rules and goe the rown,  
cann ever govern faithfullie my town.”  
<sup>8-8</sup> That said, hee first Don Aquaphir did call,  
whoe in his service had bin Admirall,  
and, thearefore, in his stead gracd with thonoure  
<sup>9-9</sup> *om. in Ash.*  
<sup>10</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*  
providinge one most apt to Vnitie,  
sith more in number, distract monarchie :  
<sup>11-11</sup> as hee still keepe his town trewe, iust, stronge, cleane,  
expectinge eake, sith leaves him chiefe commaunder,



- <sup>1</sup>but if his owne will needes excede licence, 640 Cambuscan orders  
biddes Sentinells them shoote to bulge thoffence,  
inioininge eake "t' all soldiers that bee mine,  
that they peciselie keepe warres discipline ;  
nor will I so dispense with anie man, 644  
as willinglie followes not Cambuscan :  
Now, who so poisoneth anie water springe,<sup>1</sup> and poisoners of  
let him not live, but die for murderinge."<sup>2</sup> springs, kild.  
<sup>3</sup>and thus concludes, loves, truithes, and iustice storie,  
to bee th'eternal garland of trewe glorie.<sup>3</sup> 649  
"Dred soveraigne lord," behight Don Akafir,  
"sith on poore mee these honors yee conferr,  
heere I depose, ear I your towne forgoe, 652  
<sup>5</sup>Downwardes my handes, my feete shall vpwardes gro."<sup>5</sup>  
This aunswer likd<sup>6</sup> Cambuscan verie well,  
in whose face free forgivenes seemd<sup>7</sup> to dwell. (f. 29 b.)  
Tho lookinge vp to the sonnes middaie diall, 656  
hee told his knightes <sup>8</sup>hee'l yet<sup>8</sup> make further trial  
<sup>9</sup>of theire worth (ear longe) in Serra Prouince.<sup>9</sup> Cambuscan  
for surelie hee was a most stirring prince, promises to try  
his Knights'  
worth at his  
Grand Tourney.  
<sup>10</sup>sithe him prepares to thilke Grand turniamente 660  
Which earst b' his heraultes, to all Courtes hee sent :  
by whose example everie ioifull man<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> and if his own, his licence will exceed,  
bides centinelles them shoote, and burn with reed.  
"for I inioine all soldiers that are mine  
to keepe peciselie warres strict discipline ;  
nor will I once dispense with anie man,  
that willinglie followes not Cambuscan.  
and whoe so poisoneth anie water springe,

<sup>2</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

and biddes Camball and Aquaphir with speed,  
yea, faithfullie defend Canace at need,

<sup>3-3</sup> concludinge heere, Loves, truithes, and iustice storie,  
that earns thetternal garland of trewe glorie.

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> mine handes shall downward, my feete vpward, groe."

<sup>6</sup> pleasd

<sup>7</sup> tooke

<sup>8-8</sup> hee ment

<sup>9-9</sup> of all theire worthes in Serrae old province.

<sup>10-10</sup> that him reservd for that grand turniament,  
which hee to all Courtes by his heraultes sent ;  
by whose example everie valient man

<sup>1</sup>cried "bootie Cella," to depart anan. 663

*allusio.*<sup>2</sup>

Trumpets sound  
strains of peace.

Out blew the trumpettes pointes of victors pleasure,<sup>1</sup>

for, the warrs ended, peace found dulcet leasure

to chaunt <sup>3</sup>and flaunt<sup>3</sup> out thrillant clangors hie,

in ariel carrowses to the skie : 667

<sup>4</sup>faire Ecchoes pledges seeminge to adore them,

vntill theie sawe the sonn iogg home before them,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>as sweete, as faire, reioisinge everie hart, 670

so sange the birdes evnsonge, his lothe depart.<sup>5</sup>

Part XI.

*Canto Vndecimo.*

Algarsife is  
forgiven.  
Cambuscan's  
guests come to his  
Tournament.

Juste Ethel deignes grace to <sup>6</sup>false Algarsife ;<sup>6</sup>

kinge Thotobun, and<sup>7</sup> Theodore arives,

Equestril, Togantil, Quadrumal <sup>8</sup>with, &c.<sup>8</sup>

Dueltra false, Cromatia eake<sup>9</sup> convives.

Cambuscan rides  
homeward.

<sup>10</sup>The wagginge foote riddes waie, Cambuscan than

had many miles in fewe howres, homewardes rann,

till softlie came into his Inn at night,

t'enioie gladd reste, dothe travilers invite. 4

Thotobun's Dove  
flies to Queen  
Ethel.

But longe ear this, white Columbel, the post,

on aerie pineons, cleaft th'orisons cost,

and visited queene Ethel : Whence he fledd,

to make his point o're right Canacies head. 8

<sup>11</sup>*ye ftieng post  
scene of Canac.*<sup>11</sup>

ffor ioie wheareof, when shee on highe did looke,<sup>10</sup>

1-1 gan bootie cella to depart anan ;

the trumpetes soundinge straines of Victors pleasure,

<sup>2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> rechaunt

4-4 faire Eccho, pledginge all, seemd to adore them,

& tho the ioyfull Son ioggd home before them.

5-5 *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> Algarsife her sonn,

<sup>7</sup> with

<sup>8-8</sup> com

<sup>9</sup> harsh

10-10 The wagginge foote riddes waie, so Cambuscan

in fewe howres havinge manie leages out ran,

came faire and softlie to his In at night,

that rest to take that doth the weerie invite ;

before *which* time, White Columbel, the post,

havinge cleft through thorizons aerie coast,

lightes with queene Etheel, and from her soone fled,

to make her point o're right Canaices head.

for ioie wheareof, when shee aloft did looke,

<sup>11-11</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>conceavd good newes, and thence great comfort tooke ;

Which to report, shee to her mother rann,  
in hope of good newes of kinge Cambuscan.

Canace goes to her  
Mother,  
12

Tho Titan in th'oriental-tremblinge wave  
his lator filld, his golden browes to lave,  
so lent his tresses to the windes to playe,  
in a greie amice, tokeninge fairest daye,  
vp lightinge travilers, to gett them gonn,<sup>1</sup>  
for time will (as occasion) staie for non.

16

But<sup>2</sup> lô, as Canac stooode at prospective,  
her glasse discried from farr a troopes arive,

looks thro' her  
Glass,  
20

<sup>3</sup>makinge (in hastie sort) to Court : at laste  
shee sawe, with ioie, a sight did her agast,  
sithe soone shee founde Camball, her younger brother,  
had brought Algarsif, prisoner, bound, t' her mother, <sup>24</sup>  
with his head wounded sore. Wheareat shee start,<sup>3</sup>  
for love in her made all his paines her smart.

and finds that  
Camballo has  
brought home Al-  
garsife wounded,  
and a prisoner.

<sup>4</sup>yet now him havinge (thoughe on hardest termes),  
a sisters pittie on a brother yernes ;

28

whome downe shee tooke from horsbacke, in her armes,  
kissd, welcomd home, and comforted his harmes,  
with askinge how hee fares : But hee dismaid,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>Ca. kindness to  
her rebell  
brother.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> conceavd good newes and theareof comfort tooke ;  
which soone to tell, shee to her mother rann,  
in hope of more good newes from Cambuscan.

Now Titan, in thoriental, wrinckled wave,  
had filld his lator, his gold browes to lave,  
& him invested in his amice grey,  
to promise calme windes and that azure daie,  
y<sup>t</sup> lightes vp travilers to gett them gon,

<sup>2</sup> When

<sup>3-3</sup> in great hast comd to Courte, Wheare shee in haste  
sawe what her ioid and quicklie made agaste :  
for soone shee found that Camball, her stowt brothere,  
had brought Algarsife, prisoner bownd, to her mother,  
his head sore wounded. Wheareat backe shee start,

<sup>4-4</sup> as havinge on him, though on hardist termes,  
that sisters pittie, for a brother yernes.  
Whome takinge from his horse in both her armes,  
shee tooke part of that woe which love confirms,  
with askinge how hee faerd. Whoe, quite dismaid,

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.



- throughe store of miseries in aunswer sayd, 32  
 Algarsife says he  
 wishes for Death. "I seeke for deathe, yet death I cannott finde ;  
 I die, yet live, yet am to death designd."  
<sup>1</sup>and tho remembred, how his late-seene vision  
 foretold, and wrapt him too, in this condition.<sup>1</sup> 36  
<sup>3</sup>Q. *Ethels*  
*sternes to her*  
*rebell son.*<sup>3</sup> <sup>2</sup>Canac foorthwith brought Camball to her mother,  
 Whoe, on bothe knees, presentes to her his brother :  
 saienge, 'his ffather now heere sendes to her<sup>2</sup>  
 her conquerd rebell sonn, bound prisoner, 40  
<sup>4</sup>which prize hee deerlie bought, evn with owne liefse,<sup>4</sup>  
 yet praies her, doe her will on Algarsife.'  
 Q. Ethel blesses  
 and welcomes  
 Camballo. <sup>5</sup>Camball shee blissd, sayenge, "vp, Camballo,  
 thow art best wellcomm to mee, of ilke two.<sup>5</sup> 44  
 for thow com'st gladlie, of thine owne free will :  
<sup>6</sup>but hee, constraind, so mawlgier must fulfill."  
 whome, with sterne lookes, shee byd bee strictlie kept,  
 so, turnd away : Wheareat Canacey wept. 48  
<sup>7</sup>ioifull meetinge<sup>7</sup>  
 between Cam-  
 buscan,  
 and his Wife and  
 Daughter. In the meane time, Cambuscan home was comm,  
 amidd this busines, not yet fullie donn.  
 but oh, what ioifull meetinge then theare was  
 betweene the kinge and Queene and faire Canac, 52  
 and how thwhole court of knightes gann them comport  
 in glorious wellcoms of festival sport,<sup>6</sup>

1-1 *these 2 lines om. in Ash.*

- 2-2 the brought shee Cambal to her angrie mothere,  
 and on his knees presentes to her his brother,  
 then told her that his ffather sendes to her,

3-3 *om. in Ash.*

- 4-4 whose prize hee deerlie bought, evn with his liefse,  
 5-5 the Queen, Camballo blissinge, bides him rise,  
 farr wellcomer then this his froward prize :  
 6-6 hee, but constraind, so mawger must fullfill."  
 With stern lookes, thearefore, biddes him strict bee kept ;  
 tho from him turnd, Wheareat Canace wept.

At th' instant in Cambuscans selfe was com,  
 amid the busines of his lost-found sonn.  
 but ô ! then what hartes leapinge ioie theare was  
 between the kinge and Queene, and meeke Canace !  
 and how the knightes in court did them comport !  
 with wellcoms glorious and festival sport,

7-7 *om. in Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>men sooner maie belive then time cann tell,  
sith liefie seemd rise from death, ill chaungd to well. 56

Canac, on knees, did too Cambuscan fall,  
With begginge grace for Algarsifes recall,  
*which*, graunt for daughters sake, if not for his,  
but if hee will for neithers quitt the misse, 60  
Yet for his fathers sake hee wouold forgive<sup>1</sup> (f. 30)

her miserable brother Algarsiue:<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>thus addinge, “ know, good father, that my mother  
standes yet out iust, sterne, feirce to my weake brother ;  
Whearefore, in you my sole trust is, deere father, 65  
and if yee helpe not now, wee dye togeather.”

The good kinge, att her suite, recalles him in,  
Whoe com, his browes wore th’ skarrs of shame and synn :  
pitchinge on knees, with countenaunce deiect, 69  
fell prostrate, and in woefull silence wept,  
not daringe once lift vp his rewoffull eies,  
for guilt the guiltie dauntes to vew the skies, 72  
and conscient fault thear wears owne willfull shame,  
wheare reason playd false to right iust infame.

This while Canac wept fast as hee, hard bye,<sup>3</sup>

Canace prays  
Cambuscan to for-  
give Algarsife.

<sup>4</sup>Canace obtaineth  
fauor for her  
rebel brother.<sup>4</sup>

Algarsife falls  
prostrate before  
Cambuscan,  
knowing his guilt.

<sup>1-1</sup> was sooner to belive then time cann tell,  
how deadlie morpheus wooke, ill turnd to well.

Canace tho fore kinge Cambusc did fall,  
and beggd his grace for Algarsifes renstall,  
for his poore sisters sake, yf not for his ;  
but yf for neither will acquitt his misse,  
yet for his ffathers sake wouold deign forgive

<sup>2</sup> Algarsve

<sup>3-3</sup> the rather sith her most seveare sterne mother  
(still iust and trewe) standes off from theldest brothere,  
“ thearefore my sole trust is in you, sweet ffather !  
and yf you helpe not now, wee die togeathere.”

the kinge tho at her suite recalld him in,  
Whose pale lookes wore the brandes of shamefull sin ;  
for *which* pight on his knees (his lidds deiect),  
and prostrate, full of woe, in silence wept,  
not daringe vp to lift his guiltie eies,  
guilt dauntinge diepe, though no man theare it spies.  
much more when th’ eye of iustice yt observes,  
with such fitt measure as the guilt deserves.

Canacee weepinge, all the while, hard by,

<sup>4-1</sup> om. in *Ash*.

<sup>1</sup>and Camballs liddes scarce could containe them drie. 76

<sup>2</sup> *Alg. submission.*<sup>2</sup>

Tho, in fewe wordes, Algarsif thus begunn,  
 "Lô heere, dread parentes, hee that was your sonn,  
 whoe hath no features left of that degree<sup>1</sup>  
 your grace, forme, education, gave to mee: 80

Algarsife confesses his faults,

<sup>3</sup>my faultes have so diepe died their guilt in graine,  
 as of my ruine now doth nought remaine,  
 (sithe havinge forfeited parental love)  
 then that my portion your dire iustice prove. 84

and that he deserves to die.

I am not worthie to bee called youres,  
 but yeeld to th' sharpest swoord of bothe your powres."  
 so downe he laye in final expectation  
 of deathe-deserving-lawes-last-stroke: damnation; 88  
 wheareat the wailinge peoples drerie eye,  
 sighd, pittied, sobbd theire Princes tragedie.

Cambuscan hands his Wife his sword, and bids her slay her Son.

Cambuscan tho drewe Morliuo full keene,  
 and gave't to sterne-just Ethelta his Queene, 92  
 saience: "heere, kill him, wiefe, for I have donn."

<sup>4</sup> *Love ouercometh all.*<sup>4</sup>

But lô, if iustice turne love, teeres must comm.  
 "Husband" (quoth shee), "I lost you once, for him,  
 elles had yee not binn lost, but him to winn:<sup>3</sup> 96

<sup>1-1</sup> ne could Camballoes eies containe them drie,  
 for love intier hath such compunction  
 as makes annothers case to bee ones own.

Then thus Algarsife (in sad plite) begun,  
 "Lô, heere the wretch, dred Parentes, was your son,  
 though hath no feature now in that degree,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> for so diepe have my faultes dyed guilt in graine,  
 as of my tragedie nought doth remaine,  
 but that my portion doe your iustice prove,  
 for forfeitinge your deere and kindest love:  
 I thearefore am not worthie to bee youres,  
 but yeild mee to the swoord of both your powres."  
 tho down hee laid his head in expectation  
 of the lawes letter (deathes axe, dire damnation).

Cambuscan drawinge Morliuo full keene,  
 yt gave vp to iust Etheelta, the Queene,  
 and said, "heere, kill him, wiefe, for I have donn."  
 but ô! wheare iustice turnes to love, teeres com,  
 "husband, I lost yee once," she swore, "for him,  
 elles had you not binn lost, but him to win,

<sup>4-4</sup> *om. in Ash.*



now, shoold I kill him too, I shoold leese twoe ;  
beshrewe my love, if iustice this thinge doe."

<sup>1</sup>tho touchd his woundes with the platt of thilke  
swoord, Queen Ethel  
closes Algarsife's  
wounds with a  
touch of her  
sword.

which closd all vp, and instantlie recurd.<sup>1</sup> 100

<sup>2</sup>whearevppon vp hee start of contentation,  
which inwardlie reioisd this alteration,  
his teeres praising loves virtues manifold,  
able to save life lost, when nought elles could. 104

tho findes this instance verified in sense,  
repentance lesse secures then providence :  
and ofte repeates his late seene apparition,  
then verifieng his present condition.<sup>2</sup> 108

<sup>3</sup>"What saiest thou, Canace, if I give him thee,  
as francklie as thy ffather gives him mee?<sup>3</sup>  
wilt thou and Camball bothe his suerties bee, She offers him to  
Canace, if she and  
Camballo will be  
sureties for his  
good behaviour.

<sup>4</sup>that thou wilt (hencefoorth) him foorth cominge see,<sup>4</sup>  
so as hee well demeane him ever more? 113  
on which conditions I will cleere th'old<sup>5</sup> skore."

<sup>6</sup>"Dread Dame" (quoth shee), "because hee cries  
'peccavit,'<sup>6</sup>

Wee bothe will sue his special supplicauit, 116

<sup>7</sup>and stand his Pleages too, so as he stand,<sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup>Al. receaved  
on conditions.<sup>8</sup>  
bounde to vs bothe, in his own counterband."

<sup>9</sup>Hee yeeldes, and cries : "God save the Kinge and  
Queene!"<sup>9</sup>

tho Canace tooke him of them farme to feen, 120 Canace accepts  
Algarsife,  
and cures his  
scars.

<sup>10</sup>and with her ringe his skarrs shee cuerd, to stand<sup>10</sup>

1-1 tho touchd his wound with the platt of the swoord,  
which instantlie closd vp and perfect cuerd.

2-2 these 8 lines om. in Ash.

3-3 "but Canace, what saiest, yf I give him thee,  
as francke and free as th' ffather gives him mee?

4-4 that hence foorth yee will him foorth cominge see,

<sup>5</sup> the <sup>6-6</sup> "Dred Dame," quoth Cambal, "sith hee cries 'peccavit,'

<sup>7-7</sup> and stand his pledge too, so as hee will stand,

<sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>9-9</sup> Hee grauntes, and cried, "God save the kinge & Queene!"

<sup>10-10</sup> and with her ringe cuerd all his skarres, to stand

at tilt and turniament in Faerie Land.

<sup>1</sup>Cambuscan noold forget kind thanckes to give  
t' his Queene, for gracious pardoninge Algarsive. 124

Canace's  
<sup>3</sup>*Dreame com to  
pass.*<sup>3</sup>

“Ô,” quoth Canac, “my dreame is allmost out!”  
and must how th' destanies brought thinges about.<sup>1 2</sup>

<sup>4</sup>The fame wheareof, and other actions, flewe<sup>4</sup>  
from coast to coast, as farr as marchantes drewe. 128

Cambuscan is  
honourd far and  
wide.

<sup>5</sup>Whence all mens tonges him honord, though near  
sawe him ;

no lodestone like to virtues powr to drawe men ;<sup>5</sup>

Princes and  
Nobles come to  
feast their eyes  
on him.

In so muche that some Princes, Barons, Knightes,  
to feede their eies on him, them thither dightes, 132

<sup>6</sup>not doubtinge but his known magnificence  
would quitt their paines, though but with reverence.

It followes next, by th' course of Cronikel,  
wee more of this kinges great exploites foorth tell,<sup>6</sup> 136  
whoe never woold bee idle in that thinge  
which<sup>7</sup> touchd the point of roial mananginge.

<sup>9</sup>*time appointed  
for the ioustes is  
com.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup>Now then, sith Sol was clyminge Mars his Lion,  
he bode all gates bee sett wide openn by noon,<sup>8</sup> 140

- 1—1 Cambuscan not neglectinge thanckes to give  
t' his Queenes good grace for pardoninge Algarsive.  
“O God,” said Canace, “now my dreame is out,”  
and wondred how the heavns bringe thinges about ;

<sup>2</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

and how demonstrate by this act and scene,  
how fond pure folke presume on mercie t' leane,  
as yf stern iustice would renounce that right,  
that in her trewe, iust, serious lawe is wright ;  
which sweares neare man, ne nation, did transgresse,  
but iustice wiselie punishd more or lesse.

<sup>3—3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

- <sup>4—4</sup> the fame of which Cambuscans actions flewe  
<sup>5—5</sup> whearefore all men him honord, though neare sawe him,  
for virtewe hath own lodestones powre to drawe men :  
<sup>6—6</sup> as deeminge that his seene magnificence,  
woold paie enuff them with his reverence.

Thaauthoritie of whose large Cronickel  
requires more of this kinges exploites to tell,

<sup>7</sup> that

<sup>8—8</sup> thearefore, When Sol was climbinge Mars his Lion,  
biddes all the gates bee sett wide open b' high noon,

<sup>9—9</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>saienge, 'the Queene and hee woold then repaire<sup>1</sup>

to see their goodlie new-built theataire,

<sup>2</sup>that all they whoe gann noblie armes professe,

mote, gainst this knowne daie, hitherwardes addresse.'

But ô, how mote a weaklinge poetes penn<sup>2</sup> 145

discribe, delineate, limn, in sound poem

<sup>3</sup>(in th' presence of the Classis Laureate),

the glories of this kinge and Queene in state? 148

the bounteous riches of their courtlie traine;

the maiestie which did all those sustaine;

the knowne magnificence of their expense;

(f. 30 b.)

the grand allowances which issue thence; 152

the yoncker iollities of each brave knight;

the shininge bewties of each ladie bright;<sup>3</sup>

the knights'  
bravery, the  
Ladies' beauty,

the goodlie comportance, the sweete demeanoure;

their constant loves, vnder the roial streamer; 156

<sup>4</sup>the virtuous prowesse of all them which bide,

the prowesse of the  
King's side?

and tooke their lodgings vp on th' kinges owne side;<sup>4</sup>

The vanities of thother knightes and ladies;

How tell of the  
empty pretensions

<sup>5</sup>the fickell pompe of dilld vp-whifflinge babies;<sup>5</sup> 160

their false concept of honor honorlesse;

their vndeservd, their<sup>6</sup> vsurpd greatneses;

their bewties, all<sup>7</sup> sophisticate to viewe

and painted dames  
of his opponents?

<sup>8</sup>(vulgarlie vermilld to pretende as trewe);<sup>8</sup> 164

1-1 for that the Queene and hee would then repaire

2-2 to thend that all they whoe doe armes professe  
mote gainst the publicke daie them thither addresse.

But now, how maie ann haggardes homelie penn,  
3-3 the glories of this kinge and Queene in state?

in presence of the classis Laureate,  
the shininge riches of their Courtlie traine,  
the maiestie that doth their port maintaine,  
thincomputible summes of their expense,  
the grand allowances that yssewe thence,  
the gallantries of everie yonckster knight,  
the scatent bewties of each Ladie bright,

4-4 the noble virtuous prowesse of them byde,  
and take vp lodgings on the kinges right side.

5-5 the fickle pompe of phanticke, whifflinge babies,

<sup>6</sup> and <sup>7</sup> meere

8-8 to th' vulgar vermilld to demaund as trewe,



- their oratories, but to counterfeate ;  
<sup>1</sup>truth mingled with smooth falshode, for excheate.  
 now, how these divers bewties maie bee sedd,  
 Sidney's Arcadia  
 being dead, we  
 versers must do as  
 best we may. Don Sidneies Ach-idea beeing dead, 168  
 is hard to hope : yet hardie they whoe saie  
 "wee cann at liste" ; wee others must as may.
- <sup>2</sup>roial theater  
 finished.<sup>2</sup> The kinge and Queene, most roialie attended,  
 anon to their newe theater discended; 172  
 fore whome rode Heraultes bare, in rich cote armes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bands of Trump-  
 eters answer one  
 another. With cheeke-swolne trumpetters (begettinge stormes),  
<sup>3</sup>Which chaunted as theie went, dialoge wise,  
 and breathlesse one expectes thothers replies, 176  
 till all the partes mett in one common choire,  
 bases and trebles, seeminge t' spitt out fier,  
 tyninge the welkinns bosome, lowe & hie,  
 to confesse full of sparcklinge melodie. 180
- proclamation.<sup>4</sup> Then gann ann herault make this proclamation,<sup>3</sup>  
 All Knights "that all knights, farr and neere,<sup>5</sup> of everie nation,  
 beinge trewe servauntes sworne to chivalrie,  
<sup>6</sup>and havinge ladies bewties, heere to trie<sup>6</sup> 184  
 by speare, sword, sheild, and goodlie amenance  
<sup>7</sup>(after the lore of Faerie Landes sommance),  
 have safe conduct  
 hither. have them safe conduct given, by th' kinge and Queene,<sup>7</sup>
- <sup>1-1</sup> truth seeminge mixt with falshode for excheate :  
 and how thease bewteous Visors mote bee told,  
 Don Sidneies Archidea beinge old,  
 to dare is hard. Yet hardly hardie they,  
 whoe vaunt they cann, What others must as maie.  
 Which kinge and Queene, theare beinge well attended,  
 anon to their new Theater ascended :  
 fore whome learnd herauldes rode in rich cote armes,  
<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.
- <sup>3-3</sup> whoe, as they marchd, rechaunted dialogewise,  
 till, breathlesse, one staid thother with supplies,  
 that all the partes mote meete in common quire,  
 basses and treables spittinge liquid fier,  
 on welkins ample bosom, lowe and hie,  
 in accentes chargd with alerie melodie.  
 What time ann herald made this proclamation,  
<sup>4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5</sup> nye <sup>6-6</sup> intendinge bewteous Ladies rightes to trie,  
<sup>7-7</sup> should (of Old Faeries lore and sumonance)  
 heere have safe conduct givn by kinge and Queene,

<sup>1</sup>to trie in fight, whose bewties better sheene; 188

and hee whoe dothe Canacies bewtie winn,  
shall have his landes, and her to wifelie twinn.

The Prize is  
Canace, and Cam-  
buscan's lands.

and other ladies (if desert it beare)

shall fittlie bee adiudgd them for their pheare. 192

to morrowe next, these trialles to beginn;

thus god Cambuscan save, and Ethel queen!"

So great weare th' peoples shootes, y<sup>t</sup> thearth it startes,<sup>1</sup>  
for hee that makes them sport shall have their hartes.

The people shout  
for joy.

<sup>2</sup>Cambuscan made small staie till hee had seene<sup>2</sup> 197

his theater, without dores<sup>4</sup> and within,

<sup>3</sup>sumptuous mag-  
nificence for y<sup>e</sup>  
triumph.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>5</sup>whose glorious roomes, lightes, furnitures, rich hang-  
inges,

tapestrye, arras, counterpointes, beddes standinges, 200

rich sadles, for which yonder hawtie strive

(as whilome did th' forgetfull Algarsive);

Cambuscan's  
grand Theatre  
and its contents  
described.

plate, vessell, clothe, suites of accomptlesse store,

with officers attendinge at the dore, 204

and everie roome dressd, aierd, perfumd right sweete,

for knightes and ladies, when th'assemblies meete;

with curious galleries for openn viewe,

endlesselie roundinge, eastward westward drewe,<sup>5</sup> 208

<sup>1-1</sup> to trie, by fight, whose bewties better sheene :  
and hee that doth Canac (the bewteous) win,  
shall have her and her landes, to wifelie twin.

So thother Ladies (as desert maie beare)  
shall fittlie have adiudgd to each their pheare.  
and t' morrowe next, thease triales to begin,  
so God Cambuscan save and Etheel th' Queen!"

the people shootinge heereat, thearth backe startes,

<sup>2-2</sup> but theare the kinge staid not, till hee had seene

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in *Ash*.

<sup>4</sup> dore

<sup>5-5</sup> of glorious roomes, lightes, furnitures, rich hanginges,  
of arras, tapstrie, counterpointes, bedd standinges,  
rich sadles, for which hawtie spirites strive,  
as whilom the forgetfull Algarsive!  
plate, Vessell, Linnen, suites of comptles store,  
with Officers attendinge at each dore:  
and everie roome vpdressd, perfumd, aierd sweet,  
for knightes and Ladies, gainst th'assemblies meet;  
the wondrous galleries for open viewe,  
of various roomes, from theastward westward drewe,

Cambuscan's  
grand Theatre.

<sup>1</sup>beginninge at th'altar of truithes image,  
to iustices altar in equipage :  
but from theast gate downe to the westernne gate  
how spacious, longe, brode, faire th'court gann dilate,  
for troopes, or single combattantes, to fight, 213  
mote easelie pose heeresaiie, but not sight.

<sup>2</sup> *K. Bunthoto &  
Theodorace  
arival.*<sup>2</sup>

This donn, a noise of trumpettes from with out,  
gave notice of a neere arivinge Rowte 216  
of noble states, lordes, knightes, or what they bee :  
at whome the people out rann to gaze and see.<sup>1</sup>

Bunthoto, King  
of India and  
Palestine, and  
his daughter  
Theodora, come  
to congratulate  
Cambuscan,

Whose heraultes-cote-armes gave to signifye  
the kinge of Ind and Palestine was nye ; 220

Bunthoto, with his daughter Theodore,  
off bewtie excellent, and sweete decore,

<sup>3</sup>Who came in love and ioie t' congratulate  
Cambuscans noble victories, of late<sup>3</sup> 224

obtained o're Fregiley and Algarsife,  
the fame wheareof, sithe yt amazd believe,  
they<sup>4</sup> faine would see with Ethelta the queene,  
<sup>5</sup>and what these honorable ioustes would beene ; 228

and see who'll  
win Canace.

yea, whoe would winn faire Canac to his prize,  
of whome th'ad heard, now faine would see with eies.

Cambuscan soone, and Queene Ethelta rose,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> at th'altar ginninge at truithes faire image,  
to Justice altar of like equipage.  
so from th'east gate vnto the western gate,  
how spacious, longe, brode, and the Courtes dilate !  
for troopes, and single combattantes, to fight,  
mote sooner pose heeresaiie then present sight.

This donn, new noise of Trumpettes, from without,  
gave notice of a new aproching rowt,  
of noblist states, lordes, knightes, Or what they bee,  
on whome the peopl out rann to gaze and see :

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> whoe came, this loves daie, to congratulate  
for kinge Cambuscans Victories of late

<sup>4</sup> som

<sup>5-5</sup> and of thease lowd proclaimed iowstes to deeme,  
observinge whoe winnes Canacee to prize ;  
of whome theire eares would fill theire hungrie eies.  
Cambuscan quicklie, and Etheelta, rose



<sup>1</sup>and onwarde, with their traine, to meete them  
goes, 232

where they with goodliest complementes comported,  
cheerfull and ioyous countenance consorted.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Bunthoto kysed queene Ethel and Canac,  
and then did kinge Cambuscan fast embrace. 236

<sup>3</sup> interview of ye  
princes.<sup>3</sup>

Cambuscan the faire Theodora kysed; (l. 31)

Algarsifs favor was, hee kysed her sister.

queene Ethel also Theodora kysed,  
and both the daughters neither either missed.<sup>2</sup> 240

these<sup>4</sup> roial straungers weare to lodgings brought,

King Bunthoto  
and Princess  
Theodora are  
lodged on Cam-  
buscan's right  
side.

<sup>5</sup>with wellcoms hartier then maie bee thought,<sup>5</sup>

and placed in th' midle ward, on th' kinges right side,

<sup>6</sup>fitt for their ease to eye, and to bee eyed. 244

Within a while more trumpettes gann resound,  
that more knightes binn arived in Faerie ground,  
for whome large space was made by th' marshallars,  
gardantes, and tipp staves, which the people steares.

<sup>7</sup> straungers com  
to the combat.<sup>7</sup>

Tho entred, first, a trumpetter ycladd 249 <sup>8</sup>1. trumpeter.<sup>8</sup>

in manie winges, flame colord, staring madd,  
about whose head these letters boldlie shine,  
which his ensigne repeates thus, "A famin." 252

Next came a woman with distended hears, <sup>9</sup>2. a herault.<sup>9</sup>  
Which wriglen as th'orse trottes and vp arears,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> to meet them, and with all their traine on goes,  
of countenance so ioyfullie supported,  
as with commutual complementes comported :

<sup>2-2</sup> these 6 lines om. in Ash. <sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4</sup> which <sup>5-5</sup> with gracious interviewes, as mote bee thought,

<sup>6-6</sup> fitt for their ease to skrie, and bee discried.

This while more Trumpetters are hard resound,  
that more knightes weare arived on Faerie ground,  
for whome large roome was made by th' marshallars  
and gardant tippstaves, whome them much besters.

Of these the leadinge Trumpetter was clad  
in winges flame colord, actinge staring mad,  
about whose turbin letters, graven in,  
repeated on his Ensign "A famin."

Next came a woman of distended haies,  
which wrigled as the trottinge horse forth beares,  
<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>8-8</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>9-9</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>speckd snakes, checkred lampernes, which turninge  
round,

out sprange at length, and in againe vpwound : 256

pallid her habite, wrinckled, large, and longe,  
and, ridinge, sange division on th' plaine songe.

<sup>2</sup>3. *discription of  
the first knight  
blew.*<sup>2</sup>

The next that entred was a mightie knight  
of limbes and posture, and no lesse of spright,<sup>1</sup> 260

Whose bever and his vmbier closd vp weare,  
to passe vnknowne, as after did appeare :

<sup>3</sup>his armor blewe, some clowdes wore, and some starrs,  
chaungeable sorted, which him boldlie carrs ; 264

his bases and caparison like eied,

His horse's plume  
of all colours save  
white.

and his great horse of manie colors pied,  
his tossant plume, which sublimeth his head,

all colors wore, save white, that mote bee read :<sup>3</sup> 268

iaies, pecoockes, parrettes fethers, ostridges,

<sup>4</sup>With all new daintie dies which gallantes dresse,

full of devices, danglinge vp newe fangled,  
as nyce invention idlie dightes them spangled, 272

that neither eie ne witt suche fancies sawe,

ear figurd yet, but in newe fasshions lawe,

With toies and glasses dallienge in the wine,<sup>4</sup>

- 1—1 speckd snakes and checkred Lamproies (twyninge rownd),  
which sooner sprange at length, then vp weare wound :  
pale was her visage, habite wrinckled-longe,  
division descantinge on the plaine songe.

Next came a more bigg. then a goodlie knight,  
of limbes and posture, no lesse then of spright,

<sup>2—2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

- 3—3 his armor azure, some clowdes wore and starres,  
which, blowinge chaungeable, him boldlie carrs :  
his bases and caparison like stied,  
his frendent horse of manie colors pied,  
his elevated plume on tossant head,  
all colors vauned, save white, which mote bee read,  
4—4 with all new volant dies of gallant dresse,  
full of devices, danglinge, as new fangled,  
as nice invention fanticklie them spangled :  
for never eie, ne witt, more fancies sawe,  
configurd to old Paris fickle Lawe,  
with toyinge glasses, playinge with the wine,

<sup>1</sup>turninge and altringe nimble with the time, 276  
 he comes : whose horse fomed the seas invndation,  
 as th' rider felt him on owne exaltation ;  
 which puttes so bravelie off, curveddinge hie,  
 as drewe vppon him everie wondringe eye ; 280  
 then onward trottes saunce stopp, or curteous stay,  
 not deigninge ladies congees or obay ;  
 but trottes beyonde the boundes of th' trophies twaine,  
 right so is followd by all of his traine.<sup>1</sup> 284

The Blue Knight's  
foaming steed.

Next came a lustie knight, in armes as greene  
<sup>3</sup>as okenn leaves, or verdant feildes pulleine,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whose plume, caparisone, brave bases eake,  
<sup>4</sup>challengd the greens of the greenest leeke ; 288  
 his prauncinge-dauncinge horse of dapled gray,  
 disdained to make the ground or aier their staye ;  
 his beaver ope shewd a smoothe beardlesse face,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which publishd boldnes rashe for iolliest grace ; 292  
 greene was his lance, ne ladies baisance caerd,  
<sup>5</sup>callinge "Sir Equestrillo," foorth hee faerd.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>24. second knight</sup>  
greene.<sup>2</sup>

His dappled grey  
horse.

Next came a stowt couragious vibrant knight,  
<sup>7</sup>largie proportiond, and as large of might, 296  
 his armor plaine, caparisone, and bases  
 of orange tawnie ; none this knight out faces ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>65. third knight</sup>  
oreng tawny.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> as nimble turnd, as altringe with the time,  
 born foorth, as on the seas rash invndation,  
 was vauned, as on own howses exaltacion,  
 wheare prickinge on most bold curvedes so hie,  
 as drewe vnto him each admiringe eye ;  
 so statelie trottes, saunce stopp, or curteous staie  
 (not deigninge Ladies congiewes once obay),  
 as vrgd beyond the bowndes and trophies twaine,  
 Yet bravelie followd was by all his trayne. <sup>2-2 om. in Ash.</sup>

<sup>3-3</sup> as Oken leaves, when verdant feildes pulleene,

<sup>4-4</sup> the greens challengd of the greenest leeke ;  
 on praw[n]cinge, dawncinge horse, dydappled grey,  
 disdained to make the ground or aier his stay :  
 his beaver ope denounced a beardles face,

<sup>5-5</sup> hight Equestrillo, callinge, foorth hee faerd.

<sup>6-6 om. in Ash.</sup>

<sup>7-7</sup> proportiond all as stronglie as of might,  
 whose armor, plume, caparison, and bases  
 of Oreng tawnie, none this knight outfaces ;



The Orange-  
tawny Knight,  
with auburn  
beard

<sup>1</sup>his aburne beard gann in his eye declare,  
hee knewe owne strength, that none mote it compare ;  
as though all ladies ought first bowe to him, 301  
nor held him bound to bewtie leese or winn ;  
so lovd him selfe, and durst that love maintaine,  
which leavinge one, mote chaunge or chouse eake  
twaine ; 304

and sorrel steed.

his nervous horse of sorrell shininge<sup>1</sup> hyde, [<sup>1</sup> MS. shiminge]  
as smale respect hee vsed, as after glyde :  
Sir Togantillo cleaped was more proved,  
then of them which him knowes, trusted or loved. 308

<sup>26.</sup> a lady of the  
straungers com-  
panie.<sup>2</sup>  
[Viderea]

Next came a woman (mask'd) right wondrous gay,  
in crimson velvetes, gold-pearl-broddred raie,<sup>1</sup>  
Which att her necke, vntill her dugges dependinge,  
Wore the ritch rubie of all eies attendinge : 312  
<sup>3</sup>other six iewelles<sup>3</sup> bove her browes vpbove,  
<sup>4</sup>Which beggd all suitors not to scape her dore ;  
her stead farr redder then the tawnie baye,  
and onwarde fared, knowinge too well the way. 316

<sup>57.</sup> fourth knight  
chaungeable.<sup>5</sup>

Close att her heeles prickd foorth a doughtie knight,  
Whose armor, plumes, caparisone weare dight<sup>4</sup>  
of colors white, redd, yellow, blacke commixt,  
<sup>6</sup>havinge a rowlinge eye, right seldom fixt :<sup>6</sup> 320

<sup>1-1</sup> his aburn beard did in his eie declare,  
hee knewe his strength such as none mote compare :  
nor holdes him bownd to bewtie leese or win ;  
but lookes all Ladies first ought bowe to him,  
hee, but so lovinge, as durst that maintaine,  
that leavinge one, mote chowse yet other twaine :  
his nervous horse of sorrell shininge hide,  
diffusinge small respect, did after glide ;  
Sir Togantillo cleapinge, more approved,  
then of him knowinge best, trusted or loved.

Next came a masked wooman, wondrous gaie,  
in crimson velvett, gold-pearles-brodered ray,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> six other iewelles

<sup>4-4</sup> to begge all suitors not to scape her dore ;  
her Steed farr redder then a sorell bay ;  
fares onward boldly, weetinge best her way.

Close at whose heeles foorth prickd a doubty knight,  
whose armor, plume, caparison, weare dight

<sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> and had a rowlinge eye, scarce ever fixt ;

a knight (in deede) that stode at all essaies,

<sup>1</sup>and wondrous feirce, sithe aiminge his owne waies ;<sup>1</sup> (f. 31 b.)

skewd was his horse, of manie colors chaunginge, [7, 8, 9 the 3

<sup>2</sup>which lovd in manie pastures to bee ranginge. 324 Treacherous

Sir Quadrimal men cleapd him, sith he leand

on owne sweete appetites after he weand.

Next came a knight with face in bever hidd, <sup>3 8. fivth knight</sup>

which beinge downe, of none it mote be spidd ; 328 redd.<sup>3</sup>

his horse was of a sangine color redd,<sup>2</sup>

so weare his flasshinge plumes aloft his head :

his armor redd, so his caparison,

<sup>4</sup>and redd his launce ; is after th' rest ygonn.<sup>4</sup> 332

Next came a knight, whose face was also hydd, <sup>5 9. sixt knight</sup>

vppon a pale horse, meagerlie bestridd, pale.<sup>5</sup>

in armor, plumes, caparisone all pale,

<sup>6</sup>his launce and swoord eake pale, thretninge fatale : 336

this hee spurrd onwarde, praw[n]cinge to the rest,

to kill him whoe grauntes not his purpose best.

Then rampd twoe bowncinge gearles, scarce fresh or <sup>7 10. 2 gallant</sup>

faire, ladies of the

but as frolicke lustiehead coines a paire 340 Two Bouncing

of suche as, in the point of emulation, Girls.

stande tipptoa highe for taliste vindication ;

wee said not best, ffor that weare to decide<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> and verie feirce in ayminge his owne waies ;

<sup>2-2</sup> as lovd in manie pastures to bee ranginge.

Sir Quadrimal men cleapd him, sith hee leand  
on own sweet appetites, and after weand.

Next came a knight, his face in bever hid,  
that beinge down, hee mote of none bee spid,  
whose horse was of a sangwin colord redd,

<sup>4-4</sup> his lance eake redd ; after the rest is gon. <sup>3-3 om. in Ash.</sup>

<sup>6-6</sup> lance, swoord, wan visage, thretninge still fatale, <sup>5-5 om. in Ash.</sup>

soone onward trottes to overtake the rest,  
and him to kill, grauntes not his pinion best.

Next rampd twoe bowncinge Gearles, scarce fresh or faire,

vnlesse that lustiehead gan coyne a paire

of such as, in the point of emulation,

rose instepp hie for tallest vindication ;

wee said not best, for so weare to decide

<sup>7-7 om. in Ash.</sup>

The bouncing  
girls, false  
Dueltra, and  
Cromatia.

<sup>1</sup> what mote anon by virtuous swoordes bee tried ; 344  
th'one false Dueltra (by art soundinge trewe),  
thother Cromatia (of no blusshinge hewe),  
yborne greeke Cynickes : so as yonder knightes,  
Whoe marchen on the waves of owne delightes. 348

<sup>2</sup> 11, 12. *twoe  
wayting maides.*<sup>2</sup>

Frelissa and  
Reglata, Roman  
ladies,

The last of these laggd a distressed paire,  
Frelissa faire, Reglata debonaire,<sup>1</sup>  
bothe Romane ladies of the familie  
of th'ancient senators Patricij, 352

<sup>3</sup> whose fortunes hard (ô whoe maie fate withstande?)  
bound them to sea, to comm to Faerie Lande,  
to see the soile wise poetes caelebrates,  
ear since old Merlins time : O cruel fates !<sup>3</sup> 356  
that it is loste, and these, in seekinge yt,

captured by  
pirates, and sold  
as Chambermaids  
to the 2 bad  
Bouncing Girls.

<sup>4</sup> for Pyrates on their shipp and them gann hitt ;  
so came they captives, and to Greece transported,  
sold, and by these badd mistresses extorted : 360  
for they, as chambermaides, bin forced to dresse  
these errand pusselles, which cann but transgresse ;  
Yet these mote sett their ruffes and clothes in print,  
Yea, keepe them so : elles dames will looke a squint. 364  
Nathlesse, while these twoe discrete maides bee theare,<sup>4</sup>

- <sup>1-1</sup> what falles anon by swoordes edge to bee tried ;  
thone false Dueltra, sowdinge by art trewe,  
Cromatia thother, Of no blushing hewe ;  
both which, Greek Cynickes borne, so yonder knightes,  
both marchinge on the waves of selfe delightes.

Last, after all, laggd a distressed paire,  
Frelissa sweete, Reglata debonaire,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

- <sup>3-3</sup> whose fortunes hard weare (none maie fate with stand) ;  
for, bownd to sea, to seeke old Faerie Land,  
that happie soile thold Poetes celebrate  
ear since wise Merlins time : O cruel fate !

- <sup>4-4</sup> when Pyrates tooke their shipp, and all to splitt,  
tho fell they captives, and to Greece transported,  
where th' are by thease odd mistresses extorted,  
and as their chambermaides constrained to dresse  
thease errant puzzelles, whoe cann but transgresse ;  
Yet thease their ruffes must sett, and clothes in print,  
and keepe them so, elles dames will looke a squint.  
Nathles, while thease twoe maides discreet are theare,



<sup>1</sup>Dueltra and Cromatia seeme bothe faire :  
 which weare not, but for Freliss and Reglate,<sup>1</sup>  
 whose bringe in tewne what yond sluttis discordate. 368

The beauty of  
 Frelissa and  
 Reglate, the maids  
 of the Bouncing  
 Girls,

<sup>2</sup>twice round they trot the circklinge theatere,  
 like challengers, which all their topp sailes reare.

But this last paire, which lagged all behine,  
 by bewties force drewe to them all mens eyen, 372

<sup>3</sup>enterview by the  
 combatantes.<sup>3</sup>

for Camball and Binato oftenn swore,  
 twoe fairer paragons near sawe before,  
 then Freliss and Reglate, whome well they vye,  
 ne once dismisst, while distance lettes them prie ; 376  
 naie, till they weare gonn foorth and taen their In,  
 for th' morrowe next, When all these ioustes beginn.

is greatly admired  
 by Camballo and  
 Binato.

All these weare oppositlie lodgd to th' kinges,  
 on th' left side, wheare they fell to banckettings : 380  
 till Phebus from his fierie coche deceedes

Festivities are  
 held till evening.

to walke, and coole by eveninges dewe his steedes :  
 and blussching welkin fell with stowtes to playe  
 at novum, for the morrowes golden daie.<sup>2</sup> 384

<sup>1-1</sup> Dueltra and Cromatia both seeme faire,  
 Yet are not but for Freliss and Reglate,

<sup>2-2</sup> Whoe heere thrice rownd gann trot the Theatere,  
 start iadinge challengers, in mayn carriere,

Howbeet, this last paire lagginge all behine,  
 by bewties force drewe on them all menes eyen,  
 Camballs, Binatoes, specialie, whose swore,  
 neare sawe twoe fairer paragons of yore,  
 then Freliss and Reglate ; whome so longe eye  
 as note dismisst, while distance lettes them pry,  
 nor till they weare gonn thence and taen their In,  
 gainst the next morn, that thease concertes begin.  
 Which last troope lodgd opposite to the kinge,  
 on the left syde ; wheare fell to banckettinge  
 and Jovial glee, before deserved meedes.

Which Phœbus marekinge, rode his coach and steedes  
 to sea ward, and to Thetis cellar went ;  
 whole hymnes of stowtes plaudinge the mirriment ;  
 for that the morrowe faire woold shine as well,  
 but whose faire day 'twould bee, they could not tell.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.

*Part XII.**Canto Duodecimo.*

Algarsife wins  
Theodora.

Algarsif Theodora winns ; Cambell  
obtaines Freliss ; Binate Reglata gettes ;

Canace is won by  
Akafir.

Akafir beares Canac ; slaine is Horbell, &c.<sup>1</sup>

Canac the Falcon and Tercelets love reknettes.

<sup>2</sup> *braue straun-  
gers com against  
Canac.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Longe wakes the love-sicke, and th'ambitious,  
scarce dreddinge anie action perilous ;

The morning of  
the Tourney.

for, ear Aurora raught her watchet pall,

these iollie gallantes for their horses call,<sup>3</sup>

4

to challenge gainst Canacy, for their own,

<sup>4</sup> to prove theirs fairer, and bove thother flowen ;

in so muche that bright Titan mote not staye,<sup>4</sup>

to light his torche vp to theire risinge daye.

8

Cambuscan calls  
up his Knights at  
dawn.

<sup>5</sup> But nobliste kinge Cambuscan, in dewe time  
first vp, foorth calles his knightes by Dawninges prime,

to waite him to the feild. they quicklie comm,

ear' th' trumpettes "bootie cella" with the sonn ;<sup>5</sup>

12

<sup>6</sup> *K. Camb. colors  
advaunced.*<sup>6</sup>

before whome weare those bleedinge colors borne

<sup>7</sup> which blasd his cote (more honord as more worne)

(f. 32)

at Fregiley. Now vaunced weare thease on hie,<sup>7</sup>

on the kinges side for all his knightes to eye ;

16

<sup>8</sup> trumpettes and heraultes ranckes lodd on the waye ;

<sup>9</sup> *K. C. colors  
white.*<sup>9</sup>

Cambuscan then vpon Ducello gaye,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> &c. om. in Ash.

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> Longe wake the lovesick and ambitious,

not fearinge anie action perilous ;

so, ear Aurora dond her blushing pall,

thease iollie trunchardes for theire horses call,

<sup>4-4</sup> whome they farr fairer hold, and woold make known :

Whearto they bidd bright Titan not to staie,

<sup>5-5</sup> But noblist Cambuscan, in his dewe time,

first vp, first calld his knightes by dawninges prime,

to waite him to the feild : Whoe thither is com,

ear Trumpettes "bootie cella," Or the sonn :

<sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>7-7</sup> which blasond his cote armor, ever worn

at Fregiley : so heere advaunced on hie,

<sup>8-8</sup> The trumpetters and heraldes lodd the waie,

and theare Cambuscan, on Ducello gaie,

<sup>9-9</sup> om. in Ash.

- <sup>1</sup>came armd in th' purest-chaced-polishd gold,  
on *which* no rust, moth, canker, coold laie hold ; 20  
maintaind Saint Georges embleam on his brest,  
Which had binn lent out, now recalld t'invest :  
vppon his helme a plume of white and redd  
maiestified his pace, as Ducell tredd ; 24  
white was his lance, all white adowne to foote ;  
his skarff, like colord, hunge a downe the boote.  
these weare of Ethels and Canacies colors,  
Which, with the wind, predominantlie hovers. 28
- Algarsife, after him, on tramplur baye,  
vauned his redd launce, elles white was his araye,<sup>1</sup>  
and as the kinge was dight, So is<sup>3</sup> hee dight :  
<sup>4</sup>so theare rides on a verie goodlie knight. 32
- Next came Camballo on a courser white,  
Whose armes and colors dazled through much light  
of the sonns glitter, cast vppon the steele,  
as ofte as hee his horse touchd with his heele :<sup>4</sup> 36  
and looke what's ffathers armes, and colors weare,  
<sup>6</sup>such did hee beare, and such him out gan steare.<sup>6</sup>
- Binato, laste (though first by forward spright)  
<sup>8</sup>rode on a blacke horse, yet his armor bright, 40  
his plumes, lance, skarff, caparison, all white,<sup>8</sup>

Cambuscan wears  
gold armour, and

rides his Horse  
of Brass. His  
colours are white.

<sup>2</sup> *Alg. colors white  
& redd.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Cambaloes  
colors all white.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Binato colors all  
blacke.*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> full armd in purest-perfect-chaced gold  
(on *which* no rust, moth, canker mote lay hold),  
gann blason Georges embleam on his brest,  
earst lent out now recalld him selfe t' invest :  
whose lance went white and all elles to the foote,  
like colord plumes and skarfes adown the boot,  
for thease weare Etheels and Canacees colors,  
for base or feild, not reckoninge anie others.

Algarsife, next him, on a tramplur bay,  
a redd launce vauned, elles white was all his ray,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3</sup> was

<sup>4-4</sup> that so mote followe him, a goodly knight.

Camballo next, came on a courser white,  
whose armes and colors dazled theire own light,  
with the sonns glitter cast vppon the steele,  
as oft as touchd his horse with steddie heele ;

<sup>5-5</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>6-6</sup> hee the same beares, and such him out doe beare.

<sup>7-7</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>8-8</sup> rode on a blacke horse, yet his armor white,



<sup>1</sup>that surelie graed and vauned a valient knight :  
yet gentil, lovinge, meeke, right trewe, and iuste  
(his grand siers liverie), word and deede so muste. 44

<sup>2</sup> altars, sacri-  
fices.<sup>2</sup>

Cambusean and  
his sons make  
offerings at the  
altars of Truth  
and Justice.

Theire circle went within the trophies twaine<sup>1</sup>  
of truth and iustice, not without the plaine ;  
vppon whose altars th'offred sweete ensence,  
milke, honie, olives, doves, burnt<sup>3</sup> frankencense : 48  
<sup>4</sup>obaisauncinge with praiers that Jehoue  
would guide theire swoordes,<sup>4</sup> in gaininge theire trewe  
love.

The statues congees<sup>5</sup> made as aunsweringe,  
<sup>6</sup>much like as<sup>6</sup> once befell to Pirrus kinge 52  
in Argos, when ann orackles behestes  
<sup>7</sup>fullfilld this Prophecie : that when twoe beastes,  
a beare and lion, hee shoold see to fight,<sup>7</sup>  
then shoold Deathes final stroke putt out his light ; 56  
<sup>8</sup>Wheare, pon ann housetopp, those beastes (made of  
stone<sup>8</sup>)  
fell, one gainst thother : Pirrus sawe all<sup>9</sup> done.

<sup>10</sup> Judges of  
desert.<sup>10</sup>

Canace and  
Theodora sit  
high up.

Theare sate six Judges, bove them, Ethel th' queene,  
and by<sup>11</sup> her kinge Bunthoto, richlie seene. 60  
<sup>12</sup>but Canacye, and Theodore the faire,<sup>12</sup>  
sate openlie on hie, the sweetest paire  
<sup>13</sup>that ever breathd, ffor bothe theire handes and eies  
delt truth to meekenes : bothe gann angelize.<sup>13</sup> 64

<sup>15</sup> Canac all in  
white.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup>White was Cancies robe, as driven snowe,<sup>14</sup>

1—1 of lovinge gentil grace, trewe, iust, perdiij,  
in word and deed ; his Grand siers liverie.

Whose circuit went within the trophies twaine,

<sup>2—2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3</sup> mirr

4—4 lowe baysauncinge, that praiers to Jehove,  
would gwide them right

<sup>5</sup> congieves

<sup>6—6</sup> like as yt

7—7 foretold that when hee shoold behold twoe beastes,  
a beare and Lion, each with either fight,

8—8 wheare on ann howsetopp those twoe beastes of stone,

<sup>9</sup> yt

<sup>10—10</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>11</sup> with

12—12 but Theodore and yonge Canace the faire,

<sup>13—13</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

14—14 Canacees robe was white as winters sno,

<sup>15—15</sup> om. in Ash.

full of the largest gatheringes, bove, belowe,  
 with<sup>1</sup> golden girdell bowt her midle bore,<sup>2</sup>  
 that formd her person perfect of decore. 68  
 but on her shoulders wore a moste rich pall  
 of needle worck, made<sup>3</sup> by her owne handes all,  
 in silke and gould, of livelie colord hewe,  
<sup>4</sup>which well distinguish could, to knowe the trewe; 72  
 and all her fathers actions livelie wrote,  
 twice donn sith by her hand too on her cote :  
 wheareby shee vowd still to bee known, for whie ?  
 loves handie worcke convoies to maiestie.<sup>4</sup> 76

Canace is drest  
 in white, with a  
 golden girdle,

and a rich pall  
 needle-wrought  
 with Cambuscan's  
 deeds.

<sup>5</sup>Tho her twelve mistresses lodd her the waye,  
 and shee by congees witnessd her obaie,  
 notinge her ladie virgins state perfection,  
 falles not till falles of indulgent defection.<sup>5</sup> 80

<sup>6</sup>her 12 mis-  
 tresses.<sup>6</sup>

Sweete<sup>7</sup> Theodoraes robe was maiden blusshe,  
 suche as faire<sup>8</sup>-clarett gilliflowres off brush,  
 When liquid scyntilles of heavns dewe theie weare,<sup>9</sup>  
<sup>10</sup>and the crabb white-redd garlandes freshe dothe  
 reare; 84

Theodora's robe  
 is maiden-blush  
 in hue.

her Canac settes above her on th' right hand,  
 good manner gracd suche straungers in this land.

Algarsif now ann humble suitor fell,  
 that he might first with yond huge Giant dell, 88  
 vowinge his hate was so resolvd on him,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>11</sup>Algarsifes for-  
 wardnes.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> a                      <sup>2</sup> wore                      <sup>3</sup> wrote  
<sup>4-4</sup> which could distingwish well to knowe the trewe,  
 and all her fathers greate actes livelie wrote,  
 twice donn, sith by her also on her cote ;  
 wheareby shee would bee known for his : for thie  
 her handes worke cronicled his maiestie.  
<sup>5-5</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash.  
<sup>6-6</sup> om. in Ash.                      <sup>7</sup> fresh                      <sup>8</sup> sweet                      <sup>9</sup> beare  
<sup>10-10</sup> that mornes poesies fresh endowe this paire :  
 whome Canace bove her settes, on the right hand,  
 good manners gracinge strangers in this Land.  
 Algarsife tho ann humble suitor fell,  
 that hee mote first with yond grand Giant dell,  
 and swore his hart to bee so sett at him,  
<sup>11-11</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>as scarcelie mote containe to runn him in.  
 Cambuscan wants  
 to fight the Giant  
 Horbello, for  
 Algarsife,  
 “No, no,” Cambuscan sayd, “thow art not able<sup>1</sup>  
 to stirr so vast a bodie in the saddle : 92  
<sup>2</sup>for thoughe Canacies ringe thie hurtes hath cuered,  
 yet thow to this conflict art not envrd.  
 boie, th’art vnskillfull : I’le kill him for thee ;  
 but if I misse, as I did, doe for mee.” 96  
 “Ô ffather, then” (quoth humblest Algarsife)  
 “honor mee thus farr, that I spende my liefē  
 before yee shall once more your selfe endaunger ;  
 lett your Algarsife canvasse with this straunger, 100  
 (f. 32 b.) to gaine some honor to my credite loste,  
 it yernes my soule to see this Giante boste.”  
 but is persuaded  
 not to.  
 Then spake the Judges, that it weare most fitt 103  
 that mongst his peeres Cambuscan downe shoold sytt,  
 and not adventer him in these essaies,  
 but rather lett’s younge sonnes spurr for the praise.  
<sup>3</sup>service on y<sup>e</sup>  
 brazen horse.<sup>3</sup>  
 Cambuscan lends  
 Algarsife his  
 Horse of Brass.  
 Cambuscan tho lent his good horse Ducello  
 to prince Algarsife t’ cope with yond proud fello ; 108  
 but first yt hee demonstrates, that vnlesse  
 hee ride this horse hee’l comm in like distresse,<sup>2</sup>

1—1 as scarcelie could containe from runinge in.  
 “Not so” Cambuscan said, “for th’art not able  
 2—2 no, though my Queenes swoordes plattdside hath thee cuerd :  
 for th’art not to this conflict yet envrd,  
 nor art thow skilld. boy, I’le him kill for thee,  
 yf as I did for thee, doe thow for mee !”  
 “Praie, ffather,” beggd the resolute Algarsife,  
 “thus farr me honor, that I spend my liefē  
 before, once more, you your own selfe endanger ;  
 Ô lett mee, b’ your example, cope this stranger,  
 to gaine some credit to mine honor lost ;  
 ha ! how yt yirnes mee t’ see the monster best !”  
 The Judges heeringe this, vouchd yt more fitt  
 Cambuscan shoold amonge his peeres goe sitt,  
 then to adventer aye thease known essaies,  
 but rather lett his yonge sonnes spurr for praise.  
 In briefe, Cambuscan lent his horse Ducello  
 to Algarsife, to cope with anie ffello ;  
 but first demonstrates to him, that vnlesse  
 hee ride this horse, hee’l com in like distresse

<sup>3—3</sup> om. in Ash.



<sup>1</sup>as earst bee-fell: Right tho hee taught him wheare  
and how to trill the twaye pinnes in his eare, 112  
and how to beare the raignes, &c., which doinge well,  
hee should bee victor, weare it gainst Horbell, &c.

Cambuscan show  
Algarsife how to  
manage the  
Horse.

Algarsife mountes Ducello, that bold horse,  
on whome him reddies soone, for th' first occourse. 116

<sup>2</sup> Horbel & Alg.  
*Aghteth.*<sup>2</sup>

The trumpettes sound the charge: And lo, they flye  
in mayne carrier, bothes lances pointes to trie.

Theie meete. amidd: bothe hastinge onwarde faire,  
so that bothe brokenn splitters flewe in th'aier. 120

Algarsife and  
Horbello shiver  
their spears,

About they vier, and to theire swoordes they fell,  
but theare was suche a knightlie interdel,  
as never feircer classhinge, crasshinge, dasshinge,  
better commended a continual thrasshinge,<sup>1</sup> 124

then fight with  
swords,

Algarsife makinge pastime for the boyes,  
in<sup>3</sup> hewing, scattringe eake the Giances toies;

each hewing the  
other.

<sup>4</sup> While Horbells wandringe mace so paid that paines,  
as ofte had felld Algarsife, had not th' raignes 128  
him held, whoe held them fast, so yarekd vp right  
middst virtues cell confidentlie to fight,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Wheare vrginge necke to necke, and brest to brest,  
bothes bloes gave thrustes, which pawzd ne stooode on  
rest.<sup>5</sup> 132

1-1 that earst hee fell; gainst which, hee taught him wheare  
and how to trill the twoe pinnes in his eare,  
and how to beare the raignes, which rulinge well,  
hee should ore all bee victor, and Orbell.

Thus taught, Algarsif mountes the brazen horse,  
and raignd, him reddies for the first occourse,  
wheareto hee felt, by holdinge well the bridle,  
that possible start ffooles thought vnpossible.

The Trumpetes sownd the charge, they startl and flie,  
in mayne carriers, both lance pointes couched to trie,  
meetinge amid both leuell beare them faire,  
and both theire crasshinge splitters flewe in thaiere;  
about they vierd, and to theire swoordes befell,  
to publish such a knightlie interdel,  
as never swifter clashinge, swashinge, dashinge,  
commended better a continual thrashinge;

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3</sup> by

<sup>4-1</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>5-5</sup> but fightinge neerer home, evn brest to brest,  
vsd bloes and thrustes, which staid not vpon rest,

<sup>2</sup> *Canac praieth*<sup>2</sup>  
for victory for  
Algarsife.

<sup>1</sup> But all the time these deadlie food men strove,  
Canac on bended knees and handes vp hove,  
With teerefull cheekes, fore heavn's all viewinge eye,  
prayd for her elder brothers victorie.<sup>1</sup> 136

<sup>3</sup> so soone the Giances armor, and his maile  
opd manie mowthes, att which their losse did raile;  
the woundes confessinge, that th'expense of blood  
disfleshd and him disspelfd, thoughe stowt he stode.

<sup>4</sup> *a feirce horse.*<sup>4</sup>

Ducello bangd Horbelloees horse with heeles, 141  
bites and rebites him, ore and or'e hee reeles.

<sup>5</sup> *Alg. victorie.*<sup>5</sup>

Horbello is  
vanquisht by  
Algarsife.

Naie more, atth' wrest foorthwith his hand off smote:  
his wild horse feelinge the raignes loose, thence rann,  
and threw his Rider downe, a vanquid man. 146

The iudges this pronouned for victorie,  
wheareat the trumpettes clangen mirrelie, 148  
with greater ioie, for whie? It now was known  
that this was grand Horbell, one of his ffoen;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>6</sup> all men admiringe chaunce, sith so yt was  
Algarsifes iust revenge came well to passe.<sup>6</sup> 152

Equestrillo and  
Camballo fight.

Next Equestrillo to revenge this<sup>7</sup> ffrend,  
<sup>8</sup> spurrd rashlie or'e the greene; which Camball kend,  
and as the trumpettes bodd flewe to the charge,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> these 4 lines om. in Ash. <sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> but in the Giances armor and his maile  
made manie mowthes, whoe yet as stormes did raile,  
till at those windowes heawd out streames of blood,  
streames that the Giant causd to chawe the cood.  
tho him Algarsife thrust adown the throte,  
and att the wrest his false right hand off smote,  
his reignes off hewinge; Whence his horse out rann,  
and flunge the rider down, a vanquishd man;  
whome feirce Ducello shooke, vntill hee cried,  
and gave vp liefes last gaspe, quite mortified:  
the Judges yt pronouncinge victorie,  
wheareof the Trumpetes clanged in straines full hie,  
lowd mirth and ioie, for that it now was known,  
y<sup>t</sup> this was Grand Orbello overthrown.

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5-5</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash. <sup>7</sup> his

<sup>8-8</sup> spurrd forward on the greene, whome Camball kend,  
and as the Trumpettes bid, flewe to the charge,

<sup>1</sup>ffoes mett theire foes, pointes pointed eithers targe, Camballo fights  
 but th' buff on Equestrillo paid suche force 157  
 as all most forced his necke beyond his horse.  
 the lances broke, theire angrie blades came nyer  
 to beate from bothe helmes fier-brandes sparkes of fyer,  
 for termes of peace had theare brochd this condition, and vanquishes  
 to fight, and still to fight, saunce intermission. Equestrillo. 162  
 at last Camballo him betooke a wound, <sup>2</sup> *Camballs first*  
 Wheareof fell downe (vnhorsd) in deadlie swound. 164 *victorie.*<sup>2</sup>

Which Togantillo, storminge, soone did enter Togantillo then  
 theare to revenge his brothers missadventer ; attacks Camballo,  
 rann att couragious Camball with his speare,  
 which stowtlye on his Targe hee off did beare, 168  
 and loppd his tossant plumes ; that downe a downe  
 they fell to take vp now and then a wowne.  
 longe, bloodie, cruell, breathlesse was theire fighte,  
 wheare force and skill wanted nor art ne might, 172  
 Will aye aboundinge t' bringe to eithers bent,  
 and eithers will was eithers will t' prevent :  
 at last resolvd Camball so rann him in, but is mortally  
 as Togantilloes lief blood out did spinn,<sup>1</sup> wounded. 176

1—1 foes meetinge ffoes, pointes pointinge eithers targe ;  
 the buff on Equestrillo drave such force,  
 as almost forced him quite beeyond his horse :  
 both lances broke, theire angrie blades drewe nyere,  
 to beate out of bothes helmettes sparckes of fyere,  
 no termes of peace kept, but on this condicion,  
 to fight, and fight it out, saunce intermission ;  
 till Camball gave him home a fatale wownd,  
 whearewith, vnhorsd, fell in a deadly swownd.

Which Togantillo, storminge, did reenter,  
 soone to revenge his brothers missadventer,  
 and rann at Camball with a fatal speare,  
 which on his Targe hee stowtlye Off did beare,  
 yea, loppd his tossant plume, which fallinge downe,  
 had but to take vp in ites place a wown :  
 the both maintayninge as most opposite,  
 by force and skill, which want not art ne might,  
 to bringe bothes willes downe, mawger willes stiff bent,  
 though eithers will strove either to dirempt.  
 but, as fate woold, Camballo rann him in,  
 wheare Togantilloes lief blood out did spin,

2—2 om. in Ash.



<sup>2</sup> *Camballs second victorie.*<sup>2</sup> <sup>1</sup>but lô (straunge chaunce) pon's swowninge brother  
falles,

wheare (wounded bothe) th'one thus on thother  
calles: vz.,

"Brother, our times bee come, wee bothe muste die,  
to him who well winns from vs victorie." 180

tho, ioininge handes gann thus to Camball saye:

<sup>3</sup> *honorabl sepul-  
ture to enimies.*<sup>3</sup>

"Sir knight, yhave noblie vanquishd vs this daie;  
our lives, hopes, honors, and our armes are youre,  
take them, but give vs knightlie sepultures. 184

Your force in vs dothe willinglie contend

to honor victorie in ffoe or ffrend;

youres is the conquest now by faire desert."

The brothers  
Equestrillo and  
Togantillo kiss  
and die.  
(f. 33.)

thus beinge readie deathward to depart, 188

bothe brothers kissd, and bidd adiewe. At this

Camball alightes, and att one woefull kisse<sup>1</sup>

Camballo draws  
their dying breath  
into liis chest.

drewe bothe theire breathes into his frendlie breste,  
and made theire funeralles his livinge chest: 192

<sup>4</sup>leavinge ann instance, that all frendlie foes  
shall mix theire mirth with grieve ear hence they goes,  
and so to tender others overthrowne,  
as if like fortune made the case his owne.<sup>4</sup> 196

<sup>5</sup>The Judge pronouncd for Camballs victorie,<sup>5</sup>  
and trumpettes clangor told<sup>6</sup> it to the skie.

<sup>8</sup> *Binates victory.*<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup>But now Binate gainst Quadrumal outran,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> and theare vppon his swowninge brother falles,  
whoe, both death wounded, thone thus thother calles:

"Our times are comd, that both wee brothers dye,  
to him that nobler winnes our Victorie."

tho, ioyninge handes, thus to Camball gann say:

"faire Sir! yhave knightlie vanquishd vs this day,  
our lives, armes, honors, all wee have, are youre,  
which take, but deign vs frendlie sepultures,  
now yours is Victorie by dewe desert."

then beinge readie deathward to depart,  
both brothers bid farewell. Camball at this  
touchd with remorse, alightes, & at one kisse,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>4-4</sup> *these 4 lines om. in Ash.*

<sup>5-5</sup> The Judges gave yt Camballs victorie, <sup>6</sup> swore

<sup>7-7</sup> Then out gainst Quadrimal Binato rann,

<sup>8-8</sup> *om. in Ash.*

at trumpetes blast to fight it man to man ; 200 Binato fights  
 1 whose horses, speares, armes, bodies, crassh togeather Quadrumal,

like th'ocean tide, and land floodes stormie weather,  
 and soone theire blades, like fliaalles of the forge,  
 droppd fierworkes, & on theire brave plumes disgorge  
 what emptes the liefie in ventinge vital blood, 205  
 thears no lesse to bee lookd in deadlie food.

naie, other resolution theare is none,<sup>1</sup>  
 then that one of these twaine muste goe from home. 208

In short,<sup>2</sup> Binatoes vantage could him killd,

<sup>3</sup> Which Quadrumal perceavinge, faire did yeeld :<sup>3</sup>

who has the  
<sup>4</sup> discretion to  
 yeeld.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> grauntinge, that they whoe fight to death doe err,  
 when nillinge yeeld to trewe knightes prisoner.<sup>5</sup> 212

<sup>6</sup> At that, the trumpettes and the Judges bothe  
 resoundes the victories of powrfull trothe.

And now, these twoe.vnknown knightes pricken out, <sup>7</sup>twoe proud chal-  
 for whie? not one with them (as yet) had fought, 216 lengers.<sup>7</sup>  
 which causd them dare bigg wordes, and lowdlie  
 swagger,

lawghinge, they wanted worke ; swears by no begger.

This bread impatience in the weerie knightes,

Wherefore against them bothe Algarsife dightes. 220 Algarsife is not  
 allowed to fight  
 them.

"No, no, not now" (quoth all the Judges tho),<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> whose horses, speares, and bodies clashd togeather,  
 like th'ocean tide and land floodes fowlest wethere ;  
 wheare soone theire swoordes, like flyales of the forge,  
 bright fier workes flunge, and on theire plumes disgorge  
 what emptes the liefie and ventes the vital blood,  
 for never lesse was hopd in deadly food :  
 so other resolution theare was none,

<sup>2</sup> fine, <sup>3-3</sup> which Quadrumal confessinge. him did yeeld ;

<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>5-5</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> for which the Judges and the Trumpettes both  
 resownd the Victorie of powrfull troth.

but then, the twoe vnknown knightes pricked out.  
 for that, as yet, not one with them had fought,  
 which made them darr bigge wordes and lowdlie swagger,  
 Yea, vaunt they wanted worke (thrasonicke bragger).

this stirrd impacience in the weerie knightes,  
 Algarsife thearefore gainst them both him dightes ;

but everie of the Judges praid him "no,

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

1 "least yee bee weerie all, as legges may goe."

Cambuscan, tho woold fought 'gainst bothe at once,  
but th' Judges vsinge stronge dissuasions, 224  
his roial patience cravd a litle while,

The 2 Unknown  
Knights challenge  
Canace and  
Theodora to a  
Singing Trial  
with the 2  
Bouncing Girls.

Wheareat these Braggadochioes thus gann smile, vz.,  
"ffaire sirrs, sith *your* side hath smale store of knightes,  
lett vs, this other waye, reioise our sprightes : 228

wee have twoe Ladies, *which*, with your trim paire,  
dare vendicate to singe, whearefore they dare ;<sup>1</sup>

Dueltra and Cromatia hight bin they,

2 will bringe vs victorie from your fine tway."<sup>2</sup> 232

3 tho, near 'fore geese did the most ielleous ganders  
wrinkle more fethered browes, then these challengers.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Canac answerseth a bold  
challeng.<sup>4</sup>

Canac vox angrie at this challenge prowd

5 (as loth t' compare her face to th' beetle browd), 236  
ne brookd her name shoold bable in suche mowthes,  
as are the knowne-horse faire of all vntrowthes ;<sup>5</sup>

6 yet beckeninge silence of the peoples crowd,

The challenge is  
accepted.

her congewe softe prefaced her musicke lowd, 240

for shee was qualified, and Theodore,<sup>6</sup>

in musickes theorem and practicke lore ;

7 and theareto tewnd foorthwith her angelles voice,

<sup>8</sup> Theodore taketh  
Can. part.<sup>8</sup>

sweete Theodore makinge like heavnlie noise. 244

"Dueltra" (quoth Canac), "answer this note ;" <sup>7</sup>

1-1 sith beeinge weerie, as the legges mote goe."

tho would Cambuscan fought with both at once,  
but th' Judges vsd yet more dissuasions,  
to staie his roial pacience yet a while.

Wheareat thease Braggadoceans thus gan smile :

"ffaire Sirrs! because your side growes bare of knightes,  
lett vs this leasure time delight our sprightes,  
wee have Ladies twaine, *which* with your paire  
shall vendicate to singe whearfore yee dare ;

2-2 will victorie asport from your false twaie."

3-3 *these 2 lines om. in Ash.* 4-4 *om. in Ash.*

5-5 *these 3 lines om. in Ash.*

6-6 Yet silence cravd amidd the multitude,  
for beinge qualesied, and Theodore,

7-7 shee foorthwith tewnd vp her Angelicke voice ;  
*which* Theodore accentes, with heavnlie noise.

tho Canace to Duelte said, "Tewn this note," 8-8 *om. in Ash.*



<sup>1</sup>withall, a Large, in vnisone shee smote.

Dueltra gainste her did a Second singe,<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup>*bellum musicale.*<sup>2</sup>  
 which is a discorde and false descantinge. 248

<sup>3</sup>"Vah!" (quoth Canac), "yee broke your name  
 right well, The 2 Bouncing  
Girls both

elles how mote wee, in yee your falshode spell?"<sup>3</sup>

Dueltra then (to mende her former fault) 251

<sup>4</sup>songe out a seaunth, which as a second's naught;<sup>4</sup>

yet swore her false cordes trewe, Canacies false,

<sup>5</sup>for whoe knoes not, but that truith lyers galles?<sup>5</sup>

Then Theodore a fiuth sunge, and ann eighte,

<sup>6</sup>Cromatia sunge a Fourth and seunth evn streight, 256 sing discords,

and vauntes hers sweete & trewe (how harshe soever),

ne woold blushe at twoe fiuthes or eightes togeather;

which causd thwhole audience laugh, & stopp their and are laught at  
by the audience.

eares,

for tis ann hell brall wheare fowle discord fleares. 260

Hâ, but their maides Frelissa, with Reglate,

prompted their Dames gainst false descantes relate,

by causinge them to singe oft sharpe, ofte flatt,

& with discreete restes, false cordes, trewe to chatt; 264

and so to reconcile imperfect cordes,<sup>6</sup>

as notes cromaticke dulcet tewnes afoordes.

<sup>7</sup>*descant y<sup>t</sup> know-  
ith to reconcile.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> which was a large in Vnisone well smote.

Wheareto Dueltra did a second singe,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> "Vah!" said Canace, "you brooke your name too well,  
 yee havinge in your falshode yt to spell."

<sup>4-4</sup> a seaunth sunge, which is as a Second naught,

<sup>5-5</sup> for nought so much as truith sly liers galles.

<sup>6-6</sup> Cromatia twanged a Fourth, Sixt, Seaunth, for right;  
 hers vauntinge sweet and trewe, how harsh soever;  
 not blushinge at twoe eightes, ne Fiuthes, togeather;  
 which so made thaudience loath, laugh, stopp their eares,  
 as when ann hell brall catterbrawles in quieres.

But then their maides, Frelissa. with Reglate,  
 their Dames so prompt gainst discordes false elate,  
 as causd them oft singe flatt and often sharpe,  
 and oft by restes made false cords sweet as tharpe:  
 which did so reconcile imperfect cordes,

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>1</sup>wheareby Dueltra and Cromatia gaine  
to singe some notes sweete, though them selves but  
feignd ; 268

for solid musicke, simple, perfect, sweete,  
these (without helpe) can neither keepe ne meete.

<sup>2</sup> a breake  
dawnce.<sup>2</sup>

Wittnesse theire masked Ladie (theare so gaye),  
which pulld Reglate and Freliss quite awaye ; 272

(f. 33 b.)

but, then to heere hell kennelles-dismall-hussh,

catterbrall.<sup>3</sup>

Dueltra with Cromatia made (saunce blussh)

The 2 Bouncing  
Girls make a  
dreadful squall.

helpe cattes, dogges, howles, apes, to expresse their  
noise,

which was as well hissd out, by all the boies ; 276

Yet to that masked Ladie, those discordes

more pleasinge dogg browles weare, then sweetest  
cordes.

Cambuscan orders  
their maids,  
Frelissa and  
Reglate, to sing  
with Canace, &c.

Cambuscan thearfore biddes Freliss, Reglate,  
singe with Canac and Theodore wheare they sate,<sup>1</sup> 280  
on the knowne plaine songe, miserere. Then

<sup>4</sup>the kinge himselfe, with his owne singinge men,  
Algarsif, Camball, and Binato, sunge.

so glorious musicke as no ear, penn, tonge<sup>4</sup> 284

<sup>1-1</sup> Wheareby Dueltra and Cromatia obtaine  
to singe notes sweet and trewe, but elles them feignd ;  
yet solid musicke, which is perfect sweet, \*  
thease, without aid, can never keepe ne meete.

To trie which point vppon these masked twaie,  
Frelissa and Reglate weare pulld awaie.

but then to heere their dismal rymes eftsoone,

of the dull poetes Gervis and Noyoune !

perfumd with genepers exhale tewnies,

mote putto silence all Acteons hownes :

which swore, whome Jove marckes tewnelesse w' ought to fly  
as close commercers with iniquitie.

Yet to thease masked Ladies their discordes,  
more pleasinge weare then trewe and sweetest cordes :

for selfe love cowlickes whole own maladie,  
and deigns false relish right, though rages a wrie.

Cambuscan, tho, bid Freliss and Reglate  
singe with Canace and Theodore, as they sate,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>4-4</sup> the kinge him selfe, with thease his singinge men,  
Algarsife, Camball, and Binate, out sunge  
so glorious musicke as no eare, voice, tunge

Pt. XII.] *Canace & Theodora win the Singing Trial.* 223

<sup>1</sup>taught sweeter aiers, reporting deeper art,  
ne goodlier pointes sett into everie part,  
with relishes and trewe divisions, wrought,  
by descantes lore, to make good of the nought; 288  
*which* chirme, this choire of birdes, so lovelie close,  
As th' Judges heeringe, satisfied arose,  
saienge, "Dueltra, with Cromatia, you,  
in bothe youre purposes binn found vntrew," 292  
and swore, "who raves in musickes opposition,  
wears natures character of dire perdition;  
yet not nature, ne ought of her or th' vse,  
bin selfelie false or badd, but by th' abvse." 296  
"wherefore w' adiudge Canac and Theodore  
in musicke t' have orecomm your discordes rore;  
yet wee, by proclamation, passport give you,  
to gange with yonder mates, with whome yee live  
now." 300  
Most furious vox the knightes at their disgrace,  
and vovd revenge: *which* (to maintaine in place)  
claimd theirs for right, but Canac to be wrange.  
But lô, thear's heard annother trumpettes clange, 304  
for fame had told these ioustes so farr abrode,<sup>1</sup>

Cambuscan and  
his men sing  
beautifully.

The Judges decide  
against the two  
Bouncing Girls,  
and in favour  
of Canace and  
Theodora.

<sup>2</sup>Canacies truth  
obtaineth.<sup>2</sup>

The 2 Unknown  
Knights vow  
revenge.

<sup>3</sup>Akaftr in black  
color.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> could warble sweeter aiers, ne dieper art;  
of goodlie pointes sett into everie part,  
with relishes and apt divisions wrought,  
by descantes lore to reconcile the naught,  
as that the Choire (brought to a perfect close)  
so satisfied the Judges as they rose:  
and sayd, "Dueltra, with Cromatia, you,  
in both *your* purposes are fownd vntrewe;  
Yet not own natures selfe, nor hers, ne thvse,  
are in own rootes false, but by *your* abvse:  
wee thearefore iudge Canace and Theodore  
in musicke t' have orecom your discordes rore:  
Yet wee by proclamation passport give,  
that yee packe with yond mates, with whome yee live."

The strange knightes furious vox at this disgrace,  
and vovd revenge, yea would maintaine in place,  
theire Dames are right, Canacee to bee wronge,  
yt vauntinge, till annother Trumpetes songe  
denounced that flame so blazd his coyle abrode,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> om. in Ash.



Akafir, <sup>1</sup>as hitherward Sir Akafir is rode<sup>1</sup>  
to trie adventures for that bewteous Dame,  
*which*<sup>2</sup> dauntes her lienge foes with reverend name ;  
vppon a blacke horse, nitent as the iett, 309  
on a black horse,  
and armd in  
black, <sup>3</sup>in armor (all as blacke) coms fairelie sett,  
With lance, plume, bases blacke as sable night  
wears when sh'athe mortified the flaringe light. 312  
Now, viewinge yond twoe knightes on th' left hand  
side,  
his owne bold trumpet bode him thither ride.  
attacks the 2  
Unknown  
Knights, one  
after the other, so foorth hee spurrd, as fast as Boreas hies  
to cleere the miste, and sweepe the clowdie skies. 316  
The first hee mett h' orethrewe alonge the ground,  
so owd him nought, save what hee paid in wound ;  
Whome passinge, hee vppon that other rann,  
in pittie that hee should theare idle stan ; 320  
about whose helmes his swoord coniurd such weather,  
as now the paire mote daunce without a feather.  
Againe, home at them bothe, and through them bothe,  
too and againe, hee exercisd his wrothe : 324  
and lettinge flye, hee tooke and paid againe,  
what none in armor saftie found certaine ;  
nor was the matter putto further daies,  
sithe praesent paiment future paiment paies. 328  
and so hee plied them for his litle time,  
as the last liver sweares, "all wilbee mine."<sup>3</sup>

letting fly at  
them.

<sup>1-1</sup> that Aquaphir to runn his turn in rode, <sup>2</sup> that  
<sup>3-3</sup> armd darcke as night, Who sayd, "O yee, well mett!"  
these odd knightes, viewinge on the left hand syde,  
rann at them both, to aske yf they durst byde?  
Of whome the first hee orethrewe on the ground,  
not meaninge other questions to propound,  
then foorth at this, then at that other rann,  
because hee should not idlie talkinge stan :  
where bowt theire hellmettes coniurd vp such weather,  
as quicklie made them dawnce without a ffethere,  
home at them vowchinge, backe, and through them both,  
theire malice to reward with trewe-just wroth,  
*which* gave such dole, and in so litle time,  
as the last liver swore, "all wilbee mine."

<sup>1</sup>At length, these twoe knightes (not knowinge his name)

belivd hee was some right cocke of the game, 332 Akafir's oppon-  
which, by ofte runninge thense, woold winn the daye : ents run away.

but these, praeventinge that, rann bothe awaye. <sup>2</sup>Akafir's victorie  
over twoe  
straungers.<sup>2</sup>

in trothe, 'tis all daie seene (if well puttoo't),  
obnoxious threttes binn but th' length of their foote.

Wheareat th' whole Theater laught, till it droope, 337 The spectators  
& of tenn thowsand whoopes made one great whoope,<sup>1</sup> laugh.

<sup>3</sup>in honor of the knightes of Faerie Lande, <sup>4</sup>Faerie land  
whose prowess lov'd gainste all the world to bande.<sup>3</sup> knightes have the  
victorie.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup>Quoth Quadrumal, "lô, still how ill they thrivd 341  
(slaine, tane, or flectd), whoe gainst Canacy strivd."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup>whearevppon trumpettes all, bothe farr & nye, The trumpets  
sounded Canacies truith and victorie. 344 sound.

This causd both kinges and Ethel th'queene, in haste,  
to give these knightes dewe honors, with repast.

Bunthoto gave kind Théodore to wife,<sup>6</sup>  
to the now-well deserving Algarsife, 348 <sup>7</sup>four e iofull  
marriages.<sup>7</sup>  
with dower, Ind, Arab, Iuda, Palestine, Algarsife gets  
Theodora, with  
India, Judæa, &c.,  
to bee annexd to th'ebrews of their line.

<sup>8</sup>Cambuscan also gave him th'brassen horse and the Horse of  
and reignes, whearby hee did Horbello force.<sup>8</sup> 352 Brass.

<sup>9</sup>And to Canac hee plighted Akafir,<sup>9</sup> Akafir gets

<sup>1-1</sup> these 8 lines om. in Ash. and the following inserted :—  
they, fearinge hee their honor should require,  
rann quite through fier and water to the meyre,  
scarce lookinge backe at those them hissd with lothinge,  
for summoninge their eares and eyes to nothinge,

<sup>2-2</sup> om. in Ash.

<sup>3-3</sup> to thonor of the knightes of Faerie Land,  
against whose prooff none durst in combat stand ;  
<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5-5</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>6-6</sup> Whearefore all mens lowd suffrage (farr and nye)  
sowndd Canaces trew-just Victorie.

Which donn, the kinge and Queene deferred no hast  
to give those knightes dewe honor with repast.

And, first, Bunthoto gave Theodore to wiefie,

<sup>7-7</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>8-8</sup> these 2 lines om. in Ash.

<sup>9-9</sup> Cambuscan gave Canace to Aquaphir,

Canace, her city, and the sword Morlivo.	with dour Fregilia, calld Canacamor, <sup>1</sup> and Morliuo his swoord, to save or kill in Tartarie, accordinge vnto skill. <sup>1 2</sup>	356
Camballo gets Frelissa,	<sup>3</sup> Then to Camball hee gave Frelissa faire, with Serra province, to them and theire heire. <sup>3</sup>	
and Binato has Reglata.	But on Binato Reglata bestowd, with Ixiopias dukedome, well <sup>4</sup> endowd.	360
(f. 34)	<sup>5</sup> These matches made, <sup>5</sup> the waters vnderground <sup>6</sup> soddainelie bore th'whole theater around :	
The Theatre is spun round by water.	for it supported was on spindelless stand, præpard of old, and fetchd from Faerie Lande. and tho vpp spowted pipes of sweete rose water, which, fallinge on the people, stirrd theire laughter, sent from the gusshinge frendshipp of those welles, whear th' Faerie nymphes haunten their cristall celles.	364 368
The 4 Couples are married, and a Mask is performd.	The nuptialles ended (as old stories saye), this maske att night came in, to marr theire play :	
A Centaur on a bull;	a naked-blindfold Centaure, on a bull, winged, with bowe and arroes, sharp and dull ;	372
a Lady jewelld and maskt ;	A ladie maskd, which wore seavn iewelless riche, <sup>6</sup> of all the pretious stones that cost mote sitch,	

<sup>1-1</sup> and Morlivo his swoord, to save and kill,  
as wisdom reasonable knowes to will,

<sup>2</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

not winckinge sinners twice, least custom make  
ann harder cure, whoe so yt vndertake.  
and on Canace bestowd his brazen horse,  
shee havinge learnt to raig and rule his force.

<sup>3-3</sup> On Camball hee bestowd Frelissa faire,  
with Serraes province to them and theire heire.

<sup>4</sup> rich <sup>5-5</sup> Which weddinges past,

<sup>6-6</sup> bore this Theaters buildinges faire arownd,  
which on stronge spindles founded, firme did stand,  
as yt of old was built in Faerie Land :  
whence ever spowten vp the cristall welles,  
in which the Faerie nymphes loves triumphe spellles.

Yet hate, which aie doth for occasion stay,  
at night brought in this maske to marr the playe :  
a naked blind boie, on a winged Bull,  
came with a boawe and arroes sharp and dull.

A Ladie maskd, that wore seavn iewelless rich,



<sup>1</sup>a silverne bowle, brim full of gold in hand,  
a purple-silkenn gowne her person spannd; 376  
Twoe knightes like mummers, cladd in different  
suites <sup>2</sup> *mummers masked.*<sup>2</sup>  
of redd and pale, needinge no drum ne fluites,<sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> *Knights drest as Mummers.*  
or burninge torch, exceptinge one behind,  
<sup>3</sup>not much vnlike the blinde leadinge the blind. 380  
The boisteous Centaure, att his first entraunce,<sup>3</sup>  
brake halfe his hornes off, by a blundringe chaunce,  
which causd the nobles call more light<sup>4</sup> in hall,  
to viewe these mummers formes habitual. 384  
<sup>5</sup>But Canac glasse findinge Cupid disguizd,  
pluckd off his maske, Tho all weare well advisd :  
Videria then was known (that cursed witch),  
from whome Cambuscan gann all Jewells twitche, 388  
and flunge them downe, her silver and her gold :  
tho bode the Queane to bee fast laid in hold,  
and swore shee shoold bee burned att a stake,  
yea, thoughte (they said) once more sh'escape did make.  
The men weare Gnartolite and Leifurco, 393  
both handled in their kindes ear th'are lett goe;<sup>5</sup> <sup>2</sup> *The 2 Knights are Gnartolite and Leifurco.*  
for theie weare ire-marckd with ann M and D,  
<sup>6</sup>so turnd a longe for their twoe Dames to see.<sup>6</sup> 396 <sup>3</sup> *They are branded.*

<sup>1-1</sup> with silvern bowle brim full of gold in hand,  
and in a purple Velvet gown yspannd.

Twoe knightes (her mummers), clad in different suites  
of redd and pale; not havinge Drum ne fluites,

<sup>2-2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>3-3</sup> in manner of the blindes leadinge the blinde :  
wheareby the Centaure, at his entraunce,

<sup>4</sup> *lightes*

<sup>5-5</sup> Tho Canace findinge Cupid theare disgwizd,  
pluckd off his maske; which donu, all weare advizd,  
for then viderea was well known (that witch),  
whome the kinge strippd of all her ieweles rich,  
and flunge down all her silver trash and gold,  
then bid the Strumpet bee laid fast in hold.  
yea; swore shee shoold bee burned at a stake;  
a while escapd, though rann out, her to take.

the men weare Gnartolite, Leyfurco too,  
both handled in their kindes, eare thence lett goe;

<sup>6-6</sup> then turnd a longe for their deere Dames to see.

The traitor  
Quidaus hangs  
himself.

Theire torchbearer was Quidaui the traiter,  
<sup>1</sup>whoe, as hee hopd no pardon, so the faiter<sup>1</sup>  
 leapt on the Centaures backe, and gott away,  
<sup>2</sup>but hunge him selfe (for shame and guilt), they saye.

<sup>3</sup>loue ending in  
peace.<sup>3</sup>

Lô, now the night gan give them all good rest, 401  
 the rather, sith all ffoes binn slaine or sperste ;  
 sorrowes (hartes griefe) are gonn, *which* liefie distroies ;  
 solace (minde mirthe) succeeds, that kindleth ioies :  
 and now loves paires maie frolicke Lovers gaine, 405  
 wheare love exvlt most, pairinge twaine by twaine.

<sup>4</sup>iudges hon-  
ored.<sup>4</sup>

Then said the Judges to the kinges and Queene,  
 "Dredd powres, these six daies w' have emploied beene  
 in iudginge these concertes, by trewe beheste ; 409  
 Now, sith victorious peace bringes all to rest,  
 bee pleasd yee deigne vs leave, this seaventh day,  
 that wee, as yee, depart our several way." 412

Cambuscan gives  
the Tourney-  
Judges golden  
belts.

"Yee shall" (quod the good kinge), "too morrowe part,  
 and fare to your affaires with all our hart :"  
 so gave them goldenn beltes of starrie straines,  
 in mind of this good time, and for their paines. 416

<sup>5</sup>a fathers coun-  
sel to his chil-  
dren.<sup>5</sup>

Next, as old stories tell, when Titan shoen,  
 the kinges and Queene calld all their children to them,  
 to whose behoofe Cambuscan thus gann saie :

"Wheare ffathers ende, children 'gin fathers play ;

<sup>1-1</sup> whoe sith no pardon hopd for such a faiter,

<sup>2-2</sup> but hunge him selfe for guilte in Tartaraye.

This past, neave them assurd of peace and rest,  
 their virtewes now havinge all ffoes suppress,  
 that lovinge paires mote frolicke lovers gaine,  
 love most exv[1]tinge wheare yt paires by twaine.  
 and tho the Judges of the kinge and Queen,  
 cravd leave, sith six daies th' ad emploied been  
 in tryng thease concertes, mote that faire daie  
 goe rest, and on the morrowe each his waie.

"Goe," said the kinge, "and for your truth accept  
 thease azure beltes, with golden studdes ydeckt."

So now the sonn, *which* earst went down in red,  
 all gloriously arose enamiled :

the kinge tho to his children thus gan hymn,

"Wheare parentes end, children have to begin,

3-3 om. in Ash.

4-4 om. in Ash.

5-5 om. in Ash.

Yee, daughter deere, and yee, my sonns arowe, 421 Cambuscan tells  
his children that

<sup>1</sup>my minde, by my examples, well doe knowe;

eake dilligence foretold, my meaninge was,

to make yee capable of my owne place, 424

my honors to sustaine, and dignitie,

and all to love truith, iustice to applie.

they are to love  
Truth, and do  
Justice.

I saie no more, but charge yee bee the same,

yee (by caracter) seeme to signe to fame, 428

whose seale enfeoffes your deede the same to bee,

that eloquence well heeres what cannott see.

to daie am I to Canacelia rydinge,<sup>1</sup>

He starts at once  
for Canacelia.

where I will have yee all at last abidinge." 432

<sup>2</sup>so leaves them to their cures, and biddes farewell,

all blissinge all, while none ioyes woes could tell.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup>Tho heavens Lampe saunce freckle at adiewe,

bode gracious congees-lowe to Neptune blewe, 436

and with kind hart-sighes, blusschinge bewteouslye,

gann this faire vniuerse all glorifye.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>After these kinges and Queene had left the  
place,<sup>4</sup>

Camballo became a suitor to Canac,

440

Camballo begs  
Canace to recon-  
cile her Falcon  
and its Tercelet.

that shee (of office) woold attonement make

<sup>5</sup>betwene her falcon and her falsed make.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> doe best my mind by my examples knowe,  
how that of zelous Love my meaninge was  
to make yee capable of my roial place,  
mine honor to sustaine, and dignitie,  
yf all to love, truith, iustice yee applie:  
the which, though still have to convert, and muste,  
yet in none are, but the design bee iust.  
now then, needes saie no more; but bee the same  
yee beare in character to sign to fame:  
whose seale maintaines your deed the same to bee,  
that without act no eloquence maie see.  
this daie am I to Canacelia ridinge,

<sup>2-2</sup> mean time, goe gett yee to your cures, farewell,"  
them blissinge, till ioies saddest teeres distill,

<sup>3-3</sup> these 4 lines om. in *Ash.* and the following inserted:—  
not without sighes of lothest last depart,  
commutual ioie and sorowe bearinge part.

<sup>4-4</sup> But when the kinge and Queen had left the place.

<sup>5-5</sup> betweene her Falcon and Tercelet (that false Jacke).



<sup>2</sup> *ye experiment of  
Canace's looking  
glass.*<sup>2</sup>

(f. 34 b.)

Canace's Magic  
Glass shows the  
Tercelet the  
image of his  
Falcon as dead,

with himself by  
her side.

<sup>7</sup> *lamentation of  
ye tercelet.*<sup>7</sup>

He repents,  
grieves, and pecks  
his breast.

<sup>1</sup> She said shee woold. Anon neere to her mewe<sup>1</sup>  
shee placd her glasse perspective out to viewe, 444  
<sup>3</sup> that held in proiect thinges far off and nye,  
and caught (ear longe) the tercelettes rowlinge eye :  
Whoe wandringe, soringe eake, viewd on the glasse,<sup>3</sup>  
the fairest Falcon seemd that ever was, 448  
<sup>4</sup> but none alive save the shade counterfeate ;  
at sight of whome his hart gann throbbe & beate.  
" I see " (quoth hee), " ann image well ykennd,<sup>4</sup>  
of one that whilome was my verie frend : 452  
but shee is dead and gonn. <sup>5</sup> How then<sup>5</sup> coms it  
<sup>6</sup> that in this glasse her figure yet dothe sitt ?"  
At last hee also sawe him selfe thearein,  
hard by the Falcons side, a paire or twinn. 456  
" Yes, yes, shees dead " (quod th' Falcon in the  
mewe),<sup>6</sup>  
" but left her storie for the false to viewe."  
" What, dead ? yes dead ! Ah, woe is mee thearfore !"  
<sup>8</sup> and theare the tercelet wept with great deplore, 460  
peckett deepe his brest, beatinge his winges a ground,  
to call her from the grave to heere his sound :  
" ah glasse " (quoth hee), " mee also grave in thee !<sup>8</sup>  
the faithlesse foile of her fidelitee. 464

1—1 Which thinge shee gladlie grauntes : tho, neere the mewe  
<sup>2—2</sup> *om. in Ash.*

3—3 to bringe all obiectes in, both farr and nye,  
where caught anon the Tercelets prolunge eie :  
Whoe, soringe on high point, viewd on the glasse,

4—4 yet not alive, but the shade counterfeate ;  
nathlesse, at sight, his fearefull hart did beate.  
" I see," said hee, " ann image earst well kenned,  
<sup>5—5</sup> yet how

6—6 that on this glasse her figure firme doth sytt,  
when lô ! at thinstant sees him selfe thearein,  
neere to the Tercelets side, a payringe twin.  
" Dead ? yea, shee's dead," the Falcon sayd, in mewe,  
<sup>7—7</sup> *om. in Ash.*

8—8 tho, theare the Tercelet sighd, sobbd, made deplore,  
diepe peckd his brest, oft beate his winges on ground,  
to call her out of grave, to heere his sound.  
" O glasse," hee said, " mee also grave in thee !

<sup>1</sup>fye, fye! on kites! fye on all carrion kytes!<sup>1</sup>  
 nay, fye on mee (lost in their lewd delightes)!  
<sup>2</sup>and ô earth, burie mee in shame and sinn,  
 but lett her out, to see and take mee in:<sup>2</sup> 468  
 for trewer love then shee was never none,  
<sup>3</sup>I better knowe it now that shee is gone.  
 her<sup>3</sup> carefull eie mee waited everie wheare,  
 and shee<sup>4</sup> supported more then halfe my care: 472  
 my<sup>5</sup> honor, and thinges of necessitie,  
<sup>6</sup>shee bowt my person kept most lovinglie.<sup>6</sup>  
 if sicke, or whole, her comfortes weare my staye,  
<sup>7</sup>for whie? shee ioid t' enioye my companey:<sup>7</sup> 476  
 frend to my frendes, foe to my foes, ô blest,  
 that counsell'd mee, and<sup>8</sup> did all for the best.  
 yet I forsooke her, other frendes to tie,  
 whome suerlie still I found as false as I: 480  
 fraile, vaine, inconstant, But not one trewe frend,  
 save<sup>9</sup> suche as on guiltes pleasures doe<sup>10</sup> attend.  
 suche weare my newe frendes, I for these left th'old,  
 Whearefore my griefes canne'ar<sup>11</sup> enuff bee told, 484  
 how<sup>12</sup> I have lost my selfe, and causd her death."  
<sup>13</sup>tho dieper peckd his brest, to reave his breath,  
 saienge, "I will goe after her, and crie;<sup>13</sup>  
 Yea, begg her kill mee for my villanie: 488  
<sup>14</sup>so I will<sup>14</sup> hold that death which shee bestowes,  
<sup>15</sup>death kinder then lothd life, which here I lose.  
 and (as death sicke) will vomite peble-stones,<sup>15</sup>

The Tercelet cries  
 shame on himself,

laments his dead  
 true Love,

and his own  
 treachery in for-  
 saking her.

He pecks his  
 breast,  
 and declares he'll  
 kill himself.

- 1—1 fye, fye on kites! out on all carrion kites!  
 2—2 earth, thearefore, burie mee in shame and sinn,  
 but lett her freelie out, and take mee in!  
 3—3 which now is better known, that shee is gone, whose  
 4 still 5 mine 6—6 shee kept about my person lovinglie.  
 7—7 still ioyinge to enioie my companey; 8 that  
 9 naie 10 still 11 cannott 12 sith  
 13—13 tho dieplie peckd his breast, to end his breath,  
 oft sayenge, "I'll goe after her and crie,  
 14—14 so will I  
 15—15 much kinder then the loathed lief I lose,  
 and of death sicke, will vomitt peblstones,

The Terelet will  
ever sorrow for  
his Falcon.

in signe my hard hart near was trewe but once ; 492  
<sup>1</sup>sorrowe shalbee my perch, lonesse my cave,  
 grieve all my foode, her memorie my grave ;  
<sup>2</sup>hatinge my selfe, alone for her will sitt,  
 out of my selfe, whoe gainste her did committ." 496  
 thus grauntes (vnaskd) out of owne conscient offer,<sup>2</sup>  
 that well is sayd to doe : ill is to suffer.

<sup>4</sup> experiment of  
the rings Virtue.<sup>4</sup>

Canace asks the  
Terelet what  
he'll do for her,  
if she'll restore  
his Love to him  
safe and sound.

'I'll do all you  
bid me :

satisfy my Love,  
and never go  
wrong.'

<sup>3</sup>Now Canac, whoe b'her vertuous ringe all knewe,  
 stood harkeninge him, yet kept her from his viewe :  
 Whome heeringe so repent and macerate, 501  
 resolvd t' accept him, thoughe hee came in late.  
 "Good frend" (quoth shee), "what wilt thou doe forme,"<sup>3</sup>  
 incase I shall<sup>5</sup> restore thy love to thee, 504  
 as good and faire, as safe and sound as ever ;  
 and cause debate<sup>6</sup> to cease, to live together,  
<sup>7</sup>if mindinge to demeane, in all compleate,  
 no sinn without and in but is deleate ?" 508  
 "Ladie" (quoth hee), "I meane doe all yee bedd,<sup>7</sup>  
 or failinge, pray pluck off my thancklesse head :  
 alas,<sup>8</sup> the bodies paines, thoughe phisicke heale,  
 yet harder is the mindes cure a great deale. 512

<sup>9</sup>my love Ile satisfie (as yee endight),  
 and enter band never to doe vnright."  
 "I take thy word" (quoth faire Canac), and tho,<sup>9</sup>

1—1 sorowe, my perch shalbee, abhorrence, cave,  
 2—2 hatinge my selfe for her, alone will sitt,  
 and end in that I gainst her did committ."  
 intierlie instancinge of conscient offer,  
 3—3 Canace, whoe, by the virtewe of her ringe,  
 knewe all hee said, stode vnseene, ponderinge  
 how did him selfe reprove and macerate ;  
 thearefore resolvd to accept him, though came late,  
 and said, "ffrend ! ffrend ! what wilt thou doe for mee ?  
<sup>4-4</sup> om. in Ash. <sup>5</sup> doe <sup>6</sup> rebuke

7—7 so as demeaninge with integritie  
 without, within, have perfect remedie ?"  
 "Hâ Ladie !" said hee, "I'le doe all yee bid,  
<sup>8</sup> for ah !

9—9 Ile satisfye my love, as yee direct,  
 and enter band, no more her to neglect."  
 "I take thee at thy word," shee sayd, and tho,



out of her mewgh shee lett the falcon goe. 516

At thenterviewe, "mehew, mehew," hee cried,  
<sup>1</sup>theare, theare was weepinge sore on everie syde ;  
 for bitter griefe and soddaine ioie arivd,  
 made greater passion till the twaine revivd.<sup>1</sup> 520

The Falcon and  
 Tercelet meet,  
 he repentant,  
 but both joyful.

Tho Canac with her ringe cuerd everie wound,  
 and made theire frendships whole<sup>2</sup> which weare vn-  
 sound.

Canace cures  
 the Tercelet's  
 wounds,

<sup>3</sup>Theie, rendringe hartie thanckes, by kindnes strove,  
 till lovers fallinge<sup>3</sup> out, renewd their love : 524

<sup>4</sup>vowinge them selves<sup>4</sup> Canacies servauntes ever,  
 and Camballs too ; Tho <sup>5</sup>tooke leave, flewe<sup>5</sup> togeather.  
 Lô, breach thears<sup>6</sup> none, ne trespasse mongste old frendes,  
 but by fitt recompence obtaines amendes : 528

(f. 35)

and he and his  
 Falcon fly away.  
<sup>7</sup> love the band of  
 peace.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>8</sup>which ioid all th'eerers, that theire hartes and eies  
 sprunge of gladd teeres, Love endinge ielowsies.  
 wheareby confession, which division sawe,  
 had spredd too farr, did from the like withdrawe, 532  
 and in theire mutual vnion of consent<sup>8</sup>

Love ends  
 jealousies,

defind all pleasures in one word : Contente.<sup>9</sup>

and both are con-  
 tent.  
*allusio.*<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup>Now Vesper welkins silver crescent tynd,  
 and hove it bove mild Zephirs pleasinge wind. 536  
 Arcturus (that slowe bellman of the night)  
 hunge out at his longe pole his candelles light,  
 and calld (by name) the northerne wagoner 539  
 to sett more sparcklinge egglettes bowt the beare ;<sup>10</sup>

Night sets in.

1-1 so theare such weepinge was on everie side,  
 as sodaine ioie and sodaine griefe arivd,  
 causd mid theire passions, that the mean revivd.

<sup>2</sup> suer

3-3 whoe rendringe hartie thanckes, by love so strove,  
 as lovers fallinges

4-4 avowinge them <sup>5-5</sup> flewe awaie <sup>6</sup> is <sup>7-7</sup> om. in *Ash.*

8-8 which ioid the peoples hartes, so as theire eies  
 sprunge teeres of ioie, Love endinge tragedies ;  
 through which commutual Union of consent :

<sup>9</sup> *Ash.* here inserts :—

confessinge, now, they in division sawe  
 hate too farr spread would aye from yt withdrawe.

<sup>10-10</sup> these 6 lines om. in *Ash.*

<sup>11</sup> om. in *Ash.*

The Stars come  
out.

<sup>1</sup>and hee, in velvete-blewe-gold-studded gowne,  
Yarckd foorth his readie steedes ; which vierende rowne,  
of twincklinge tapers drove the murninge raie,  
which deckt the sable herse of livelesse daie, 544  
in heavenns burninge chappell, sadd of light,  
which yet compares with titans glories bright.

All the birds but  
the Nightingale  
go to roost.

all birdes them hied to rowste, save Philomel,  
(the curfewe ringer, and of lovers knell), 548  
calme silence, heeringe farr, and everie beast  
left the sweete feildes, to laie them downe and rest.<sup>1</sup>

*Epilogus.*

Chaucer wrote  
something like  
this Poem of  
mine,  
but his is lost.

This, or like this, th'ingenious Chaucer wrought,  
<sup>2</sup>but lost or supprest, near was found, though sought,  
in all old libraries and Londons towre : 553  
which to supplie, no poet had the powre,<sup>2</sup>

After him,  
Spenser alone  
(*Fu. Qu. IV. iii*)  
wrote of Camballo  
and Canace.

save sacred<sup>3</sup> Spenser, whoe twoe straines did wright  
of Camball and Canac, and found it right. 556

On their bones,  
lie softly, oh  
Stones in West-  
minster Abbey !

ô thearfore, yee, the muses frendes, that maie,  
give once a yeere this paire a wreath of baye,  
in tokenn their greene lines doe ever flourishe,  
though blacke Sarcophagus their loines demolishe ; 560  
and yee, their Treasurers, ofte weeping stones,  
wax tendrer, and lye softelie on their bones ;  
sleepe sweetlie, Sirrs, make lesse noise, ne them  
paine,

in th' Sanctuarie till they rise againe : 564  
for they binn heavens starrs, which<sup>4</sup> twincklen hier  
then yet all their starr gazers knewe t' aspire.<sup>5</sup>

And may all de-  
facers of Chaucer  
die disgraced !

And they which Chaucers figure deigne deface,  
ô lett them live in shame, die in disgrace ! 568

<sup>1-1</sup> these 10 lines om. in *Ash.* and the following inserted :—

by when Lowe Phœbus, in the Ocean diepe,  
clod vp his liddes, that folke in peace goe sleepe,  
his purse with Cynthia leavinge, in his stead,  
her bounteous grotes in emptie palmes to shed.

<sup>2-2</sup> but by sly courtinge to confusion brought,  
which, sought in libraries and Londons towre,  
could never yet bee found by Poetes powre,

<sup>3</sup> gracious

<sup>4</sup> that

<sup>5</sup> to aspire :

and never meete with other memorie  
then is repeated of black obloquie.<sup>1</sup>

Lastelie, yee woold afoord his gentile squire,  
if hee call at your house, a cupp of beere.

572 If Chaucer's  
Squire calls on  
you, give him a  
cup of beer!

"thus endes my tale <sup>2</sup>at length," the youth gann saye,<sup>2</sup>

"and if they did not well, praie god wee maie ;

Whoe ever keepe vs all hurtlesselie mirrie,

and so have with yee now to Canterburie."

576 And so, let's on to  
Canterbury!

<sup>3</sup>Heere followeth the marchantes wordes to the  
Squier, and the wordes of the Hoste to the marchaunt,  
as it is in Chaucer.<sup>3</sup>

Chaucer's End-  
Link to his  
*Squire's Tale*.  
(The Squire-  
Franklin Link.  
*Six-Text*, p. 498.)  
'Well done,  
Squire,' says the  
Merchant.

"In faith, Esquier, thow hast thee well yquitt,<sup>4</sup>

and gentillie I praise full well thy witt ;"

<sup>5</sup>quoth the Marchaunt,<sup>5</sup> "consideringe thie youth,

so feelinglie thow speakst, I thee alowth ;

4

as to my doome, theare is none <sup>6</sup>that is <sup>6</sup>heere

<sup>7</sup>of eloquence that shalbee comm<sup>7</sup> thie peere,

if that thow live : God give thee right good chaunce,

<sup>8</sup>and in vertue<sup>8</sup> send thee perseverance,

8

for of thie speakinge I have great daintee.

I have a sonn, and, by the Trinitee !

<sup>9</sup>I had leaver<sup>9</sup> then twentie poundes worth lond,

though it now fallen weare into my honde,

12

hee weare a man of such discretion,

<sup>10</sup>as that yee been ;<sup>10</sup> ffe on possession,

but if<sup>11</sup> a man bee virtuous withall.

I have my sonn snibbed, and yet<sup>12</sup> I shall,

16

'I'd rather have  
my Son like you,  
than get £20 in  
land.

I've snubd my  
Son,

<sup>1</sup> *Ash. here inserts :—*

but pious rest hee with the Muses deere,  
Who deignd a Monument to Spencer reare,  
in whose ideal mowld (his Faerie Queene)  
theire Verus raptus flowreth ever greene.

<sup>2-2</sup> at last," this youth did say,

<sup>3-3</sup> The Marchantes wordes to the Squier, and the Hostes wordes to the  
Marchant, as they are in Chaucer. <sup>4</sup> acquitt

<sup>5-5</sup> the Marchant sayd,

<sup>6-6</sup> present

<sup>7-7</sup> that shall of eloquence becom

<sup>8-8</sup> in virtewe eake.

<sup>9-9</sup> me leaver had

<sup>10-10</sup> as yee, Sir, bin

<sup>11</sup> that

<sup>12</sup> more



but he cares only  
for dice, and talk-  
ing with pages.

for<sup>1</sup> hee to virtue listneth not t' entend,<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup>but for to plaie at dice, and also spend,  
 and leese all that hee hath, is his vsage;  
 and he had lever to talke with a page<sup>3</sup> 20  
 then to commune<sup>4</sup> with anie gentil wight,  
<sup>5</sup>where hee might learn faire gentilnes aright."<sup>5</sup>  
 "strawe for your <sup>6</sup>gentilnes all!" (quoth our hoste.)  
 &c.<sup>6 7</sup>

J. L.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> sith <sup>2</sup> to intend  
<sup>3-3</sup> but still to plaie at dice, and all out spend,  
 Yea, leese but what he hath, is his vsage :  
 naie, hee had rather common with a page,  
<sup>4</sup> discourse <sup>5-5</sup> om. in *Ash.*  
<sup>6-6</sup> gentilnesses!" sayd our Host, &c.

<sup>7</sup> *Ash. here adds the following lines :—*

Comparatio.

[Lane's Com-  
plaint, 1630.]

Lô heere, your Chaucers piller certifies,  
 allusion ideal, never lies,  
 for Prophecie and Poetrie doe find  
 one art of Parabol, shewes both in kind :  
 to instance that Furor Poeticus  
 idemptizateth high Propheticus :  
 which some (of sobrest Temperances spirit)  
 doe see; the rest see nought, but to admire yt,  
 and how yt bandes Poetasterisme from hence,  
 confind at apish non Proficiencie ;  
 Whearfore, errantes pietate, thease,  
 this Etymon appeald Pierides,  
 Whoe turnd weare into Pyes,  
 for taylinge vanities,  
 which vex Apolloes verse,  
 for paper-mens commerce ;  
 Wheareby, th'ingenious name  
 goes laughd of his infame,  
 that chattereth ear yt knoe,  
 what waies ought Poets goe,  
 through diepest misteries  
 gainst all impieties :

Whearefore Muse vexers are  
 disrolld, thrown o're the barr,  
 and kyckd mongst Parretes crakes ;  
 Yea, cloggd for aye with Apes,  
 no more to singe by rote  
 in Esquilinaes bote.

for Laureat none consentes,  
 that rymers bold commentes,  
 abhorrd of each learnd Muse,  
 shoold dare their names traduce ;  
 but doe pronounce such wacr,

<sup>8</sup> J. L. om. in *Ash.*

<sup>1</sup>This supplemente to Chaucers Squiers tale, containinge 17 sheetes, hath licence to be printed.

March 2

1614.

John Tauerner.<sup>(a)</sup> <sup>1</sup>

[<sup>(a)</sup> *On a fly-leaf at the beginning of the MS. is this note*:—See Warton's *Spenser*, vol. i. 155. This seems to be the copy furnished by Lane the author, for the licencer, whose autograph is at the end.]

slaveringes, not poems rare,  
nought lackinge (great ne litle)  
of frothie coockooe spitle,  
deemd by grave poetes, trash,  
fome, stuble, balderdash,  
pedlers waer, watercresses,  
which no Muse real blesses :  
sith ventinge flatteries,  
as sycophantes emprize,  
in schooles vnpardonable,  
for publishinge each bable,  
authorizd for the chaier.  
that groneth everie wheare,  
to Poets diffamation  
and slander of this nation,  
which whilom sowd the seed  
of sownd Poesies reed :  
but now so choakd with weedes,  
that shame yt selfe areedes,  
how rymers muddie plashes  
crie after frydaies lashes,  
wheare ignorance declares,  
Dromus must paie theire shares.

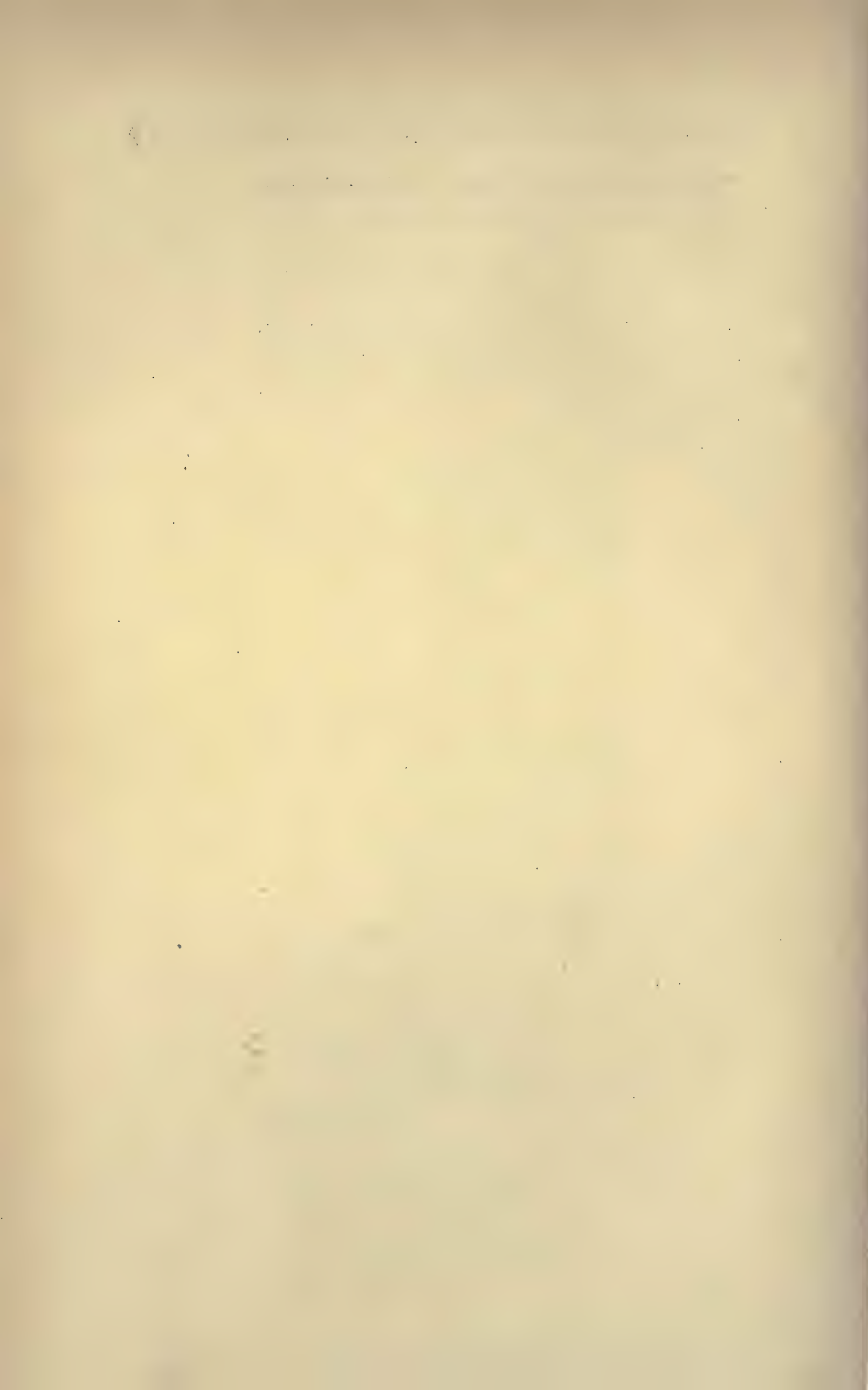
[Lane's Complaint, 1630.]

<sup>2</sup> And vppermore depeint, men might se,  
How with her Ring goodli Canace  
Of evere Foule the Ledne and the Song,  
Coud vnderstand as she welk hem among,  
And how her Brother so oft holpen was,  
In his myschefe, bi the stede of Bras.

*Temple of Glass.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> *om. in Ash.*

<sup>2-2</sup> *These 6 lines are in Ashmole's handwriting.*









## GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

BY THOMAS AUSTIN.

[A. = Ashmole MS. The references are to COTGRAVE, *French Dict.* (1611), C.; FLORIO, *Ital. Dict.* (1659), F.; and to *New English Dict.* (1885, &c.), D.]

- Abhor, *vb. int.* abhor to, be abhorrent to, 15/40.  
 Abnegate, *vb. t.* renounce, reject, deny, 125/152.  
 Absolutenes, *sb.* absolute authority; Ashm. MS. "arbitrarie will," 96/124.  
 Aburne beard, auburn beard, whitish brown, 206/299.  
 Accente, *vb. t.* make emphatic, accentuate, 220, note 7.  
 Accloye, *vb. t.* accloye ears (Ashm. MS. cloy), oppress, nauseate, 67/484.  
 Accomptlesse, *adj.* countless, 201/203.  
 Acrostic on Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., 5; acrostic, JOHN LANE, to Reader, 13.  
 Adresse, *vb. t.* let one sharpe pruning knife adresse our blocke, prepare tree for grafting, 40/240. Fr. *Addresser*.  
 Adore, *sb.* odour, 28/369.  
 Adores, in adores, into their city, indoors, 113/527.  
 Adumbration, *sb.* as adumbration, it presentes more sheene (A. furthereth his sheen), *i. e.* adumbration, or shade, by its contrast increases apparently the sheen of the sun's rays, 69/522. Lat. *Adumbratio*.  
 Advoke, *vb. t.* call to, summon, 17/105, 67/476. Lat. *Advocare*.  
 Affable vault, re-echoing vault, 83/248.  
 Affoord speeche, allow liberty of speech, 33/65.  
 Agast, *vb. t.* terrify, 113/516, 126/189, 136, note 4, 157/413.  
 Agnize, *vb. t.* acknowledge, recognize, 124/140. Comp. Lat. *Agnitio*, from *Agnosco*.  
 Agonie, *sb.* anguish, 162/19, and note 5.  
 Agrown, on the ground, 146, note.  
 Aim, *vb. t.* aim at, 164/73; aynd his throte, 147, note 4.  
 Akafir, made High Admiral by Cambuscan, 58; his instructions to his fleet, 59; his fleet sails, 60; reaches Fregiley, 106; blockades the town on the south, 107; he is attacked, 130; overthrows Leifurco, 147; made Governor of Canacamor, or Fregiley, 190; attacks two knights at tournament, 224; marries Canace, 225.  
 Albe, *adj.* feild albe, white field of shield, 85/306. Lat. *albus*.  
 Algarsife, son of Cambuscan, 12; bad report of him, 16; is disgusted at losing land that he claims as heir, 21; makes love to

- the false Lady of the Lake, 22; his false pride and flatterers, 22; rebels against his father, Canto IV., p. 30; news arrives of his revolt, 48; he justifies it, 51; begins to regret his rebellion, 92; resolves on submission, 94; his scouts are defeated, 95; he follows Viderea's bad advice, 99; is armed in red armour, 100/214; rescued from Camballo, 103; loses men, 104; defends Fregiley, 109; fights again with Camballo, and is parted, 116; cheers on his men, 125; is warned not to fight by night, 126; fights a third time with Camballo, 129; fortifies the market-place, 141; rescues Horbello, 146; fights Camballo and Binato, 146; his generals plot against him, 150, and he is imprisoned by them, 151; some Fregilians are still for him, 166; his generals are inclined to give him up to Camballo, 168; laments his life and fate, 169; longs for death, 170; is freed by his father, 180; brought home a captive, 193, and is forgiven, 197; conquers Horbello, 216; marries Theodore, 225.
- All and some, one and all, 156/378, 181/429. See D., *All* 12.
- A-longe, turnd a longe, turned out (comp. Get along), 227/396; laid alonge, laid low, 139/10, and note 2.
- Alsioninge, *sb.* halcyoning, harbingering, 176/334.
- Amblinge minde, ? weak moving, undecided, 140/41.
- Amenance, demeanour, bearing, 200/185.
- Amesbury's ample landscapes, 84/267.
- Amice, *sb.* Titan's "greie amice of clouds at sunset," wrapping, 193/16. "Amiet: An Amiet, or Amice; part of a massing priests habit."—C. Lat. *Amictus*, cloak.
- Amidis, page to Cambuscan, 28; is sent to Thotobon, 119/17; follows Cambuscan into captivity, 158/435; his epitaph on Cambuscan, 161.
- Amilinge, *part.* of amel, enamel, 42/286. "*Email*: Amell, or Enamell; *Emailler*. To enamell."—C.
- Amphibolies, ambiguous sayings, 126/198.
- Anagogies, expressions with hidden mystic meanings, 126/197.
- Anan, *adv.* anon, at once, 192/663.
- Anchor hold, virtues anchor hold, or safeguard, 131/298.
- And 'is, and his, 170/195: printed *es*.
- Angelize, *vb. int.* become angelic, 212/64.
- Annoye, *sb.* trouble, annoyance, 38/202.
- Arcturus, bellman of the night, 233/537.
- Arear, *vb. int.* of a horse, rear, 203/254. Comp. "Stand arear," in HALLIWELL.
- Arowne, *adv.* around, 105/328.
- Arround, *vb. t.* Videria arroundes their ears, rounds or whispers into their ears, 136/415.
- Arteirs, *sb.* arteries, 172/232. Lat. *Arteria*; Fr. *Artère*.
- Article, *sb.* deaths articl', the point of death, 133/354. Lat. *Articulus*.
- Artishe liers, skilled liars, 139/15. Same as following.
- Artskild, 139, note 4.
- Aspire, *sb.* aspiration, ardent longing, 126/200.
- Aspiringe pinackles, spiring, lofty, 139/7.
- Asport, *vb. t.* bear away, gain, 117/614, 220, note 2. Lat. *Asportare*.
- Astrologize, *vb.* tell by the stars, or astrologically, 162/11.
- A trice, 90/428, ? a-trice, with thrusting: possibly simply "a thrust."
- Attach, *vb. t.* attain, 150/252. Fr. *Attacher*. Comp. "Attaché par les carrefours, publicly excommunicate; or, outlawed by proclamation."—C.
- Atteare compunction, ? in tears, tearful, 66/437.
- Attemptate, *vb. t.* attempt, 153/312. Lat. *Attemptare*.



- Audience barrd, *i. e.* unpardonable, 163/32.
- Avon, *sb.* haven, 108/392.
- Axell stem, axle-tree, 25/288.
- Azurn, Azurne, *adj.* azure, 185/521, and note 3. Fr. *Azur*, sky-colour.
- Baggd, *pp.* baggd of fowr bastardes, made pregnant, or with child, 35/132.
- Balk, *vb. t.* neither thone ne thother balckd the feild, *i. e.* shirked, 117/607; balke the place, 136/419, 149, note 2; metaphor from a ridge left unploughed.
- Band, *sb.* bond, 232/514.
- Barbara, the syllogism by affirmatives, 39/212.
- Bases, *sb.* housings of a horse, 204/265; bases of orengie tawnie, 205/298.
- Battailes, *sb.* divisions of an army (van, centre, and rear), 61/317.
- Battyre, *sb.* batter, battery with artillery, 118, Proem. Fr. *Battre*, *Batterie*.
- Bay, *vb. t.* bayd at a diepe foord, put to bay, so as to stand, as it were, at bay, 89/405.
- Baysancinge, *part.* doing obeisance, 212, note 4. Fr. *Obeir*.
- Bear, *vb. int.* beare vp (nautical usage), put the vessel before the wind, 59/282; hee bore vp (on horseback), figuratively used, 45/379.
- Beestrown, *pp.* overthrown and scattered about, 117, note 3.
- Beetl-browd, *adj.* Phœbus (noddunge beetl browd), beetlebrowed, frowning behind a cloud, 56/203; with prominent brows, from frowning.
- Before, *prep.* before a crippe, *i. e.* from a cripple, 184/498.
- Behave, *sb.* behaviour, 59/284.
- Behight, *vb.* say (in quotations "said"), 176/333, 191/650.
- Belay, *vb. t.* beset, 104, note 1.
- Bem, *sb.* beam of the sun, 83/260.
- Beseche, *sb.* entreaty, 33/66.
- Besquint, *vb. t.* make to squint, 33/73.
- Betake, *vb.* Camballo him betooke a wound, gave him a wound, 217/163.
- Betwite, *vb. t.* betwit, 97, note 1.
- Bewraier, *sb.* betrayer, revealer, 174/286.
- Bickerment, *sb.* bickering, 88/378.
- Big, *vb. t.* drincke and smoke had biggd his navil, made large, 23/238.
- Binato leads first division in Cambuscan's army, 84/281; leads the centre, 100/211; beleaguers Freigiley on the east side, 107/365; fights with Horbello, 116; defeats him, 130; defeats Quadrumal in the tournament, 219; marries Reglata, 226.
- Birthe, *sb.* birth, child, 53/109.
- Blanch, *vb. t.* whitewash, palliate, 56/190. Fr. *Blanchir*.
- Blanckes, *sb.* eye blanckes, apparently blinks, glances, 66/442.
- Blase, *vb. t.* blazon forth, show, 96/122.
- Blend, *vb. t.* make blind, 93/36.
- Blind bobbb, as *vb. t.* make blind, as at Blind-man's-buff, 167, note 9.
- Blubber, *vb. t.* churlishe rayne blubbrethe gardines bewties, *i. e.* disfigures with wet, 29/390.
- Blubbled eye, blubbered, tearful, 162/13.
- Blunder, *vb.* blurt out, 164, note 1.
- Blush, *sb.* maiden blusshe (colour), 213/81.
- Blusseth, blusseth, 69/530.
- Bobb, *vb. t.* to bobbb out justice, get rid of by trickery (comp. *Bob off*, D.), 88/390.
- Bode fill, bad fill, 188/586.
- Boisteous, *adj.* boisterous, rough, 227/381.
- Bolden, *vb. t.* embolden, 50/58.
- Bones, *sb.* for goddes bones, God's bones (an oath), 11/4.
- Boordes, *vb. t.* attacks, eats, 186, note 4. Fr. *border*.
- Boote, *sb.* boot, profit, 118/6.
- Bootie cella, Boute-selle, trumpet call to saddle, 75/47, 192/663, 210/12.
- Borrow, *sb.* St. George to borrowe, *i. e.* as pledge, 109/410.

- Boteswaines-whistelles, boatswain's whistles, 60/290.
- Bould, be bould to heavn, apparently bowl along to heaven on the horse, 45/367.
- Bownc, *vb. t.* bownc praise on a person, *i. e.* crack him up, 22/229; *vb. int.* all canons bowned, exploded, 144/127; see also 102/245.
- Bownces, *sb.* quill-gvn bownces, pop-gun bounces of language, 37/160.
- Brall, *sb.* brawl, disturbance, 221/260, 60, note 7.
- Bravery, *sb.* finery, fine array, 100, side-note.
- Bray, *vb. int.* resound (now used of trumpets only), 60/290.
- Breves, briefs, letters, 57/228.
- Bribe-full riche, dothe learn them bribe-full riche, ? doth teach them to be rich by robberies, 15/26.
- Bribers, *sb.* robbers, 21/207. O.Fr. *Bribeur*.
- Brines, the brines to stalke, to walk the seas, 58, note 2.
- Brinish, *adj.* brinishe, (briny) seas, 48/2.
- Britch, *vb. t.* britch his mind, ? confine as in breeches; confer naut. usage of confining a gun by a breeching, 93, note 1.
- Brize, *vb. int.* breeze, buzz, 14/13.
- Brodest eye, Phœbus saw with, *i. e.* with wide-open eye, as is read below, 161/1.
- Brond, *sb.* brand, 153/318.
- Brunt, *sb.* shock (to mollify him), 32/51.
- Bucephal, Alexander's horse, 63/371.
- Buff, *sb.* blow, 217/157.
- Bugbear, *vb. t.* feare of state hath buggbeard vs, frightened us needlessly, 165, note 1; see also above.
- Bugges, *sb.* scares, vain fears ("threttes" below), 152/290.
- Bulge, *vb. t.* to bulge th' offence, ? bilge: 1. swill, 2. wash out, cleanse, 191/641.
- Bundled clowdes, masses of cloud, 138/456.
- Bunthoto, King of Ind, comes to Cambuscan's tourney, 202.
- Burses, bourses, exchanges, 46/391. Fr. *Bourse*.
- Buss, *vb. t.* kiss, 203/238.
- Busshing ram, butting ram, 44/346.
- Butter noold (would not) melt in his mowthe, 115/568.
- Buy, *prep.* by, 189/605.
- Cabbins, huts for soldiers, 89/411.
- Cabininge, *sb.* construction of cabins or huts, 72/615, 89, note 11.
- Caduke, *adj.* caducous, perishing, transitory, 87/363. Lat. *Caducus*.
- Calcke, *vb. t.* caulk ships with oakum, 58/241. O.Fr. *Cauquer*; see COT.
- Calliditie, *sb.* callidity, craft, 124, note 5. Lat. *Calliditas*.
- Camballo, son of Cambuscan, 12, or Cambal, for metre's sake, 19/157; is temperate and self-controlled, 23/255; musters his soldiers, 60; is his father's lieutenant, 61/316; takes leave of his mother, 77/97; leads the rear of the army, 84/291; leads the van, 100/210; skirmishes with Algarsife, 101; fights with him, 102; beleaguers Fregiley on the west side, 107; fights a third time with Algarsife, 129; dreams of Cambuscan's death, 155; distressed at his father's death, 162; together with his father (again alive) takes Fregiley, 181; takes Algarsife, 182; fights Equestrillo, and kills him and Togantillo in tournament, 217; marries Frelissa, 226.
- Cambuscan, King of Serra, 12; swears he will disinherit Algarsife, 16; says all his children shall be married on same day, 18; orders jousts, with Canace as prize, 19; plans a splendid theatre, 24; his town of Fregiley revolts, 27; his horse of brass, 41; announces Algarsife's revolt, 50; resolves to fight him, 56; his army, 61; reviews it, 62; his speech to it, 64; his army takes up his cause, 65; his army is marshalled, 75; and he sets his kingdom in order, 76; bids his queen farewell, 78; takes leave

- of his wife and daughter, and makes Canace his executor, 81, 82; his army begins march, 83; leads the centre himself, 84; advances against Fregiley, 100; leads the rear, 100/212; examines Fregiley, 106; arranges siege, 107; speech to his soldiers, 110; gets his artillery ready, 112; attacks Fregiley, 113; cannonades it again, 122; night attack on his camp, 127; his admiral attacked, 130; forgives captives, 133; bombards Fregiley, 138; cheers his men to the assault, 143; fights Horbello, 145; is attacked by Gnartolite, 146; wins the middle gate, 148; is surprised by Quidavis, stabbed and taken prisoner, 157, 158; dies, 159; is buried by Amidis, 160; monuments to be raised to him, 173; restored to life by Thotobon, 179; frees Algarsife, 180; he and his horse slay the Fregilians, 181; gives up Fregiley to his soldiers, 182; refuses to forgive his son, 184; his Order of the Golden Girdle, 186; drinks a health to his knights, 188; rebuilds Fregiley, 189; reaches home, 194; is honoured by his nobles, 198; rides to the theatre with his queen, 200; holds a tourney, 202; gives the brazen horse as a wedding present to Algarsife, 225; his counsel to his children, 229.
- Camill, *sb.* great awkward fellow, 166/108. See D., *Camel*, 1 b.
- Campe masters, in charge of military camp, 89/412.
- Canacamor, 189. See *Fregiley*.
- Canace, daughter of Cambuscan, 12; her father resolves to marry her, 16; sends postman to kitchen fire, 27; her magic telescope, 31/27; begs forgiveness for Algarsife, 32; tells of Viderea's evil deeds, 36; influences her father for Algarsife, 40; mounts horse of brass, and beholds the world from its back, 43, 46; pleads with the army for her brother, 69; disputes with her mother about him, 80; laments the evils of the war, 120; dreams of Algarsife's danger, 156; sorrows for her father and brother, 171; begs forgiveness for Algarsife, 195; is challenged to sing, 220; wins in the contest, 223; is won by Akafir in the tourney, 225; weds him, 226.
- Canon bytt, a smooth bit for a horse, 41/273.
- Canons and demies, *i. e.* demi canon, cannons throwing shot of 60 lbs. weight, and demies about 30 lbs. (see D.), 84/288; canon ordinance, 108/390.
- Canvaed, *vb. t.* ? sifted, with shot, 113/525.
- Carácters, ? marks, notes, 187/566.
- Caráctringe this confession on his will, stamping it on his will, impressing, so as to show it, 106/341.
- Careful, *adj.* full of cares, or ? care, attention ("watchfull" in note 6), 54/136.
- Caron's (Charon's) ferrie, 152/304.
- Carpenter, Edw., lines to Lane by him, 7.
- Carr, *vb. t.* him boldlie carrs, = he boldly carries; lit. his armour carries him, 204/264.
- Carriages of iron for guns, 84/289.
- Carrier, *vb. int.* career, take a short gallop, as in tilting, or in charging in battle, 43/313. Fr. *Currière*.
- Carrowceers of wine, carousers, drunkards, 21/208; "quaffers" in note.
- Carrowse pleasure, carouse, take one's fill of, 22/217. "*Carouser*, To quaffe, swill, carousse it."—C.
- Carthridges, cartridges, 58/249. Fr. "*Cartouche*, A Cartouch, or full charge, for a pistoll, put vp within a little paper, to be readier for vse."—C.
- Casement, *sb.* her mindes casement, ? the window by which one beheld her mind, 35/122.
- Catterbrall, *sb.* disturbance. Comp. *Caterwaul*, 128/232. See *Brall*.
- Catterbrawle, *vb. int.* make a disturbance, or uproar, 221, note 6.



- Cell, *sb.* saddle, 63/382. Fr. *Selle*.  
 Certation, *sb.* contention, 97, note 2.  
 Lat. *Certatio*.  
 Chaîne shott, chain shot, or shot  
 chained together, to be more  
 destructive, 58/248.  
 Chaire, *sb.* car, 14/1. Fr. *Chaire*.  
 Comp. Lat. *Carrum*.  
 Challengers, ships challenging one  
 another to race, 209/370.  
 Chambred-iron slinges, as traps,  
 used as *chevaux de frise*, 142/67.  
 Champion, *sb.* champaign, 84/265.  
 O.Fr. *Campaigne*, *Champaigne*.  
 Comp. Lat. *Campanus*.  
 Chargers, for charging a gun, ladles  
 holding the proper charge, 58/  
 249.  
 Chaw the cud, chew the cud, re-  
 volve with feelings of compunc-  
 tion, 92/31.  
 Chawffinge, chafing with rage, 130/  
 273. Fr. *Chauffer*.  
 Chirmes, *sb.* the woodbirdes chirmes,  
 or chirpings, 20/186. The melan-  
 choly undertone of a bird previous  
 to a storm.—HALLIWELL.  
 Chouse, *vb. t.* choose, 49/34, 86/341.  
 Clauróre, *sb.* clamour, 65/427.  
 Clombe, *vb.* climbed, mounted, 43/  
 311.  
 Closelie, *adv.* closely, secretly, 162/  
 25.  
 Cock of the game, figuratively, of a  
 doughty knight, 225/332.  
 Cockell, *sb.* cockle, corn-cockle, 11/  
 21.  
 Cockeringe, *sb.* fondling, indul-  
 gence, 187/563.  
 Cogg, *vb. t.* feign, 184, note 4;  
 coggd, 89, note 2.  
 Cogginge, *adj.* cogginge humili-  
 aniste, 116/580, of a man feign-  
 ing humility.  
 Collaud, *vb. t.* unite in praising, 124/  
 137, and note 1. Lat. *Collau-  
 dare*.  
 Collectes, *sb.* inductions, 175/315.  
 Colles, *sb.* colls, embraces, love  
 affairs, 94/77. Lat. *Collum*, neck.  
 Colliginer, *sb.* collector ("foragere,"  
 below), 122/90.  
 Colonies, ? Fr. *Colonnes*, columns,  
 61, note 2, but see 76/88.
- Colors, *sb.* flags, 62/343; colour  
 bearers or ensigns, 95/88; their  
 mistresse colors, *i. e.* the colours  
 of their lady love, 143/97.  
 Columbell, a milk-white carrier  
 dove, 178/375.  
 Combust, *adj.* hot, literally "burnt  
 up," 154, note 1. Lat. *Combustus*.  
 Combustioniste, *sb.* pott bombard,  
 mutinous combustioniste, *i. e.* a  
 mutinous stirrer of sedition, 22,  
 note 1.  
 Come, *pp.* first comm, first servd,  
 54/144.  
 Commencers, *sb.* commencers with  
 iniquitie; that is, people who  
 have to do with iniquity, 222,  
 note 1.  
 Committ, *vb.* commit sin, err, 232/  
 496.  
 Commover, *sb.* universal mover, 24/  
 284.  
 Compears, *sb.* sighes are griefes be-  
 trothd compears, compeers, or  
 companions, 29/414. PHILLIPS,  
*World of Words*, says that young  
 men invited to weddings are in  
 some parts called compeers.  
 Compleatnes, *sb.* weake compleat-  
 nes, complete weakness, 184/  
 494.  
 Complemental, *adj.* complimenting,  
 92/23.  
 Complices, *sb.* accomplices, 105/315.  
 Fr. "*Complice*: A Complice, con-  
 federate, companion (in a leud  
 Action)."—C.  
 Comport, *vb. t.* them comport in  
 glorious wellcoms, conduct them-  
 selves, 194/53. "Se comporter.  
 To carrie, beare, behaue; main-  
 taine, or sustaine, himselfe."—C.  
 Comportance, *sb.* port, bearing, 144,  
 note 1.  
 Comptles, *adj.* countless, 201, note 5.  
 Concertation, *sb.* contention, rivalry,  
 90/437, 97/135. Lat. *Concerta-  
 tio*.  
 Concludentlie, *adv.* as a conclusion,  
 consequentially, 188, note 6.  
 Concomitate, *vb.* accompany, 40/237.  
 Lat. *Concomitari*.  
 Concomitation, *sb.* companionship,  
 aid, 175/296.



- Condisposd, *pp.* nimble condisposd, jointly of nimble disposition, 59/267.
- Condispute, *sb.* his owne truthes condispute, *i. e.* his conscience disputing, and working to soften him, 32/54.
- Conferrencies, *sb.* conferences, 57/225.
- Conflate, *vb. t.* blow up, rouse, 97/139. Lat. *Conflare*.
- Congees, *sb.* ladies congees, 205/282; hee a lowe congewe beare, 63/385; Titan begann to shedd his congiewes humidous, *i. e.* misty, 110, note 1; congees, farewells. Fr. *Congé*.
- Cónniveness, *sb.* connivance, winking at one's own faults, 93/41. "*Connivence*: A conniunce, or winking at."—C.
- Conscientlie, *adv.* in his conscience ("feelingelie," below), 39/208.
- Consolate, *vb. t.* or consulate, counsel, 109/425, and note. Lat. *Consulere*.
- Consympathies, *sb., i. e.* people of like sympathy, the *consympathites* mentioned above, at line 292; 174, note 12.
- Container, *sb.* that which contains, 86/335.
- Contewnd, *pp.* contuned, in musical harmony, 175, note 1.
- Contewninge, *part.* tuned in unison, 175/293.
- Convert, *vb. int.* interchange with, agree with, 165/90. Lat. *Convertere*.
- Convexd, convex, as a burning glass, 177/339. Lat. *Convexus*, arched.
- Cookekoe spitle, cuckoo-spit, trash, 237. Cuckoo-spit on plants is secreted by an insect.
- Coolers, *sb.* to cool heated cannon, 58/250.
- Cope, *vb.* if hope ne cope, by giving aid, 83/240; cope or cope with, 214, note 2.
- Copstone, ancors at copstone, readie to hee wayd, *i. e.* anchors at capstan, 60/289. The phrase is equal to the modern *hove short*, and probably means with the cable so far heaved in that a few more turns of the capstan loosen the anchor, ready for bringing it to the vessel's side, or possibly at that time right inboard.
- Cosmical considerers of heaun, *i. e.* universal, 25/296.
- Counterband, *sb.* bond, obligation, 197/118.
- Courage, *vb. t.* encourage, 100, note 4.
- Court smoke, apparently the breath of court favour, 49/21.
- Cowlick, *vb. t.* selfe love cowlickes whole own maladie, *i. e.* cures; metaphor from a cow licking its calf, 222, note 1.
- Crake, *sb.* croak, 236, note 7. Comp. *Corn-crake*.
- Cressletes, *sb.* crosslets (heraldic), 85/306; crosses with small crosses at the arms.
- Crevicies, *sb.* crevices, *i. e.* first streaks of morn, 56/205.
- Cromatia, a bouncing girl, comes to the tournament, 208; and sings against Canace, 221.
- Cromaticke tunes, 21/187; notes cromaticke, 221/266; cromatickes, as *sb.*, 8. "A chromatic, or minor semitone, is between two notes of the same alphabetical name, as C and  $\sharp$  C, or D and  $\flat$  D."—*Encycl. Brit. Music*.
- Cronoclers, *sb.* chroniclers, 24/273.
- Crossebarrs, bar shot, 58/245.
- Crow foretells wet weather, 56/201.
- Cruciate, *vb. t.* torture, 94/63. Lat. *Cruciare*.
- Crull, curled, 10/3.
- Curacies, cuirasses, 118/3; curate, cuirass, 145/154. Fr. *Cuirasse*; originally of leather.
- Curb, or water chain of a horse's bit, 41/277.
- Cure, *sb.* care, 73/9. Lat. *Cura*.
- Curtainettes, *sb.* Eve's half-curtains, not quite darkening, 72, note 8.
- Curtchie, *sb.* curtsy, 115/571.
- Curve, *vb. t.* apparently curb, 125, note 3.
- Curved, *vb. int.* curvet (of a horse), 43/313, 205/279.

- Curveddes, *sb.* curvets, 44/350, 63/377. See *F.*, "*Corvetta*, a prancing, or dancing of a horse."
- D' aggregate, do aggregate, or collect, 174/287.
- Darraignd, *adj.* ordered, set, 84, note 4.
- Darraigne, *vb. t.* honor men darraigne, men show honour, 19/150; darraignd a brave sight, presented a fine sight, 59/266; to darraigne three hostes, to draw them up, 84/265; darraignd this dismal scene, formed, presented, 155, note 1.
- Darrs, *vb. t.* provokes, 64/404.
- Deathward, to death, 218/188.
- Debelle, *vb. t.* war down, subdue, 84, note 6. Lat. *Debellare*.
- Deceede, *vb. int.* decede, get down, 209/381. Lat. *Decedere*.
- Decline, *vb. t.* ne thinke your wordes, alone, have to decline your rebell selves; but this my discipline! ? make excuses for, exculpate, beg off, 116/587.
- Decore, *sb.* decoration, adornment, 15/43, 59/272, 63/381, 171/216. Lat. *Decor*.
- Decrement, *sb.* loss of honour, or position, 96/114. Lat. *Decrementum*.
- Dedication of Book, p. 3; of revised version, 5.
- Deedlesse speakers, men who do not perform their promises, 164/72.
- Deeke, *sb.* town deeke, dike or ditch, 106/332, 118/10.
- Deerest-bewtie deere, 19/155; deerest deere, 38/187.
- Degenerate, as *sb.* 53, note 7.
- Degresse, *sb.* digression, 36/150. Lat. *Digressus*. *Digresse*, in *A*.
- Deject, *pp.* blacke misscreantes, deiect, *i. e.* cast down into hell, 46, note 3; *vb. t.* deiectes him at a tree, casts himself down by a tree, 93/53; *pp.* his lidds deiect, his eyelids cast down, 195, note 3.
- Deleate, *pp.* delete, blotted out, 232/508. Lat. part. *Deletus*.
- Delivr, *adj.* deliver, active, 10/6. "*Delivre de sa personne* : com. An active, nimble wight; whose ioints are not tyed with points."—*C*.
- Dell, *vb.* deal, 81/202; warrs roughest doll they freely dell, they deal war's roughest dole, 128/225; Algarsife nill gainst his ffather dell, will not act against his father, 150/242.
- Demeane, *vb.* had not his ffather taught him to demeane, *i. e.* taught him manners, 162/18; hee will so faithfullie demeane, carry himself, 190/636. O.Fr. *Se demener*.
- Demies, demi cannon, 84/288. See *Canons*.
- Depart, *vb. t.* separate, 107/361. Fr. "*Departir*. To diuide, distribute."—*C*
- Deplore, *sb.* bewailing, deploring, 72/599, 230/460.
- Depose, *vb. t.* put on the ground, 191/652; meaning he would go upside-down.
- Desindes, *sb.* designs, 140, note 2.
- Detear, *vb.* ? deter, 140, note 2.
- Die, *vb.* be in dying state, 156/392.
- Dighes, prepares himself, 219/220.
- Dilection, *sb.* election, choice, 188/581.
- Dill vp, *vb. t.* deck out, adorn, 14/7; dilld-vp-whiffing babies, 199/160; flowres dilled for the springe, 45, note 11.
- Diremt; *vb. t.* snatch away, 144, note 1. Confer Lat. part. *Diremtus*.
- Disceputation, *sb.* controversy, dispute, 16/68. Lat. *Disceptatio*.
- Discipled, *pp.* disciplined, 85/292.
- Disconcordance, *sb.* want of concord, discordance, 88, note 6.
- Disconditionate, *vb. int.* be of different condition, 97/134.
- Discordance, *sb.* discord, 97/139.
- Discordate, *vb. t.* make discordant, 209/368. Compare Lat. *Discordare*.
- Discowre, *vb. t.* discover, 73/4.
- Discurtain, *vb. t.* Phebus, discurtaininge his murninge face, *i. e.* clearing it of clouds, 41/263.
- Disflesh, *vb. t.* make lose flesh, through the loss of blood, 216/140.

- Disioine, *vb. int.* disjoin, disunite, 82, note 4.
- Dispart, *vb. t.* distribute, 61, note 2.
- Dispensation, *sb.* dispensation, direction, 119/20.
- Disprive, *adj.* disprivy, *i. e.* ignorant of one's inner self, 94/65.
- Disranck, *vb. t.* he disranckes himselfe, degrades himself, 23/247.
- Disroll, *vb. t.* disbar, turn out of roll of barristers, fig., 236, note 7.
- Disseasure, *sb.* disseisure, dispossession, suffer disseisure, be disinherited, 51/82. Compare Fr. *Dessaisir*, in C.
- Dissever, *sb.* separation, 82/220.
- Dissleep, *vb. t.* awake from death, Proem to Canto X, p. 161.
- Disself, *vb. t.* ? despoil, 216/140.
- Distraction, *sb.* riot, insurrection, 134/376. Lat. *Distractio*, a pulling asunder.
- Distraid, destroyed, 156/378.
- Distraine, *vb. t.* will lettes sense distraine her, but not constraine her, 86/336; distrained in his noble hart, 81/207. "*Destraindre*. To straine, presse, wring, vex extremely; also, to straiten, restrain, or abridge of libertie."—C.
- Distroie, *sb.* destruction, death, 160/476; distroye, 55/172.
- Distrought, *vb.* and distrowte, distract, perplex, 137/442, and below.
- Disvelop, *vb. t.* unveil, uncover, 41, note 2.
- Document, *sb.* proof, witness, 35, note 7.
- Doerd, *vb. t.* 79, note 16 ("pleasd," above).
- Doll, *sb.* dole, lot, 128/225.
- Done, *vb. t.* don, do on, 43/310.
- Dorr, *vb. t.* cheat, hoax, 98/166.
- Drabb, *sb.* drab, slut, prostitute, 36/157.
- Drawinge chamber, withdrawing chamber, drawing-room, 93/37.
- Drippinge, *adj.* dripping wet, 32/59.
- Drom, *vb.* drum, 152/294.
- Drum, *sb.* drummer, 152/297; drumm, 152/293.
- Ducello, Cambuscan's brazen horse, given to him by Thotobon, 41, 61/323; Ducell, 104, note 1.
- Dueltra, a bouncing girl, comes to the tournament, 208, and sings against Canace, 221.
- Dump, *vb. int.* be in the dumps, or in a gloomy fit, 91/2.
- Duplicated, *adj.* joint or double monarchy, with his father, 53, note 10.
- Dydappled, *adj.* dappled, 205, note 4.
- Dylem, *sb.* dilemma, 121/66. "A horned syllogism, wherein both propositions are so framed, that neither can well be denied."—PHILLIPS.
- Ear, *conj.* ever, 43/326; e'ar, 181/434; ear, ere, 76/86, 76/89, 179/383.
- Eares, *sb.* ears; pluck out [cowards] by th'eares, 66/454.
- Edight, *pp.* ? idight, formed, 24/282.
- Eele, *sb.* heel, 38/194.
- Efferr, *vb. t.* bear abroad, publish, 173, note 1. Lat. *Efferre*.
- Eglet, *sb.* eglet scyntills, sparkles of dew, 48/431: dewd with pearld eglettes, 74/21. Fr. "*Esquilette*, a point."—C.
- Eie fingeringe, *i. e.* rubbing one's eyes with one's fingers, 183/488; single eies, apparently straightforward eyes, 184/497, ? in moral sense.
- Eights, *sb.* octaves in music, 175/293.
- Either, *adj.* but that their eithers love hathe eithers hart, *i. e.* the love of either of them has the heart of the other, reciprocally, 78/132.
- Elate, *vb. t.* raise, promote, 77, note 11.
- Elate, *pp.* exalted, puffed up, 53/109; apparently *vb. intr.* below.
- Elates, *sb.* false elates, false exaltations or claims to high place, 53, note 7.
- Elect, *adj.* used as *sb.* those who were chosen to mount the breach, 142, note 7.
- Elixal, *sb.* elixir, 178/372.
- Ellicatt, *sb.* wheare keepes th'ellicatt, dares all these infest? where



- dwells the hell-cat that dares infest all these? 34/94.
- Elope, *vb. int.* run away, 62/349.
- Empirie, *sb.* empire ("arbitrarie swaie," below), 136/400.
- Empte, *vb. t.* empty, 219/205.
- Encamp, *vb. t.* encamp the towne, encamp before the town, 107/365.
- Encroche, *vb. int.* encroach, make an advance, gain ground, 100, note 8.
- Enlarge, *vb. t.* enlarged, set at liberty, 151/277.
- Entertain, *sb.* entertainment, 19/141.
- Entine, *vb. t.* kindle, provoke, 15/48; entines this mutinie, 64/395; entind his blood, provoked or fired his blood, 95/101; 153, note 8; entyne, 61/326; entynd, offended, 29/401. A.S. *Teonan*, provoke; or *Tenden*, Tynden, kindle.
- Enumerate, *pp.* ruminates his captive state, lewdlie 'mongst princes falls enumerate, *i. e.* he ruminates on his captive state, publicly enumerated amongst princes' falls, or ? amongst false princes, 169/162.
- Equestrillo, comes to the tournament, 205; killed by Camballo, 218.
- Essoine, *sb.* need, 79/147. O.Fr. *Essoine*.
- Ethel, Queen of Cambuscan, 17; or Ethelta, 18/122; swears she will not forgive Algarsife, 38; comforts her husband, 52; denounces her son, 53; urges Cambuscan to kill Algarsife, 56; addresses the army, 67; is harsh to her son, 71, 77; is left Regent by Cambuscan, 75; comforts Canace, 172; is to decide Algarsife's fate, 185.
- Euphonie, *sb.* melodie proceeds out of musiques euphonie, 20/183.
- Evade, *sb.* evasion, 39, note 4.
- Evade, *vb. int.* ? depart, cease to be, 76/92; misprinted *invade*.
- Exaltate, *adj.* exalted, 74/17.
- Excheate, *sb.* escheat, deception, fraud, 200/166.
- Exequutere, *sb.* executor, 81/212.
- Expense of blood, loss of blood, 216/139.
- Exprobrate, *vb. t.* reproach, 105, note 3. Lat. *Exprobrare*. Misprinted *exprobate*.
- Factes, *sb.* deeds, 190/618.
- Factitate, *vb. t.* plan, contrive, 35/116. Lat. *Factitare*.
- Falsarie, fight falsarie, in an unchivalrous way, 117/615.
- Falsaries, *sb.* falsifiers, forgers, 53/126.
- Falsed, *adj.* feigned, false, 52, note 3; falsed boye, false boy, 64/399; her falsed make, *i. e.* mate, 229/442.
- Fanticklie, *adv.* fantastically, 204, note 4.
- Fare, *sb.* to fare, as fare, 186/545.
- Feathomer, *sb.* fathomer, *i. e.* as a revealer, 140/25.
- Feaze, *vb. t.* harass, drive away, 58, note 1. See HALLIWELL, *Feaze*, *Feize*.
- Feelingelie, *adv.* *i. e.* to their pain they bring home scars, 49/32.
- Feild peeces, field guns, 84/283.
- Festival, *adj.* festive, 194/54.
- Fetch, *sb.* like draw, allurement, stratagem, trick, 55/164.
- Fett, *vb. t.* fetch, obtain, 90/416.
- Flagrance, *sb.* illious fragrance of concupiscence, *i. e.* jealous heat of concupiscence, 154, note 1. Lat. *Flagrantia*.
- Flaialles, *sb.* Flaialles of the forge ("flyales," below), rods, 219/203. Lat. *Flagellum*.
- Flanckers, *sb.* flanking fortifications, 106/332, 138, note 3.
- Flatuous, *adj.* windy, as below, 74/14.
- Flears, *vb. int.* fowle discord fleares or reviles, 221/260.
- Fleshe-flies, used metaphorically of parasites, 23/243.
- Flesh-monginge, *adj.* carnal, 99/187.
- Flesht in libertie, ? = incarnations of liberty, possibly gluttied with liberty, 23/253.
- Flices, *sb.* wollen flices, or fleeces, evening clouds, 109/427; Titan's golden flize, his golden fleece of



- rays, 91, note 6; golden flize, figuratively, of a prize to win, 110/450.
- Flint, *vb. t.* syntilles, or sparks, flint-inge fyre, *i. e.* as fire is forced from flint and steel (see below), 78/138.
- Flize, *vb. t.* fleece, 76/87.
- Floitinge, *part.* fluting, playing the flute, 10/13.
- Florent, *adj.* floral, 74/16. Lat. *Florens.*
- Flubberinge, *sb.* blubber-mouthed, 183, note 12. Compare *Flopper-lipped.*
- Fluctuation, *sb.* the wash of the sea, 108/397. "A rising or swelling of waves."—PHILLIPS.
- Food, *sb.* feud, 219/206; food men, foemen, 216/133.
- Foolize, *vb. t.* make foolish, think foolish, 88/390.
- Foot, *sb.* obnoxious threttes bin but th' length of theire foote, apparently meaning that they went no further than threats, and dare not fight, 225/336.
- For, *prep.* through, 102/246.
- Forage, *vb. t.* forage hates hart, for loves emulation, ? meaning that to destroy Fregiley would even draw love from the heart of Hate, foraging as it were to get pity from hatred, 31/22.
- Forecurates, fore-cuirasses, or breast-plates, as opposed to back pieces, 58/251.
- Foreright, *adv.* right in front, 127/222.
- Forker, *vb.* the sting of a snake (*i. e.* wrongly supposing the tongue to be the sting), 156/388. ? Fr. *fourche*, or O.Fr. *Fourchier.*
- Formerlie, *adv.* first, 66/462.
- Freckle, *sb.* spot, 229/435.
- Freckled white cloudes, freckled cloudes, *i. e.* spotted, below, 30/426.
- Fregiley revolts from Cambuscan, 27; is a stately town, 31, 50; held by Algarsife, 51; is beleaguered, 111; fire opened on it again, 118, 122; the Fregilians desire peace, 124; hang a cap-  
tive, 134; Fregiley is battered down, 139; is captured, 181; is rebuilt and called Canacamor, 189; given to Akafir as dower, 226.
- Frelissa, a Roman lady, comes to tournament, 208.
- Friskalles, *sb.* friskings, 46/398.
- Frolick, *vb. t.* exercise cheerfully, 90/434.
- Frolicke, *adj.* merry, cheerful, 228/405.
- Frown, *vb.* frown upon; gunes him frownd, guns frowned on him, 104, note 1.
- Frydaies lashes, ? scourgings on Friday, figuratively, 237.
- Frye, *vb. t.* incite, stir, 154/346.
- Fulgrous, *adj.* fulgrous heavn, flashing with lightning, 127/217.
- Fullfill, *sb.* fulfilment, bringing about, 95/82.
- Furbushd, furbished up, or, as below, scoured up, *i. e.* the arms made ready, 57/231. Fr. *Fourbir.*
- Further th'eeringe, further from the hearing, 93/38.
- Fyle, *sb.* file, of troops, like rank and file, 61/314.
- Fyrbal, as *adj.* fyrbal straines, hot strains, 89/393: see next.
- Fyrbaliste, *sb.* used of a man with a hot tongue, as it were spouting fireballs, 116/579. Fireballs were used in war.
- Gabien loope-holes, loopholes made with gabions, 112/498. "*Gabion*: A Gabion; a defence for Canoni-ers, made of great baskets filled with earth."—O.
- Gaile, *sb.* jail, 185/513.
- Garboiles, *sb.* disturbances ("wars," above), 90, note 4. Fr. *Garbouil*, hurlyburly.
- Gardantes, *sb.* guards, used as *adj.* below, 203/248.
- Gardeloop, 58/238, lit. beware of the wolf, ? meaning.
- Gast, *vb. t.* frighten, 157, note 5. Comp. *Agast*, in D.
- Gastfull, *adj.* fearful, frightful, 155/365.
- Gay, *vb. int.* wave gaily, 105/304.

Gearl, *sb.* girl, 39/223.

Gemelized, *pp.* (gemelized) one creature, twin, so as to form one creature, 44/340. O.Fr. *Gemel*: *Gemeau*.

Geneper, *sb.* Genepers exhaled tewnes, 222, note 1. ? meaning.

Gervis, a dull poet, 222, note 1.

Gewles, gules, in heraldry, red, 85/306, 99/193. O.Fr. *Gueules*.

Glasse, *vb. t.* to glasse to th' eye th' opinion of him selfe, apparently as with a magnifying-glass, 16/61; used of a telescope showing what was the case, 31/28.

Glasse, *sb.* glasse prospective, a magic telescope, 27/345; a magnifying-glass, 35/113.

Glewe, *sb.* mowthe glewe, ? glue, which is only spittle, 66/442.

Glimpsinge like armd men, gleaming like them, 118/4.

Gluff, ? halfpike, 90/426.

Gnartoly, 103/283; Algarsife's general at Fregiley, 109/420; calls to Cambuscan, 115/559; Gnartoly, or Gnartolite, attacks Cambuscan's quarters, 128; attacks Cambuscan, 146; is taken and branded, 227.

Gnewe, gnawed, bit, 132/322. Comp. *snew* (snowed), *thew* (thawed), still used provincially.

Goggle, *vb. t.* goglinge bothe eyes, making to stare, 115/572.

Goiles, *sb.* spongy grounds, 47/414.

Grace, *vb. t.* to grace disgrace, make disgrace grace, 23/236.

Graffes, *sb.* grafts, 40/239. Fr. *Greffe*.

Grandfather, great, of chivalrie, fig., 34/102.

Grasse, *sb.* nō grasse grewe vnder his horses feete, *i. e.* from his speed, 26/237.

Gratuitie, *sb.* gratitude, 68/499.

Gree, *sb.* ? degree, 78, note 2.

Grown, *sb.* Akafir gott some grown, *i. e.* gained ground (in war), 113/518, 147/186; a grown, on the ground, 145/136.

Guistes, *sb.* gusts, 159/460.

Guize, *vb.* it guizinge still, t' entreate before command, ? disguis-

ing his intentions, to find out the army's sentiments, 63/387.

Gule and avarice, gluttony and avarice, 24/261. Lat. *Gula*.

Gwesse, *vb.* guess (note pron.), 10/4.

Gwides, *sb.* guides (note pron.), 48, note 6.

Haggard, *sb.* unruly, untamed ("weakling poet," above), 199, note 2. "*Hagard*: Froward, incompatible."—C.

Halcion, *vb. t.* shee halcioneth her spite, tells forth, 149/236; halsiond bothe hartes broke, harbingered, foretold, 83/240; halson, proclaim, 24/263.

Halfe swoorde, half sword's length, 103/264.

Hancocke, George, lines to Lane by him, 8.

Hand, *sb.* att anie hand, under any circumstances, 143/109.

Hauon, *sb.* haven, 59/264.

Hegges, hag's, 36/154.

Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., acrostic to her, 5.

Heraultes, *sb.* heralds, pronounced h'raultés, 82/229. O.Fr. *Hérault*.

Heroës, 67/479, 117, note 3.

Hight, *vb.* said, spoke, 119/24.

Hipochreete, *sb.* hypocrite, 35/126.

Historify, *vb. t.* depict as an historic subject, 26, note 5.

Hoisd, *pp.* mayne yardes vp hoisd, hoisted up, 60/288.

Home, as *adv.* charge home, into the enemy, 62/352, 102/259; keeps home his glories, keeps in his rays, 69/520; make home, thrust home, 146/168; home-thrusts, 147/190; give home the lie, 148/198.

Horaloger, *sb.* chaunticleere, the sadd nightes horaloger, ? hour-teller, 73/1. "*Horloger*: *Horlogeur*: A Clock-maker, or Dyall-maker."—C.

Horbello, one of Algarsife's generals, 109/418; is placed in the van, 144/113; is struck down by Cambuscan, 146/158; conquered by Algarsife, 216.

Horse of brass is given to Cam-

- buscan by Thotobon, 41; Cambuscan and Canace mount him, 43; the horse mounts in the air, 44; the army admires him, 63; helps to take Fregiley, 181; is lent to Algarsife, 214.
- Howles, *sb.* owls, 38/189.
- Howt, *vb.* proclaim, 132/319, see below; 44/335, out crienge, below.
- Howzd, *pp.* housed, 113, note 1.
- Huff and snuff, *vb.* play the bully, quarrel, 169/166; huff snuff, *sb.* arrogance, 21, note 11.
- Humblike, humbly, 184, note 4.
- Humblinge, *part.* humbling himself, 94/70.
- Humidous, *adj.* moist, wet, 110/430.
- Humilianiste, *sb.* one showing false humility, 116/580.
- Humorist, *sb.* humourer (used of parasites), 22/226.
- Hungar, *adj.* his leather hungar band ("hunger waste," above), *i. e.* of Hungarian leather, 179/398; well tand leather hunger, 41/271.
- Hurraie, *sb.* uproar, 152/293.
- Hurtles, *adj.* hurtless, 81/200.
- Hurtlesselie, *adv.* hurtlessly, 235/575.
- Jacke of barlie strawe, ? = a black jack of beer; or, as we should say, a beer-barrel, 22, note 1.
- James I., 7.
- Ianglen, *vb. int.* jangle, 49/33.
- Iawes, *sb.* brings all by the iawes, *i. e.* by the ears, 64/406.
- Idemptates, *sb.* identicals ("trewelikes," above), 97, note 4.
- Idemptizate, *vb.* be identical with, 236, note 7.
- Ieffries, choir-master at Wells, lines to Lane by him, 7.
- Ielleous, *adj.* jealous, 50/47; iealous, 149, note 2.
- Iette, *vb. int.* strut, 21/197. Lat. *Jactare*; O.Fr. *Jeter*; Mod.Fr. *Jeter*.
- Illecebration, *sb.* allurement, 86, note 14: from Lat. *Illecebrare*.
- Illious, *adj.* jealous, 154/344, and note; 95/103.
- Imitable, *adv.* imitably ("for imposture," below), 37/174.
- Immovd, *adj.* unmoved, 162/20.
- Imp, *vb. t.* impd on his feather, added in imitation, 4. "To *Impe*, a term in Faulconry, signifieth to insert a Feather into the Wing of a Hawk, instead of one which was broken."—PHILLIPS.
- Impresse, *pp.* impressed, 149/230.
- In, *sb.* had taen their In vp, taken up their abode, 127/218.
- Incast, *vb. t.* cast into (the breach), 141/63.
- Incensd, *pp.* heated, 178/371. Lat. *Incensus*.
- Incomm, *sb.* income, entrance (participle below), 103/278.
- Indigestes, *sb.* indigestible things, things that stuck in their gizzards, 30/4.
- Infame, *sb.* slander, defamation, 236, note 7.
- Infest, *vb. t.* annoy, enrage, 150/258. Lat. *Infestare*.
- Inioues, *vb. t.* enjoins, 60/301.
- In-makes, *vb. t.*, *i. e.* works in the mind, 169/157.
- Insect, *vb. t.* insert, 13, note 5.
- Inskrewe, *vb. t.* insinuate, work in, 139/20, 166/105.
- Instance, *vb. t.* suggest, urge on, 134/366.
- Instapp, *sb.* rose instapp hie, or as high as the instep could strain, 207, note 6.
- Intensd, *vb. t.* he intensd, intensified, made strong, 178, note 3.
- Interdell, *sb.* interdeal, mutuality of blows, 215/122.
- Intuence, *sb.* intuitiveness, 63/358.
- Intuent, *adj.* intuitive, 93, note 1.
- Invndation, *sb.* whose horse fomed the seas invndation, foamed a sea of form, 205/277.
- Invert, *vb. t.* invert the seases rage, ? upset, so as to empty out, 5. Lat. *Invertere*.
- Invest, *vb. t.* put on, 211/22; Titan him invested in his amice grey, *i. e.* clothed or hid himself in clouds, 193, note 1. Lat. *Investire*.
- Iollielie, *adv.* merrily, 115/560.



- Iorner, *sb.* journeyer, 91/4.  
 Ire-marckd with ann M and D,  
 iron-marked or branded (M. D.  
 ? = Marauding Deserter<sup>1</sup>), 227/  
 395.  
 Irn, *sb.* iron, 58/243.  
 Ites, its, 53/107.  
 Iuris apicis, main point of law, 54/  
 144.  
 Iusticers, *sb.* justices, 70/549. "*Iust-  
 icier*: A Justice, or Justicer."—C.  
 Iustizd by truth, justified, made  
 just, 34/110.  
 Jyn, *sb.* engine, contrivance, 44/  
 355.  
 Keep, *vb. int.* live, dwell, abide, 34/  
 94.  
 Kennes, *sb.* farr lantskipp kennes,  
 distant views of the landscape,  
 42, note 7.  
 Kervers, *sb.* carvers, fig., *i. e.* wars  
 should be the means of supplying  
 their selfishness, 49, note 9.  
 Kill-curinge butchereries, *i. e.* surgi-  
 cal operations that cure by killing,  
 120/56.  
 Kind, *sb.* out of kind, ? out of mind ;  
 lit. out of kindred, 68/516.  
 Knightlye, *adj.* in a knightly way,  
 17/78.  
 Knobbie, *adj.* ? projecting up, 112/  
 488.  
 Knote, ? know it, 71/579.  
 Lane, commendatory lines on him,  
 7, 8; he laments the neglect of  
 good poetry, 236.  
 Large, *sb.* in music, 221/246. "*Large*,  
 the greatest measure of Musical  
 quantity in use, one Large con-  
 taining two Longs, one Long two  
 Briefs, one Brief two Semi Briefs."  
 —PHILLIPS.  
 Laugh, *vb.* laugh in ones throte, *i. e.*  
 to one's face, 141/50.  
 Lay, *vb. t.* lay lode on, lay load on  
 (of blows), 102, note 2; lay  
 alonge, level with the ground,  
 139/10.  
 Leadens, *sb.* languages, talk, 57,  
 note 8; 82/233; ledne, 237.  
 Leavers, *sb.* levers, for raising  
 cannon, 112/496. Fr. *Levier*.  
 Leifurco, or Leyfurco, one of Algar-  
 sife's generals, helps to defend  
 Fregiley, 109/421; attacks Akafir,  
 130; treacherously seizes Cam-  
 buscan, 158; is taken and branded,  
 227.  
 Levineth, *vb.* ? leaveneth, worketh,  
 as with yeast, 116, note 1. Fr.  
*Levain*.  
 Lex talionis, or returning like for  
 like, 135/381.  
 Liefie infusinge, life infusing, 24/  
 271.  
 Lint-stockes, *sb.* sticks to hold the  
 gunners' matches, about two feet  
 long, 58/250, 112/496.  
 Lithie, *adj.* lithy, lithe, 172/228.  
 Lodd, *vb. t.* lodd on, led on ("lod,"  
 below), 100/212.  
 Lookinge glasse, *sb.* Canace's magic  
 glass, or telescope, 31/27.  
 Lopholt, *sb.* loophold ("lope-  
 skonces," or loopholed forts, be-  
 low), 149/224; lopholtes, 109/  
 424.  
 Lopp, *vb.* leapt, 44/334.  
 Lowe and loft, alow and aloft, 138/  
 448.  
 Lowr, *sb.* lower, lowering looks,  
 sullenness, 89/404.  
 Luer, *sb.* ("lewre," below), lure,  
 155/347.  
 Luminate, *vb. t.* illuminate, 91/5.  
 Lat. *Luminare*.  
 Lustrant, *adj.* going about, 17/85,  
 67/479.  
 Lustren, *vb. int.* nerves lustren ser-  
 viceable, 91/440, apparently means  
*become serviceable*.  
 Machinate, *vb. t.* plan artfully, plot,  
 46/394; machinate your life, plot  
 against, lay plans against your  
 life, 64/411. Lat. *Machinari*.  
 Maiestified, made majestic, 211/24.  
 Maine stone, some flunge the maine

<sup>1</sup> By the Act 1 Edw. VI., cap. 3, Vagabonds were to be branded with a V., and adjudged as Slaves to an employer. If any Slave ran away, he was to be branded with an S.



- stone, *i. e.* put the stone, 90/430.
- Make, *sb.* mate, 52/98.
- Malgenius, *adj.* Malgenius shift, *i. e.* planned by her evil genius, 99/184; used below as a substantive.
- Mantel-wimplinge clowd, *i. e.* wimpling, or covering as with a mantle, 56, note 14.
- Manumission, *sb.* at her meere manumission, *i. e.* liable to be freed or not, at her choice, 51/78; see below. Lat. *Manumissio*.
- Martial captaines court, or court martial, 132/323; martial lawe, see below, note 5. The court is called the "court of captaines" in note 3.
- Martialistes, *i. e.* soldiers, warriors, 70, note 19.
- Maturation, *sb.* maturity, manhood, 68/492.
- Mavortial, *adj.* martial, warlike, 57/227, 145, note.
- Mawlger, in spite of, notwithstanding, 64/390, 148/202; willy-nilly, 194/46. O.Fr. *Maulgré*.
- Mayn, *adj.* used as substantive, main point, end, 112/507; mayne carrier, full career, 42/290.
- Mayne, *sb.* main, *i. e.* mainland, 44/358.
- Mazefull, *adj.* full of amaze, 45/362.
- Meagerlie, *adv.* meagerlie bestridd (of a horse), *i. e.* with poor trappings, 207/334.
- Measurable, *adj.* like measurable, each having equal share, 18/124.
- Meedes, *vb. t.* merits, 107/378.
- Melton, John, lines to Lane by him, 8.
- Messenger blowe, *i. e.* a blow sent at him, 130/275.
- Messt, *vb.* missed, 129/248.
- Mettall men, workers in metal, 70/544.
- Mewe, *sb.* mew, cage for hawks, 57/215; mewgh, 233/516.
- Milkinge his mustaches, *i. e.* pointing them, and playing with them, 115, note 7.
- Mischaunt, *adj.* meschant, wicked, cursed, 66/447. Fr. *Meschant*.
- Misconster, *vb. t.* misconstrue, 25/309.
- Misse, *sb.* sin, transgression, 195/60.
- Mistresses, maids of honour, 213/77.
- Moiners, *sb.* miners, mines, 141/63.
- Monarchize, *vb. t.* rule, sway as monarchs, 167/119, and below.
- Mordure, Arthur's sword, 84/272.
- Morliuo, Cambuscan's sword, 61/329; its great length, 114/545, 128/243.
- Morpheus, the god of sleep, his ebon mace, tipped with lead, 31/25.
- Mortify, *vb. t.* destroy, annihilate, quench, 224/312.
- Mountbancke, *adj.* behaving like mountebanks, charlatanic, 166/108.
- Mowldre, *vb. t.* murder, 145/142.
- Moyne, *sb.* ? mine, 48/428.
- Mulciber, *sb.* lit. Vulcan; ? blacksmith following an army, 112/494.
- Murderer, *sb.* a small cannon, with movable breech, 113/520.
- Musicke, wind and stringe, 20/173.
- Muskettes, *sb.* musketeers, 84/274.
- Mutiners, *sb.* mutineers, 189, note 13. Fr. *Mutiner*, to mutine.—C.
- Mutinistes, *sb.* mutineers, 189/616.
- Mutinizinge, *sb.* mutinous, 54, note 3.
- Naprie, *sb.* napery, table-linen, 57/219. Fr. *Napperie*.
- N'ath, hath not, 188/577.
- Near, *adv.* ne'er, never, 164/62.
- Neereabout, about the neighbourhood, 100/205.
- Nempt, *vb. t.* took, 116, note 13.
- Nesteltrett, *sb.* ? one treated as a nestling, 51/76, 54/139.
- Neve, *sb.* eve, 89, note 13.
- Nextlie, *adv.* next, 78/121.
- Nighter, *adj.* nighter tale, night time, 11/19.
- N'is, is not, 30/8, 39/210.
- Nitent, *adj.* shining, 185/519.
- Nocent, *adj.* criminal, wicked, 121/77. Lat. *Nocens*.
- Noft, *adj.* naught, worthless, bad, 37/182.
- Noold, *vb.* would not, 47/405.

- Normes, *sb.* norms, precepts, 38/183.  
 Lat. *Norma*.  
 Note, *adv.* not, 51/69.  
 Nourice, *sb.* nurse. Fr. *Nourrice*,  
 fig.; aider, 12.  
 Nouum, *settes* at *nouum*, on fyve or  
 nyne, *i. e.* at sixes and sevens,  
 47/410; playe at novum, 209/384.  
 Lat. *Novem*. *Novum* was a game  
 at dice.  
 Numen, *sb.* deity, 175/296.  
 Nycenes, *sb.* niceness, nicety of  
 judgment, exactness, 98/162.  
 Nyer, *adv.* near, 62/342.
- Obaisaunce, *vb. int.* incline oneself  
 to deity, do obeisance, 212/49.  
 Obsession, *sb.* besieging, beleaguer-  
 ing, 99/182. Lat. *Obsessio*.  
 Occourse, *sb.* occurse, meeting, 215/  
 116. Lat. *Occursus*.  
 Okeham, *sb.* oakum, 58/242.  
 Olbion, *sb.* Albion, 84/270.  
 Ops, wife of Saturn, 185/530: she  
 was protectress of agriculture.  
 Oratresse, *sb.* oratress, female  
 speaker, 36/149.  
 Orechaw, *vb. t.* chew over, ruminate,  
 99/171.  
 Orelooke, *vb. t.* overlook, used of a  
 witch, like oversee; eye, and be-  
 witch; 33/71.  
 Out-begg, *vb. t.* pray off, beg off  
 ("appease," above), 89, note 8.  
 Out-plaisters, 57/212.  
 Out-run, *pp.* fig., beaten, overcome,  
 142/74.  
 Out-skowtes, out-scouts, 90/415.  
 Out-slipp, *pp.* thy blemisshes out  
 slipp, *i. e.* that have slipped out,  
 94/58.
- Pall, *sb.* white lillies, violetes blewe  
 (her faces pall), *i. e.* covering,  
 or complexion. Comp. blushes,  
 mantling a cheek, 28/376; cloak,  
 or mantle, 213/69. Lat. *Pal-  
 lium*.  
 Pane, *sb.* see C.: "*Pan*: A pane,  
 peece, or pannell of a wall," 138,  
 note 3.  
 Papern, *adj.* made of paper, used  
 disparagingly, 66/442, 114/542.  
 Parboild, *adj.* parboild mone, ? a  
 half-hearted, as it were half-done,  
 moan, 89, note 2.  
 Parl, *vb.* parley, 62/352. Fr. *Parler*.  
 Partes, *sb.* abilities, 35/123.  
 Partialie, *adv.* partially, in a partial  
 way, 187/564.  
 Pasternes, *sb.* pasterns; liftinge his  
 pasternes (of a good stepper), 43/  
 330. "*Pastern*, the Huckle-bone  
 of any Beasts foot."—PHILLIPS.  
 O.Fr. *Paturon*, *Pasturon*.  
 Pastworkes, *sb.* pasteworks, or pies,  
 186/541.  
 Peciselie, *adv.* precisely, 191/643.  
 Pell mell, with a rush, headlong,  
 confusedly, 115/552, 128/224.  
 Peltinge, *adj.* peltinge orator, mean,  
 paltry, 55/161.  
 Pensivenes, *sb.* pensivenes I live,  
 I live a life of pensiveness, 69/  
 542.  
 Peopl, people, 52, note 3.  
 Percursiter, *sb.* precursor, 30/2.  
 Perdij, Perdy, O.Fr. *Pardé*, Par  
 Dieu, By God! 52, note 3; 120,  
 note 1.  
 Perpolishd, *adj.* highly polished,  
 139/7, 173/261.  
 Persant, *adj.* piercing, 102/257. Fr.  
*perçant*.  
 Perscrutation, *sb.* investigation, 175/  
 301. Lat. *Perscrutatio*.  
 Perspective glasse, *sb.* a magic tele-  
 scope, 176/331.  
 Petegrees, *sb.* pedigrees, 139/20.  
 Phanticke, *adj.* fantastic, 199, note 5.  
 Pheares, *sb.* feres, companions, 15/  
 39; phere, 19/138.  
 Philomel, the curfew ringer, the  
 nightingale, 234/547.  
 Pike, *sb.* pikeman, 23/234, 62/345.  
 Pilates, *sb.* pilots, steersmen, 58/  
 260.  
 Pilla, *sb.* pillow, 75/48.  
 Pillards, *sb.* pillagers, 182, note 3.  
 Fr. *Pillard*.  
 Pillcre, *vb. t.* pilfer, 24/259.  
 Pinn, *sb.* on a mirrie pinn, or pin,  
 ? from drinking as far as a pin in  
 the cup, 18/126.  
 Pioners, *sb.* pioneers, 72/612, 137/  
 440.  
 Plaine songe, plain chant, simple  
 chant, 204/258.

- Platt, *sb.* plat, flat of sword, Fr. *plat* (see *COTGR.*), 197/99; plat-side (of sword), with same meaning, 214, note 2.
- Play, *vb. int.* of cannon firing on a place, 123/109, 123/113.
- Playe, *sb.* soldiers playe! 105/321; manlie plaie, 113/523. Comp. "Well played!"—at cricket.
- Pleasurable, *adj.* possible or fit to be pleased, 52/90.
- Pleasurable, *adv.* from *adj.* above, 55/163.
- Pleasure, *vb. t.* please, 52/90.
- Plebiscitie, *sb.* plebiscity, mob government, 66, note 20.
- Pleiades, 48/1.
- Plottformes, *sb.* platforms for guns, 108/399. "*Plateforme*: A plat-forme, or square bulwarke."—C.
- Poëm, *sb.* 199/146.
- Poetasterisme, *sb.* petty poetship, 236, note 7.
- Point, *sb.* make full point, as with a sword; hit the nail, 55/181.
- Point, *vb. t.* make points in, puncture, 217/156.
- Pointwise, with the point of a weapon, 102/256, 147/197.
- Pose, *vb. t.* put in a pose, or quandary, 33/68.
- Postern, *sb.* posteriors, 156/387. Late Lat. *Posternus*. O.Fr. *Posterne*, *Poterne*, *Posterne* gate.—C.
- Potars, *sb.* small forts, 111/473.
- Potence, *sb.* power, 100/215. Lat. *Potentia*.
- Pott bombard, *sb.* figuratively, of a drunkard, 22, note 1.
- Powder - serpentine, powder for guns called serpentines, 137/441. "Powder-serpentine is like dust, and weak."—SMITH, *Seaman's Gram.*, p. 89 (Ed. 1692).
- Powldred, *adj.* powdered, powdery, 26/335. Comp. O.Fr. *Pouldré*.
- Pownd, *pp.* dotted, spotted, 42/284.
- Præsidentes, *sb.* precedents, 17/80.
- Preceptualie, *adv.* according to precept, 16/54.
- Pre dignities, *sb.* precedencies in honour, higher dignities, 54/152.
- Predominantlie, *adv.* in a predominant way, 211/28.
- Prest, *adj.* quick, ready, 109/406. O.Fr. *Prest*.
- Pricken out, *vb.* spur out, 219/215.
- Prime-nates, *sb.* first-born sons, 54/149.
- Prinke, *vb. t.* prink, prank, adorn, 49/25.
- Proem by Lane to Chaucer's Second Part, 12.
- Progenitresse, *sb.* female progenitor, mother, 18/112.
- Proiect, *vb.* make projects, scheme, 94/69. O.Fr. *Projecter*.—C.
- Promote, *sb.* promotion, 25, note 14.
- Promove, *vb. t.* promote, 94/77. Lat. *Promovere*.
- Propertie, *sb.* of propertie, naturally, 121/72, 156/385.
- Prospective, *sb.* at prospective, on the look out, 193/19.
- Provoke, *vb. t.* provokes fourth, calls forth, 54/157.
- Prowdinge them, drawing themselves up proudly, going about proudly, 21/206.
- Puissance, *sb.* power, 125/157. Fr. *Puissance*.
- Pulleene, *vb. int.* shoot, spring, 205, note 3.
- Pulleine, *sb.* spring, growth, 205/286.
- Purest-pure. Comp. *Deerest-deere*, 36/151.
- Purvier, *sb.* purveyor, 154/327. O. Fr. *Pourvoyeur*, provider.
- Pusselles, *Puzzelles*, *sb.* 208/362. Comp. "*Pucelle de Marolle*. One that rather goes for a maid then is one."—C.
- Put, *vb. t.* putt his horse and him selfe toot (to it), *i. e.* ride and walk hard, 43/328.
- Quadrimal, Lord, has dealings with the witch Viderea, 35; he comes to the tournament, 207; is there conquered by Binato, 219.
- Quaff, *sb.* large draught, 60/304.
- Quatt, *vb. t.* make lie down, or squat, 138/450.
- Quid, *sb.* the garrison chawd many a quid, of reflection, 118, note 2. Comp. *Chaw the cud*, 92/31.



- Quidavis, Cambuscan's purveyor, is bribed to betray him, 154; acts as torchbearer in a masque at the tournament, and hangs himself, 228.
- Quill-gun bownces, *i. e.* pop-gun reports, 37/160.
- Quintescenced, *pp.* made into a quintessence, 178/372.
- Quitt, *vb. t.* acquit, pardon, 195/60.
- Quittinge, *part.* requiting, repaying, 147/180.
- Qui vola? Qui va la? who goes there? 157, note 3.
- Rabican, a horse, 63/37.
- Radicke, *adj.* radicke witchcraft, ? radical, 34/92.
- Raie, ray, *sb.* array, dress, 206/310; statues faire of raie, adornment, 173/258.
- Raigne, *sb.* rein, 46/382, 47/412; raignes, reins of government, 135/396.
- Raile, *vb. int.* well forth, gush, 216/138.
- Ramp, *vb. int.* creep, 137/422. Fr. "*Ramper.* Creepe, crawle, climbe."—C.
- Rathe, *sb.* early time ("vers rath," below), 74/27; rathe soldiers, early up, 131/313; rathe ripe, 17/83.
- Raught, *vb. t.* reached, caught, 36/141.
- Ray, *vb.* array, get into order (of troops), 91/10.
- Raye, *sb.* array, dress, 18/130; array, order (military), 89/401.
- Rebarter, *vb. t.* give in exchange, 127/220.
- Rebownceinge, *part.* bownceinge, rebownceinge, exploding again and again, 102/245.
- Rechawe, *vb. t.* rechawe his modie cudd, *i. e.* in moody reflection, 95/102.
- Recomplaine, *vb.* complain again, 94/68.
- Reddie, *vb. t.* him reddies, readies, prepares himself, 215/116.
- Reglata, a Roman lady, comes to tournament, 208.
- Regreete, *vb. t.* greet in return, 35/125.
- Reknettes, *vb. t.* reknits, 210, Proem.
- Relishes, *sb.* in music, 223/287.
- Remott, *adj.* remote, 101/232.
- Renlarge, *vt. t.* enlarge again, 76/88.
- Renstall, *sb.* reinstalment, in favour, 195, note 1.
- Repaire, *sb.* repair, repairing to a place, 42/295, 82/215.
- Repaste, *sb.* refreshment, in sleep, 137/425.
- Repeale, *vb. t.* repell, 28/380; depeale (or depell), in A.
- Resiste, *sb.* resistance, 181, note 4.
- Reswarin, *vb. t.* swarm again, 95/86.
- Retrates, *vb.* retreats, 58/252.
- Retrottes, *vb.* trots back, 44/345.
- Revell, *vb. t.* reveal, 49/14, 126/194.
- Reven, *vb. int.* riven, rive, split, 103/266.
- Revoltres, *sb.* revoltres, rebels, runaways, 132/326.
- Rewend, *vb. int.* retire, go back, 44/344.
- Ride, *vb. int.* ride out calme & storme, nautical usage, fig., 60/311; ride permanent, ride at permanent anchor, 107/360.
- Rife, *adj.* rifer, more abundant, 31/34.
- Right, *adj.* straight, not squinting, 33/73.
- Rigor, 64/389, misprinted *rigge*.
- Rope, *sb.* like rope and stroke, *i. e.* hanging and beheading, 135/380.
- Roringst, *adj.* most roaring, or noisy, 138/445.
- Rother, *sb.* rudder, 79/159.
- Round, *adj.* round shott, cannon shot, 58/245.
- Round, *vb. t.* rounded in ear, 42/301, round wordes into his eare, 42/305, 73/621; *i. e.* whisper into (from turning round head); after roundinge Camball in his eare, 79/166; Cambuscan rounded Camballs eare, 111/467.
- Rowm, *sb.* room, 165, note 4 ("rown," above).
- Rowne, *sb.* round, 137/434, 153/321.
- Rowt, *sb.* rout, disorder, 50/40.



- Ruffetes, *sb.* furzes, furzy land, heath, 47/414.
- Rufflinge auster, disturbing, 33/61.
- Rundelaye, *sb.* roundelay, a shepherd's song, sung in a round, where each takes his turn, 44/338.
- Salve, *vb. t.* save, forgive, 40/254; *salvd*, *pp.* 55/185. Late Lat. *Salvare*.
- Sanglamorte, a sword; = Fr. *Sanglante mort*, bloody death, 168/142.
- Saunce, *prep.* sans, without, 143/107, 165/82.
- Scatent, *adj.* abundant, 199, note 3. Lat. *Scatens*.
- Schene, *sb.* scene, 155/354; *scheone*, 134/365.
- Scope, *sb.* aim, end, 4.
- Scowt-watch, scout-watch, watching the enemy as scouts, 72/619.
- Seyntilles, *sb.* sparks of dew, 213/83; *eglet seyntills*, sparkling sparkles of dew, 48/431. Lat. *Scintilla*.
- Self-gaine-made faction, a faction for its own private gain, 21/211.
- Selfelie, *adv.* selfly, of itself, of its own nature, 26/317.
- Seminarie, *sb.* seed-plot, nursery, 55/166.
- Semster, *sb.* sempster, 20/185.
- Sensative, *sb.* reasoning powers, 15/46.
- Sensive, *adj.* sensitive sparkes, sparks of reason, 15, note 15.
- Sensivelie, *adv.* vsurpinge sensivelie, sensual vsurpers, or men who claim higher abilities than they have, 53, note 4; sensually, 96/118. See note below.
- Serra, King Cambuscan's capital, 51/73, 75/60; given as dower to Camball, with Frelissa, 226, meaning here also the province.
- Set, *vb. t.* that all at *nouum* settes, on fyve or nyne, *i.e.* sets all at sixes and sevens, 47/410.
- Setters, *sb.* setters dare blind bobb the peoples pates, false accusers dare blindfold the people, 167, note 9; 166 note 3.
- Shaggbutes, *sb.* sackbuts, 20/170.
- "An Instrument of Wind Musick, somewhat like a Trumpet." — PHILLIPS.
- Sharkers, *sb.* sharks, swindlers, 166, note 3.
- Sharkinge paines, swindling pains, 50/61; sharkinge camilles, 166/108. See *Camill*.
- Shathe, *she* hath, 38/185, 172/242.
- Sheavd, shoved, 48, note 1.
- Shelfe, *sb.* shoal, or ledge of rocks, 59/261; *rann* the shelfe, ran on the shelf, 94/66.
- Shocke, *vb.* shocke close, charge, 62/342.
- Shoen, shown, 177/345; *shoen*, shone, 228/417.
- Shollow, *adj.* shallow, mentally, 22/228.
- Shootinge, ? shouting, 201, note 1.
- Shortned by the crown, decapitated, 95/94.
- Shott, *sb.* musketeers, 101/221, 101/231, 101/239.
- Siders, *sb.* factionists, party-men, 21/211.
- Sidney's Arcadia, 200.
- Silverne, *adj.* made of silver, 101/227.
- Similize, *vb.* simulate, be like, 21/202.
- Singel, *vb. int.* go singly, 62/338.
- Sitch, ? seek, 226/374.
- Skewd, *adj.* skewed, piebald, 207/323.
- Skie, *vb. t.* espy, 110, note 1.
- Skonces, *sb.* blockhouses, 111/473: a Dutch word.
- Skore, *vb.* score, mark, 14/19, 178/367.
- Skowrd, scampered, 181/424.
- Skowrers, *sb.* scourers, to clean cannon, 58/249, 112/495.
- Skowt-watch, 62/357, 95/91. See *Scowt-watch*.
- Skoysd, *vb.* "Cambuscan skoysd to campe in th' aier," galloped fast, 109/411. Comp. *Skise*, HALLIWELL.
- Slasshinge, *part.* making slashes, 129/261. Misprinted *stasshinge*.
- Slaveringes, *sb.* slaverings, frothy words, 237.

- Sleightes, *sb.* sleights, contrivances, artifices, 53/125.  
 Sight, *sb.* sleight, artifice, 53/124.  
 Slipp shooes, *sb.* with slipp shooes, in slipshod way, without donning one's armour, 66/441.  
 Slogardie, *sb.* truith without justice is slogardie, or sloth, 187/558.  
 Smoke, *sb.* tobacco, 23/238.  
 Smoothe worke, make smoothe worke of, level with the ground, 137/433.  
 Snaught, *vb. t.* snatched, 102/262.  
 Snib, *vb. t.* snub, 235/16.  
 Snowe-drivn white, 101/225.  
 Snuff, *vb. int.* 169, note 2. See *Huff and snuff*.  
 Snuff, *sb.* spent till a snuff, *i. e.* till all the oil was exhausted, 31/24.  
 Snugglinge, *adj. or part.* snug, 73/5.  
 So, therefore, 86/334.  
 Soke, *vb. t.* ? suck, 151/273.  
 Soles, *sb.* white soles, souls of the saved, 46, note 3.  
 Sommance, *sb.* ("sumonance," below), summons, 200/186.  
 Sones, *sb.* sounds, 45, note 11. Lat. *Sonus*.  
 Sooth, *vb. t.* vouch for, give as true, 98/170, and below; soothinge his cause, upholding it, 142/75.  
 Sore ment, sore meant, foreshowing ill, 176/330.  
 Sorrell, *adj.* sorrel, bay, 206/305.  
 Sourse, *sb.* ? spring, rush, attack, 147/179.  
 Sourse deorse, helter skelter, 42/290. Lat. *Sursum deorsum*.  
 Spaniel, *sb.* water spanieles, *fig.*; *i. e.* people who fawn, 166/107.  
 Spatche, *vb. t.* despatch, kill, 94/60.  
 Speculate, *vb. t.* examine, view, 85/298; observe, 105/328.  
 Spencer, stanzas from his *Faerie Queene*, 8, 9; 234/555.  
 Spende, *vb. t.* ? support, 119/30.  
 Spent, *pp.* th' tyde was spent, exhausted, slack, 107/359.  
 Spindelles, *sb.* spindles, 226/363, and note.  
 Splitters, *sb.* splinters, 215/120.  
 Sprent, *pp.* sprinkled, 40/244.  
 Stade, *sb.* post, 76/91.  
 Staie, *pp.* stoit, 176/329.  
 Standes, *sb.* stations, 112/503.  
 Starcnes, *sb.* starkness, dearness of food, 76/86.  
 Startel, *vb. int.* startle, start, 43/312; startl, 215, note 1.  
 Start-*vp.* *adj.* lofty, 139, note 2.  
 State-mongers, *sb.* statesmen, with depreciatory meaning, shopmen managing state affairs, 45/375.  
 Statish, *adj.* state, public, 152, note 1; 159/453.  
 Statizd, *adj.* statized, statish, public, 159, note 6.  
 Statizers, *sb.* partisans, 128/229.  
 Statlinges, *sb.* petty statesmen, "state rattes," A. (confer state-mongers), 153/308; stattinges, 141/53.  
 Statt, *sb.* beare the statt, hold the sway, 148/216.  
 Stead, *sb.* steed, 45/361; steade, 46/383.  
 Steare, *vb.* stir, 112/480, 165/93, 203/248.  
 Stelliferous, *adj.* starry, 25/285.  
 Sterne, *sb.* star, 126/177. Germ. *Stern*.  
 Stie, *vb.* mount, ascend, 45, note 11; styte, go, 62/344.  
 Stied, *adj.* ("eyed," above), 204, note 3.  
 Stint, *vb. t.* contract, 33/74.  
 Stocke Fishe, *sb.* beate vnto stocke Fishe, as Stockfish is beaten to make it tender; beat to a jelly, 128/240.  
 Store, *sb.* victuales store, store of victuals, plenty of them, 58/253; munition store, plenty of it, 66/445; prisoners store, 182/451.  
 Storify, *vb. t.* tell of, depict ("historify," below), 26/320.  
 Stowbornes, *sb.* stubbornness, obstinacy, 142, note 5.  
 Stowt, *vb. int.* wave proudly, 99/193.  
 Stowtes, *sb.* ? stoats, 209/383, and note.  
 Strave, *vb.* strove, 152/292.  
 Streaves, *vb.* strives, 73, Proem.  
 Strew, *vb. t.* he hath strowen abroad, *i. e.* disseminated, 51/66.  
 Strikes, *sb.* ope and closelie strikes, 58/246, ? weapons for distant and close fighting.

- Strike, *vb. int.* soldiers on knees down strikes, fall on their knees; comp. "strike a flag," or lower it, naut., 61/332.
- Strooke in, hastened in, 48/434: with its wings.
- Sublimate, *vb. t.* make lofty, exalt, 204/267. Lat. *Sublimare, Sublimatus*.
- Subnate, *adj.* or *sb.* younger in birth, 53, note 7. Lat. *Subnatus*.
- Subrogate, *vb. t.* substitute, 55/165.
- Sufflate, *vb. t.* puff up, 53/110. Lat. *Sufflare, Sufflatum*.
- Sumonance, *sb.* summons, 200, note 7.
- Supple, *vb. t.* ? supplied his lookes (not bookes), softened them, 110/437.
- Supranature, *sb.* supernatural nature, 162/12.
- Surphetes, *sb.* surfeits, 32/44.
- Surquedry, *sb.* pride, presumption, 32/42, 56/191.
- Surrey, Assyria, 12.
- Susurr, *vb. t.* whisper, 179/400. Lat. *Susurrare*.
- Swarthe, *sb.* swathe, as of hay, me'aph., 114, note 7.
- Swashinge, *sb.* crashing, giving of heavy blows, 215, note 1.
- Sweattie, *adj.* sweaty, 137/440.
- Syntilles, *sb.* sparks, 78/138. See *Scyntilles*.
- Syses, *sb.* brodclothe syses, assises, 109/428.
- Tabliture, *sb.* painting, 174/286.
- Tack, *vb. t.* tackd sailes, *i. e.* in modern nautical language, tacked, went about, put about ship, 106/351; tackinge on all sailes (with same meaning), note 10, below.
- Tailewise, tail first, 44/345.
- Tantologinge, *sb.* ? great account, having him always on their lips, 48/8.
- Tapestrye, *sb.* tapestry, 201/200. Fr. *Tapiserie*.
- Tarcelet, *sb.* a male hawk, 57/217; tercelet, 57/222; tercelettes, 230/446.
- Tassant, *adj.* tassant plumes, toss-ing plumes, 145/152. See *Tossant*.
- Tatter, *vb. int.* totter, 123/118.
- Taves, *sb.* kicks, 42, note 9.
- Taylinge, *part.* retailing, 236, note 7.
- Teene, *adj.* deadlie teene ("pale and teene," below), 171/212.
- Temperate, *sb.* 155, note 5.
- Th', = they, 18/107, 20/168; th', = the, 44/349, 44/358; th', = then, 172/230; th'ad, = they had, 132/318; th'are, = they are, 59/273; th'ast, = thou hast, 93/55; th'ave, = they have, 111/471.
- Theataier, *sb.* theatre, 82/216; thé-ater, 291/198.
- Theodore, daughter of Bunthoto, king of Ind and Palestine, comes to the tourney, 202; sings with Canace, 220; marries Algarsife, 225.
- Thicke and thin, bulletes flew through thicke and thin, every where, 101/240.
- Tho, *adv.* then, 43/315, 44/349.
- Thotobon, king of Arabie and Ind, sends Cambuscan a horse and sword of brass, 41; he thinks of Cambuscan, 175; is an optician and naturalist, 177; he prepares an elixir to revivify Cambuscan, and restores him to life, 178, 179.
- Thrasonicke, *adj.* braggart, derived from Thraso, a great bragger, 219, note 6.
- Thrillant, *adj.* thrilling, 192/666.
- Thrilld, twirled, twisted, 73/2.
- Throtinge it, shouting out, 95/87.
- Throughfare dore, passage through, 24/280.
- Thrunge, *sb.* squeezers, 112/496.
- Time, *sb.* thyme, 74/25.
- Tine, *vb. t.* light up, illuminate, 91, note 6. See *Tyne*.
- Tipp-staves, *sb.* constables, 203/248, and below.
- Tipttoa highe, stande tipptoa highe for taliste vindication, *i. e.* make the most of oneseif, as being virtuous, 207/342. Tipttoa skold, one who scolds to the top of his bent, drawing up his scolding powers as if on tiptoe, 115/576.
- Tire, *sb.* tier of guns, in battery, 138/447.
- Titan, *sb.* the sun, 30/425; Titan



- pursd vp all his somms of coyne,  
i. e. his rays, 48/427, 177/339.
- Togantillo, an orange tawny knight,  
comes to the tournament, 206; is  
killed by Camballo, 218.
- Tonge-plages, *sb.* tongue-plagues,  
36/159.
- Tonitruous, *adj.* thundering, 83/247,  
127/208.
- Too and againe, backwards and for-  
wards, 224/324.
- Toot, to it, 90/430, 153/320.
- Tossant, *adj.* tossant plume, tossing  
plume, 204/267; tossant head, 204,  
note 3.
- Tosspott match, at drinking, 22,  
note 1.
- Totall, *adj.* total, 93/46.
- Tottringlie, *adj.* in a tottering way,  
to and fro, 96/110.
- Tourney, or Tournament, given by  
Cambuscan, 202, *seqq.*
- Towzd and tosst, tumbled and tossed,  
45/365.
- Trace, *sb.* tracery, 185/518.
- Traduce, *vb. t.* their sensitive tra-  
duced his seede, ? hand down, 15/  
46; traduce the wille, from own  
wille, to her will, draw over, 33/  
79; sleighes, which falsaries tra-  
duce, bring down, employ, 53/  
126.
- Tragedious, *adj.* tragic, 163/34.
- Tralucet, *adj.* transparent, 6.
- Traluculent, *adj.* transparent, 6.
- Trampler, *sb.* a horse that tramples,  
i. e. a horse, 211/29.
- Trice, *sb.* thrust, ? a-trice, 90/428.
- Trice, *sb.* with a trice, in a trice,  
44/355, 46/380.
- Trill, *vb. t.* twirl, twist, turn, 44/  
355, 47/417, 65/415.
- Tripp, *vb. int.* run lightly, trot off,  
43/312.
- Trophies, 133/341.
- Tropology, *sb.* tropes, figurative  
language, 126/198.
- Truithes, *sb.* truths, 56/194.
- Truncharde, *sb.* user of truncheon,  
tourneyer, joustier, spearman, 210,  
note 3.
- Tyne, *vb. t.* kindle, 5; illuminate,  
91/6; love-tyninge, love-kind-  
ling, 7.
- Vmbier, *sb.* umber, shade for eyes,  
on helmet, 204/261. Fr. *Ombre*.
- Vnchawe his late chawd cud, i. e.  
his spleen, 95, note 9.
- Vndermoine, *vb. t.* undermine, 108/  
397.
- Vnderstanden, *vb.* those him vnder-  
standen least hee blesst, those  
that least understand him he  
blessed, 48, note 4.
- Vnfetcd vp, not caught up, not  
overtaken, 181/430.
- Vniustizd, *adj.* unjust, or ? unjusti-  
fiable, 53, note 12.
- Vnsecond, *vb. t.* not to second, or  
aid, 164/59.
- Vnsensiuie, *adj.* unperceivable, 174/  
284.
- Vpmount, *vb. t.* mount up, on their  
carriages, 112/487.
- Vrbanitie, *sb.* his tassant plume's  
vrbanitie, handsome, polished ap-  
pearance, 145/152.
- Vah, *interj.* stuff! nonsense! 38/  
191.
- Vantgard, *sb.* vanguard, 61/319.  
Fr. *Avantgarde*.
- Vaughouse, *sb.* ? watch-house, 131/  
303. Dutch *Wacht-huis*.
- Vaunce, *vb. int.* advance, 68, note 2.
- Vaunce, *vb. t.* advance, set in front,  
display, 59/272.
- Veild pikes, vailed, availed, low-  
ered, 61/331. See D., *Avale*.
- Velvet spirit, soft spirit, 74/23.
- Vendicate, *vb. t.* I vendicate into his  
trewe scope and meaninge, set  
forth in his true intent, 6; claim  
experience in our mystery, 152,  
note 1; vendicate to singe, claim  
to sing, 220/230.
- Venefices, *sb.* venefice, magic arts,  
130, note 6. Lat. *Veneficium*.
- Ver, *sb.* spring, 74/27.
- Verbe, *sb.* word, 116/582.
- Vermild, *adj.* vermilioned, blushing,  
139/17; vermilld, used of painted  
cheeks, 199/164.
- Versute, *adj.* crafty, 139/15, 142/73;  
virsut, 53, note 10; versutlie, *adv.*  
167/128.
- Viand, *sb.* fiend, enemy, 95/87.  
Germ. *Feind*.

- Vibrant, *adj.* shaking, moving, 84/273; vibrant thrusts, vibrating backwards and forwards, 127/222; pikes so vibrant, 129, note 2.
- Vibrating, *part. i. e.* advancing and retiring, 147/177.
- Viderea, a witch, daughter of Lord Homnibone, 22, 33, 34, 53, 66; informs Algarsife of his father's doings, 92; gives him ill advice, 97, 98; persuades the Fregilians to hang a captive, 134; is discontented with Algarsife, 136; her conspiracy against him, 149; her plan to seize Cambuscan, 153; escapes secretly from Fregilia, 183; goes to Cambuscan's tournament, 206; enters disguised as Cupid, and is imprisoned, 227.
- Void, *sb.* clearance of table, removal of course, 17/91.
- Volant, *adj.* volant dies (or *dyes*), ? like shot-silk, 204, note 4.
- Voluntaries, *sb.* volunteers, as opposed to pressed men, 58/257.
- Volvd, revolvd, in diepe perplexitie, *i. e.* turned, and returned in his mind, 40/257. Lat. *Volvere*.
- Vulgaritie, *sb.* commonalty, common people, 132/330.
- Vye, *vb. t.* envy, 209/375. Fr. *Envier*.
- Wagginge, *adj.* departing, 192/1.
- Wagoner, *sb.* Northerne Wagoner, Charles's wain, 233/539.
- Waie, *sb.* riddes waie, yields passage, 192/1.
- Ward, *sb.* midle ward, centre of army, centre division, 100/211.
- Warder, *sb.* truncheon, 61/330.
- Warried, *vb.* execrated, 12.
- Watchet, *adj.* light blue, 210/3.
- Water chaine, or curb bit for horses, 41, note 12.
- Watercresses, *sb.* figuratively, of trashy poetry, 237.
- Wateringe teeth, *i. e.* with watering mouth (of food that makes the mouth water), 186, note 4.
- Waterishlie, *adv.* of the sun, with watery rays, 56/204.
- Waver, *vb. t.* cause to waver, 96/110.
- Wayd, *pp.* weighed, or hove up (of an anchor), 60/289.
- Weather, *sb. i. e.* dirty weather, fig., used of hard knocks, 224/321.
- Weele, *sb.* a basket snare for fish (? with pun on 'eele), 38/193.
- Weet, *vb. t.* know, search, 140/29.
- Weetelie, *adv.* shrewdly ("dieplie," below), 71/590.
- Weft, *vb. int.* departed, 159, note 6.
- Weft and straier, waif and stray, used of a straying horse, 42/296.
- Welder, *sb.* wielder of power, 53/108. The *vb.* is used by Spencer.
- Welked, *vb.* waned, decayed, 149/225.
- Welkinge, *adj.* waning, decaying, 149, note 2.
- Wend, *vb. int.* depart, die, 163/40.
- Whee guns, guns on running carriages, 104/290.
- Whiff, *sb.* wind of a weapon, slash, 102/262.
- Whiff, *vb. t.* make wind with sword, slash, 62/347. See *Whiff*, substantive.
- Whifflinge, *adj.* unsteady as the wind, 199/160.
- Whister, *vb.* whisper, 73, note 3; 111, note 13 ("rounded," above).
- Wileare, *adv.* whilere, some time ago, 71/585.
- Wimple, *vb. t.* cover as with wimple, of clouds, 91, note 6.
- Wind, *vb.* blow, figuratively, 106/348.
- Windham, Thos., lines to Lane by him, 7.
- Winds, Verse to the four Winds, 6; I smell a Loller, or Lollard, in the winde, 11/12.
- Wine, *sb.* good wine needs no ivy (or bush), 7.
- Wisper, *sb.* "gain the wispe," or "bear the wispe," as a scold (see SHAKS. *Hen. VI.*, III. ii. 2), 115/576, and note 8.
- Wownes, as *interj.* wounds! 96/107.
- Wox tame, waxed, became tame, 43/307.
- Wracke, *sb.* ? waste land, 76/89.
- Wreath, *vb. t.* theire sinewes wreath, writhe, twist, distort, 33/74.

Wrest, *sb.* wrist, 216/144.

Wricke, *vb. int.* ? wriggle, 168/147.

Wringe, *vb.* pinch, nip, pain, 45/374.

Writts, *sb.* writings, 9.

Yarek forth, jerk forth, 234/542.

Yerke, *vb. t.* irk, 55/173, 119/33.

Yernessee, *sb.* eagerness, fierceness, 117/599. Comp. *Yearn*. The *adj.* is used by Chaucer. A.S. *Georn*. Compare next.

Yirnd, *pp.* stirred, 66, note 1.

Yond, *adj.* yon, 100/202.



ON  
THE MAGICAL ELEMENTS  
IN  
*Chaucer's Squire's Tale,*  
WITH ANALOGUES.

By W. A. CLOUSTON,

AUTHOR OF 'POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS: THEIR MIGRATIONS  
AND TRANSFORMATIONS,' ETC.

*Call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canacé to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar king did ride.*

## PREFATORY NOTE.

IN all probability the following papers would never have been written, but for Dr. Furnivall. While engaged in finishing the *Chaucer Analogues* (so far as we thought it advisable to proceed, in the meantime), I was reminded by a note to John Lane's *Tom Tell Troth's Message*, reprinted for the New Shakspeare Society, that the same worthy had had the hardihood to write a "Continuation" of the *Squire's Tale*, and that it exists in two MSS. of different dates, preserved at Oxford. Thinking that John Lane may have worked into his "Continuation" some incidents and episodes from mediæval romances, and perhaps also from popular tales, which might be of interest to me, I made inquiry of Dr. Furnivall as to the nature of that composition, and asked whether it were practicable for me to obtain an outline of it; at the same time offering, if it were printed for the Chaucer Society, to furnish some notes on the *Squire's Tale* itself. In reply, Dr. Furnivall said that he felt sure Lane's work contained nothing likely to be of use to me in my special line of study, but as it would have to be printed for the Society some time, it may as well be done at once, and so the transcribing of one of the MS. copies was soon afterwards begun.

The editing and side-noting of the "poem," which I had also undertaken, Dr. Furnivall most generously relieved me of, on learning that I was then suffering from an affection of the eyes; and he merits our warmest thanks for having performed what must have proved to be a dreary and wearisome task with his characteristic thoroughness. When Lane's text was all printed off I happened to be occupied with some very pressing work, and as I would not offer



the Society a "scamped" thing on Chaucer's finest Tale, I desired Dr. Furnivall to send it out to the Members, with a promise that my dissertation should form, with glossarial index, a second fasciculus, which should have been issued last year, had I not been ill for some time and burdened with other engagements.

But the long delay has enabled me to render the notes, &c. much more comprehensive than I could have done two years ago. I found occasional intervals of leisure for hunting after books on magic, sorcery, and witchcraft, several of which I have laid under contribution in these papers, and the consequence is, that the limit of fifty pages originally purposed has been exceeded threefold (and this is why what I have written now forms a sort of appendix to Lane instead of an introduction);—like Mr. Shandy's treatise on the rearing of children, which was to be so small that a lady might carry it in her "housewife," but it grew and extended, from an octavo to a quarto, and from a quarto to a folio—let no man say unto himself, "I will write a duodecimo!"

In the course of the following papers I have, it must be admitted, often wandered far from the "half-told tale of Cambuscan bold," which is mainly due to the suggestive nature of the great Master's poem. I may mention, however, that, while writing more especially for students of Chaucer, I have all along kept in view the interests of my brother folk-lorists, by whom also, I venture to hope, the varied matter now brought together for the first time, and from widely scattered sources, will not be considered as altogether valueless.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

GLASGOW, *July*, 1890.

## CONTENTS.

## I.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY ... ..	269
OUTLINE OF <i>THE SQUIRE'S TALE</i> ... ..	270
KNIGHTS RIDING INTO HALLS ... ..	276
MAGIC HORSES, CHARIOTS, ETC. ... ..	279
MAGIC MIRRORS AND IMAGES ... ..	299
MAGIC RINGS AND GEMS ... ..	334
LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS ... ..	348
MAGIC SWORDS AND SPEARS ... ..	372

## II.

INTRODUCTORY ... ..	382
ROMANCE OF <i>CLÉOMADÈS AND CLAREMONDE</i> ... ..	385
<i>VALENTINE AND ORSON</i> ... ..	405
<i>REYNARD THE FOX</i> ... ..	408
<i>CLÉOMADÈS AND THE SQUIRE'S TALE</i> ... ..	409
ARABIAN TALE OF THE EBONY HORSE ... ..	413
TURKISH VARIANT ... ..	416
ARABIAN TALE OF THE FLYING CHAIR ... ..	418
PERSIAN TALE OF THE FLYING CHEST ... ..	421
PERSIAN TALE OF THE WEAVER AS THE ANGEL GABRIEL ... ..	426

	PAGE
HINDÚ PROTOTYPE: THE WEAVER AS THE DEITY VISHNÚ ...	428
ANOTHER HINDÚ TALE OF A MAN AS VISHNÚ ... ..	436
GIPSY VERSION: THE WOODEN BIRD ... ..	440
ANOTHER GIPSY TALE: THE MAGIC WINGS ... ..	442
MODERN GREEK VARIANT: THE GOLDEN STEED ... ..	445
LATIN TALE OF A KNIGHT AS THE DEITY ANUBIS ... ..	450
ITALIAN TALE OF THE FRIAR AS AN ANGEL ... ..	452
OLD ENGLISH VERSION ... ..	454
CONCLUSION: ANALOGUES COMPARED ... ..	458
DR. BRANDL ON <i>THE SQUIRE'S TALE</i> ... ..	460
ADDITIONAL NOTES:	
✓ Magic Horses ... ..	463
✓ Magic Rings ... ..	464
Language of Animals ... ..	465
Romance of 'Cléomadès' ... ..	466
'The Flying Chest'—Greek Version ... ..	467
'The Wooden Bird' ... ..	468
'The Golden-Steed'—Sequel ... ..	468
INDEX ... ..	472



## ON THE MAGICAL ELEMENTS IN CHAUCER'S "SQUIRE'S TALE," WITH ANALOGUES.

### I.

FOR any one to speak, even casually, of the *Squire's Tale* of Chaucer without citing Milton's hackneyed lines, which occur in one of his early effusions, *Il Penseroso*, to wit, wherein he refers to

the wondrous Horse of Brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride,

(yet he *didn't*, so far as the story goes,) would be as unusual as for a country newspaper reporter, in describing a dance, to omit the well-worn phrase, from another of Milton's juvenile poems, *L'Allegro*, "on the light fantastic toe"! Of all Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, that which he puts into the mouth of the gallant young Squire appears to have been the prime favourite of both Spenser and Milton; and "certes there is for it reason great." It contains such romantic elements—or rather suggestions of such—as must fascinate the minds of readers possessed of the smallest degree of imagination or fancy. Moreover, it tantalizingly breaks off with mere hints of the stirring chivalric adventures which were to follow, but never did—unfortunately for us; but not so, perhaps, did honest John Lane secretly think, so far as he was concerned.<sup>1</sup>

The Squire does not put off time with any wordy preamble, to indicate to his fellow-pilgrims the nature of his tale, but boldly

<sup>1</sup> Alas for the fond aspirations of poetasters, who mistake the clitter-clatter and dull, tame limping of their spavined jade for the flight of Pegasus! With infinite labour and much weariness of the flesh, doubtless, did John Lane compose his "Continuation" of what he terms "Chaucer's Pillar," yet it remained buried in its "native" MS. for two centuries and a half, and is now vouchsafed the honours of printer's types rather because it is a literary curiosity than from its intrinsic merits.

plunges right into it, like our old fairy story-tellers, who began :  
 "There once lived a poor old woman," or "Once upon a time there  
 was a poor old man who was a woodcutter." He starts straight off,  
 thus :

At Sarray, in the lond of Tartary,  
 Ther dwelled a kyng that werryed Russy,

and on he goes, like a man who means business, and this is the

### Outline of the Squire's Tale.

THERE was once a King of Tartary, named Cambyuskán,<sup>1</sup> who dwelt in the city of Sarra<sup>2</sup>—a king of great renown, brave, wise, rich, merciful, and just. His queen was called Eltheta, and they had two gallant sons, Algarsif and Camballo, also a fair and gentle daughter, hight Canacé. Now it so befel that when this noble King Cambyuskán had ruled some twenty years, he caused, as was his wont, a great feast to be proclaimed throughout the city, in celebration of his birthday, and magnificent was the royal festival. After the third course, while the King with his family sate in high state, surrounded by his nobles, listening to the minstrels, behold—

In attè halle dore, al sodeynly,  
 There com a knight upon a steed of bras,  
 And in his hond a brod myrour of glas ;  
 Upon his thumb he had of gold a ryng,<sup>3</sup>  
 And by his side a naked swerd hangyng ;  
 And up he rideth to the heyghe bord.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Henry Yule, in his excellent edition of Marco Polo's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 218, says : "Before parting with Chengis, let me point out, what has not, to my knowledge, been suggested before, that the name of '*Cambuscan* bold' in Chaucer's Tale is only a corruption of the name of Chingiz [-Khán]. The name of the conqueror appears in Fr. Ricold as *Camiuscan*, from which the transition to *Cambuscan* presents no difficulty. *Camius* was, I suppose, a clerical corruption of *Canjus*, or *Cianjus*. In the Chronicle of St. Antonius, however, we have him called '*Chingiscan rectius* Tamgius Cam' (xix. c. 8). If this is not merely the usual blunder of *t* for *c*, it presents a curious analogy to the form of *Tankiz Khán*, always used by Ibn Batuta. I do not know the origin of the latter, unless it was suggested by *tankis* (Ar.), 'turning upside down.' (See *Pereg. Quat.* p. 119 ; *ib.* iii. 22, etc.)"

<sup>2</sup> According to Marco Polo, Barcha, the khán of Western Tartary (Kipchak) had two cities named Bolgosa and Assara (Sarra), the former being his summer and the latter his winter residence.

<sup>3</sup> Signet-rings were often worn on the thumb by dignitaries in former times. Falstaff declares that in his early youth he "could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring" (1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4).

Saluting the King, and the Queen, and all the lords, with a grace equal to that of the gentle Sir Gawain, this stranger knight forthwith delivered his message in eloquent language, saying that the King of Arabia and India sends him greeting, and, in honour of this solemn festival, presents him with : (1) this HORSE OF BRASS, which can bear him, within the space of twenty-four hours, wheresoever he should please to go, or soar into the air as high as the eagle, and all without danger ;—he was a wise man who made this wonderful steed by his magic art ; (2) this MIRROR, which has the property of disclosing coming adversity and treachery, and of showing whether a lover be false or true ; (3) this RING, which, if worn on the thumb or carried in one's purse, has the virtue of bestowing on its possessor a knowledge of the language of birds and the nature of every kind of plant which can heal the most desperate wounds (the Mirror and the Ring are for the beauteous lady Canacé) ; and (4) this SWORD, which can cut through the stoutest armour, and he who is wounded therewith may be healed only by his wound being stroked with the flat of the same blade.

When the Knight had thus delivered his message he rode out of the banqueting-hall, and, alighting from the brazen steed, he was straightway conducted to a private chamber, and, having been divested of his armour, food was set before him. Meanwhile the Sword and the Mirror were deposited in a high tower, and officers appointed to guard these invaluable treasures. The Ring was then presented to Canacé with all due ceremony. But the Horse of Brass stood immovable, and great was the crowd that came to gaze upon it, for it was so high, and broad, and long, as if it were a steed of Lombardy, and so quick of eye, as if it were a courser of Apulia ; and all thought that neither nature nor art could improve upon it ; and yet they marvelled how a horse of brass could rapidly course through the air—it must have come from Fairyland. One opined that it was like Pegasus ; another compared it to the Horse of Troy ; and yet another said that it must have been made by magic art, as we read of like wondrous things in many gestes. Then they wondered at the Mirror and the Sword : some said there was once in Rome such a mirror, and the sword they compared to the spear of Achilles, that



could both heal and wound ; and then at Canacé's Ring—surely never before was heard of such a crafty contrivance, unless it were the achievements of Moses and King Solomon, who were famous for their magic rings.

Thus were the people talking when the King rose from the table, and, preceded by a band of minstrels, went out of the hall. When he was seated on his throne, the stranger Knight was brought into his presence, and there followed dance, and mirth, and jollity—the stranger Knight dancing most gracefully with the lady Canacé.<sup>1</sup> After regaling with richly spiced wine, the noble company proceeded to the temple, as was fitting, whence, service concluded, they went to supper, and then the King desired the Knight to acquaint him with the manner of guiding the Horse of Brass. The Knight had no sooner laid his hand upon the bridle than the Horse began to caper and prance, and then, quoth the Knight: “Sire, it is very simple. Whenever you wish to ride anywhere, all you have to do is to turn a pin which is fixed in his ear, tell him where you wish to go, and when you have reached the place, turn another pin, and he will immediately descend on the spot and stand still.” When the King heard this he was full blithe, I ween, and, ordering the bridle to be taken into the tower where his treasures were kept, the assembly returned to the hall, where they continued their revels until day began to dawn.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was doubtless natural for Chaucer to represent the Indian Knight as dancing with the fair Canacé; but such a practice seems never to have been in vogue in the East, from the most remote times of which we have any knowledge. In India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, etc., the “lords of creation” hire professional dancing girls to exhibit their terpsichorean skill and agility, while they themselves sit placidly looking on; and none of our European social customs more astonishes a “grave and otiose” Asiatic than his seeing for the first time a number of men violently exerting themselves in hopping and whirling about, each with a woman clasped in his arms.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently the magical power of causing the Horse of Brass to move lay in the bridle, although when the steed was in mid-air it was guided by means of pins, since we are told that when the Indian Knight grasped the bridle the hitherto immovable horse began to prance. The King was doubtless informed by the ambassador of the virtue of the bridle, and hence the precaution he adopted for its safety.—A bridle plays an important part in many stories of magical metamorphoses, such as, for example, in several of the tales belonging to what is known as the “Magical Conflict” cycle, where the young hero tells his father that he intends to transform himself into a horse, and “do you then

The lady Canacé had retired early to rest, and, dreaming of her magic Ring and Mirror, awoke after her first sleep, and having roused half a dozen of her attendants went forth with them into the park, where, by virtue of her Ring, she understood the song of every bird. Presently she came to a tree on which sat a peregrine falcon lamenting most piteously, till all the wood resounded with her cries; and so desperately had she beaten herself with her wings that the red blood streamed down the tree. Canacé, with the Ring on her finger, not only understood what any bird might say in its song, but could answer in the same language. So she asked the peregrine what was the cause of her bitter sorrow. Was it death or love?—for assuredly these two cause a gentle heart the greatest woe. “Come down from the tree, and tell me your story, and, by God’s help, I will amend your sad case, if it be possible.” The poor peregrine, thus encouraged, dropped into Canacé’s lap, and told the gentle lady how she had been wooed by a tercelet,<sup>1</sup> who, by the most specious promises of fidelity, had won her heart, and after they had lived together about two years the false tercelet went off one day,

---

sell me for a round sum of money, only take care not to part with the bridle, for should you do so, I cannot come back”—that is to say, he would not be able to re-assume his own proper form. (See the chapter on “Magical Transformations” in my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. p. 415 ff.)

John Lane, in his *Continuation*, describes the bridle of the Horse of Brass in his usual prosaic manner, as though it were meant for the guidance and control of a steed of flesh and blood, not of one cunningly contrived by magic art:

Plaine was the bridle, of well tand leather hunger,  
Buckled, to lett longe, short, not o’re or vnder;  
The bitt, a canon bytt, of surest stuff,  
Able to tame the wildest colt in proof.  
Howbeet so pleasaunt, after some while worne,  
As with glad cheere and ease mote well bee borne.  
Which held the curb, or water chaine so nye,  
As coold checke stumblinge, and teach remedye.

(P. 41, ll. 271—278.)

Most assuredly—and most unhappily—John Lane was *not* “one whom the gods had made poetical”! And he becomes even more absurd when he goes on to describe the King’s first trial of the Horse of Brass, which, according to him, did not require to be moved by the magic power of the bridle, for it came through the air as Cambuscan and Canacé were walking amid the daisies and violets, and descending, of its own accord, stood before them as still as any stone, and so remained until the bridle was put on—a piece of inconsistency eminently characteristic of the ambitious poetaster!

<sup>1</sup> The tercelet is the male of the peregrine falcon, and, unlike the males of most other species of animals, is smaller and less courageous than the female.

and had never returned, for he had taken up with a mere kite.<sup>1</sup> The fair lady Canacé was touched to the heart by this sad recital, and, carrying the poor forsaken peregrine home in her lap, salved her self-inflicted wounds with balsamic herbs, and caused a mew<sup>2</sup> for her to be made at her bed's head, covered with blue velvet, in token of female constancy, and the outside was painted green, with representations of all kinds of false male birds.<sup>3</sup>

Having proceeded thus far in his recital, the "gentil squyere" goes on to say :

Thus lete I Canacé hir hauk kepyng.  
 I wil nomore now speken of hir ryng,  
 Til it come eft to purpos for to seyn,  
 How that this faukon gat hir love ageyn,  
 Repentaunt, as the story telleth us,  
 By mediacioun of Camballus  
 The kinges sone, of which that I yow tolde ;  
 But hennesforth I wil my proces holde  
 To speken of adventures, and of batailes,  
 That yit was never herd so grete mervailles.  
 First wil I telle yow of Cambyuskan,  
 That in his time many a citè wan ;  
 And after wil I speke of Algarsif,  
 How that he wan Theodora to wif,  
 For whom ful ofte in grete peril he was,  
 Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras.  
 And after wil I speke of Camballo,  
 That fought in listès with the bretheren tuo  
 For Canacé, er that he might hir wyne,  
 And ther I left I wol ageyn beginne.

---

<sup>1</sup> The peregrine says :

"Though he were gentil born, and fresh, and gay,  
 And goodly for to see, and humble, and free,  
 He saw upon a time a kite fle,  
 And sodeynly he loved this kite soo,  
 That al his love is clene fro me goo ;  
 And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise."

The kite is a cowardly kind of hawk, quite unfit for sport, and hence considered as the emblem of everything base, as the falcon was the emblem of royalty, in those times when falconry was so much in vogue.

<sup>2</sup> A mew was the technical name for the place where hawks were kept to mew, or moult, in.

<sup>3</sup> Blue was the colour of truth, and green of inconstancy ; hence in Chaucer's *Ballade on an Inconstant Lady*—

"Instede of blewe, thus may ye were al grene."



In the Lansdowne MS. these lines are added, by way of conclusion to the foregoing :

Bot I wil here now make a knotte  
To the time it come next to my lotte ;  
For here be felawes behinde an hepe treulye,  
That wolde talke ful besilye,  
And have her<sup>1</sup> sporte as wele as I,  
And the daie passeth fast certainly.  
Therefore, oste, taketh nowe goode heede  
Who schalle next telle, and late him spede.

But the "half told tale of Cambuscan bold" was never finished. In all likelihood Chaucer reserved the remaining part, of which he sketches the chief incidents at the end of '*Pars Secunda*,' as above cited—the very tale itself, in fact, for what we have is merely introductory—for the Squire to relate on the return journey: the jolly host of the 'Tabard' having conditioned that each pilgrim should tell *two* tales, one on the road to Canterbury, and one on the way home. Had the poet completed his design, the *Canterbury Tales* would have formed a bulky volume. That no Second Tales were ever written by him is probable to the verge of certainty, since a number of the pilgrims so graphically described in the Prologue are not assigned Tales.<sup>2</sup> This vexatiously incomplete state of the *Canterbury Tales* induced an obscure monk (as the writer appears to have been), in the 15th century, to compose *The Tale of Beryn*—based upon the first part of the old French romance, *L'Histoire du Chevalier Berinus*, etc.—as the Merchant's Second Tale, with a Prologue, recounting "a Merry Adventure of the Pardoner with a Tapster at Canterbury," which are found only in a unique MS. now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, and were first printed in Urry's edition of Chaucer's Works, published in 1721, and re-edited, by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone, for the Chaucer Society, in

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* their.

<sup>2</sup> The Prioress' Chaplain, the Haberdasher, the Carpenter, the Weaver, the Dyer, the Tapister, and the Host. The Canon Yeoman has a Tale, but no character in the general Prologue.—Warton (*Hist. of English Poetry*) considers Chaucer's plan of making the pilgrims relate stories on the road to Canterbury as greatly superior to that of Boccaccio in his *Decameron*. This may be so, yet it is not easy to understand how some thirty persons on horseback could all hear the Tales, even if they ambled along the road.

1876.<sup>1</sup> Whether the monkish continuator of Chaucer purposed writing second tales for the other pilgrims who told each a story on the road to Canterbury, it is impossible to say. Perhaps he did, and was overtaken by death before he could proceed farther with his self-imposed task. Be this as it may, the *Tale of Beryn* is well told, while the Prologue is, as Dr. Furnivall remarks in his 'Forewords' to the reprint, "a good bit of the Master's humour and life-likeness, and Chaucer's characters are well kept up." Two hundred years passed away before any other writer was found bold enough to farther supplement the *Canterbury Tales*, in the form of a terribly long-winded "Continuation" of the *Squire's Tale*, which is printed for the first time in the present volume, and which, sooth to say, is about as like the Master's charming style as—chalk is to cheese! Still, it possesses some interest of its own, though altogether clumsily contrived; and, after all, John Lane, like the man in the play, "did it with the best intentions." And when "sequels" by the authors themselves are notoriously disappointing, what could be expected of a sequel to a tale by Dan Chaucer, even if written by a much more able man than John Lane, in whose "poem" the imaginative faculty is conspicuous by its absence, the language is heavy and cumbrous, and the rhythm and rhyme are often simply atrocious?

The magical elements in the *Squire's Tale* constitute its great attraction, for they are suggestive of marvellous adventures and exploits that might have been performed with such powerful aids—rendering time and distance of no account, and overcoming the most formidable obstacles. Before treating of these magical elements, I take leave to offer a few examples of the mediæval custom of

KNIGHTS RIDING INTO BANQUETING HALLS,  
as did the Indian ambassador to King Cambyuskán:

That so bifelle after the thridde cours,  
Whil that this kyng sit thus in his nobleye,

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<sup>1</sup> In 1887-8 a second part was issued to Members, comprising, as an appendix, "The Merchant and the Rogues," English abstract of the French original and Asiatic versions of the *Tale of Beryn*, by W. A. Clouston; also Forewords, by Dr. Furnivall; illustrative Notes, by F. J. Vipan and Prof. Skeat; and Glossarial Index, by W. G. Stone, thus completing the volume.

Herkyng his mynstrales her<sup>1</sup> thingès pley  
 Byforne him attè boord deliciously,  
 In attè hall dore al sodeynly  
 Ther com a knight upon a steed of bras,

*And up he rideth to the heyghe bord.*

The halls of the early Norman kings and barons were lofty enough to allow a mounted knight with his spear pointed upwards to ride through, and such a custom is frequently mentioned in romances of chivalry. Thus, in the romance of *Sir Perceval of Galles*, originally composed by Chrétien de Troyes and others, we read that the hero, mounted on a mare—

He come there the kyng was  
 Servede of the first mese,  
 To hym was the maste has  
     That the childe hade;<sup>2</sup>  
 And thare made he no lett<sup>3</sup>  
 At gate, dore, ne wykett,  
 Bot in graythely<sup>4</sup> he gett,  
     Syche maistres he made!<sup>5</sup>  
 At his first in comynge,  
 His mere withowttene faylynge  
 Kyste the forheved<sup>6</sup> of the kynge,  
     So nerehande he rade!<sup>7</sup>

So, too, in the ballad of *King Estemere*—

King Estemere he stabled his steede  
 Soe fayre att the hall bord;  
 The froth that came from his brydle bitte  
     Light on King Bremor's beard.<sup>8</sup>

And in the romance of *Sir Degrevant*, the hero arrives at the castle of Duke Betyse—

And rydes up to the des,<sup>9</sup>  
 As thei were servid of here<sup>10</sup> mes,  
 To mayd Myldor he ches,<sup>11</sup>  
     And chalangys that fre!<sup>12</sup>

Again, in the tale of 'The Lady of the Fountain' we read that "as Oswain sat one day at meat in the city of Caerllen upon Usk, behold,

<sup>1</sup> Her = their.      <sup>2</sup> To him the Child made the most haste that he could.

<sup>3</sup> Difficulty.

<sup>4</sup> Readily; freely.

<sup>5</sup> Such a masterful manner had he.

<sup>6</sup> Forehead.

<sup>7</sup> *Thornton Romances*, edited, for the Camden Society, by J. O. Halliwell, 1844, ll. 485—495.

<sup>8</sup> *Percy Folio MS.*, edited by Hales and Furnivall, vol. ii., p. 605, col. 2.

<sup>9</sup> The *dais* was a sort of platform elevated a foot or two above the floor of a banqueting-hall.

<sup>10</sup> Their.

<sup>11</sup> Chose.

<sup>12</sup> Maiden.—*Thornton Romances*, p. 227, l. 1201-4.



a damsel entered upon a bay horse, with a curling mane, and covered with foam, and the bridle and so much as was seen of the saddle were of gold."<sup>1</sup>

Stow, in his *Survey of London* (first published in 1598), relates: "In the year 1316 Edward II. did solemnize the feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall; where sitting royally at table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode round about the tables, showing pastime, and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one, and departed."<sup>2</sup> According to Percy, the letter was found to contain some severe reflections on the king's conduct, which greatly angered him; and the woman, being arrested by his command, discovered the author of the letter, who acknowledged the offence and was pardoned. But the doorkeeper, being reprimanded on account of her admission, excused himself by declaring that it had never been customary to prevent the entry of minstrels and persons in disguisements, on the supposition that they came for the entertainment of the king. This woman had probably assumed the habit of a man; and a female was chosen on this occasion, in Percy's opinion, in order that, in the event of detection, her sex might plead for her and disarm the king's resentment.

A very singular incident occurred at the coronation of William and Mary. The Champion of England, dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, riding on a horse richly caparisoned, entered Westminster Hall, while the King and Queen were at dinner. On giving the usual challenge to any who disputed their Majesties' right to the throne of England, after he had flung his gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman, who entered the hall on crutches, took it up and made off with great celerity, forgetting her crutches, and leaving her own glove, with a challenge in it, to meet her the next day at an appointed hour in Hyde Park. It is said that a person in the same dress appeared in the park the next day, but the Champion of England remained quietly at home, declining a contest of such a

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, No. 21.

<sup>2</sup> W. J. Thoms' ed. of Stow's *Survey*, 1842, p. 173, col. 2.



nature with one of the fair sex, though it was generally supposed to be some enthusiastic Jacobite in disguise.

The custom of the "Champion" riding into Westminster Hall during the coronation festival, and throwing down his gauntlet in defiance to any gainsayers of the new king's right to the crown, was, most absurdly, observed so late as the coronation of George IV., Sir Henry Dymoke being "Hereditary Champion of England," when that functionary had the high honour to drink the king's health out of a golden cup—the cup being always the fee. The facetious Tom Hood, among his droll *Odes and Addresses to Great Men*, has some humorous verses addressed to the "Champion," beginning:

Mr. Dymoke! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—  
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town)  
Is your armour put by, like a sheep in the fold?  
Is your gauntlet ta'en up that you lately flung down?  
Are you—who *that* day rode so mailed and admired—  
Now sitting at ease in your library chair?  
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,  
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

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### *Magic Horses, Chariots, &c.*

It is a marked characteristic of fairy tales that the heroes, in their encounters with formidable giants and monsters, are compensated for their physical shortcomings by the possession of superior cunning and of certain magical objects which furnish an unlimited supply of food, render them invisible, enable them to overcome all antagonists, and to transport themselves at will to distant regions in the briefest conceivable—or inconceivable—space of time. Of the last kind of such objects by far the most common in the popular fictions of all countries are shoes which conveyed the wearer "a mile faster than the wind"; nay more, "from one end of the world to the other in the twinkling of an eye"; and, still more wonderful, he might "travel a journey of a hundred years without being weary, and the distance traversed would seem but a hundred steps." Such was the kind of shoes which the renowned Jack received from the three-headed giant, and of those with which Loke escaped from hell; and similarly endowed sandals, slippers, shoes, boots, and wooden clogs

were also worn by the heroes of countless Asiatic and European tales and romances. Fortunatus had his wishing-cap; the "Voleur Avisé," in the Breton tale, had his cloak; and the fakír, in the Hindú tale, his bed; each possessing the like virtue. But the most remarkable "shoes of swiftness" were those we read of in an Icelandic story, which the heroine, by direction of an obliging giant, made from the soles of her feet, flayed off by herself for this purpose, and which took her speedily through the air and over the water, as she pleased.

Next to "shoes of swiftness" occur most frequently in popular fictions Magic Horses, which are of two kinds: those constructed of wood or metal, and those which are supposed to be of flesh and blood, but have been "enchanted," and sometimes a steed of this second kind proves to be a gallant young prince, thus transformed by art magic; sometimes it is a "demon horse," which is usually the offspring of an ordinary mare and a stallion that periodically comes out of the sea.

The folk-lore of the Horse has not yet, I think, been treated exhaustively, though much has been said on the subject by Grimm and other comparative mythologists. In romantic fiction a hero is always provided with a charger endowed with extraordinary qualities; having almost human intelligence and indomitable courage; frequently fighting for his master, by tearing foes with his teeth and crushing them under foot. Abjer, the famous steed of the Arabian poet-hero Antar, was able, his master asserts in some of his spirited verses, to do everything but speak; and other warriors are represented as holding conversations with their chargers.

But we are chiefly concerned at present with such Magic Horses as that presented to Cambyuskán by the Indian ambassador, who thus describes its qualities:

"This steede of bras, that esily and wel  
Can in the space of ð day naturel  
(This is to say, in four and twenty houres),  
Wher so yow lust, in droughthe or in schoures,  
Beren your body into every place,  
To which your herte wilneth for to pace,  
Withouten wem<sup>1</sup> of you, thurgh foul and fair.  
Or if you lust to flee as heigh in th' air

<sup>1</sup> Wem = harm.

As doth an egle, whan him list to sore.  
This same steede schal bere you evermore  
Withoute harm, til ye be ther yow leste  
(Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste),  
And torne agein, with wrything of a pyn."

We shall, presently, meet with very similar steeds, but the Horse of Brass is unique, inasmuch as the rider has not only to "trille a pin, stant in his ere," in order to cause him to ascend into the air, as is the case of other magic horses that figure in romantic fictions, but he must also *tell the steed* to "what countrè he lust for to ryde," and having reached the place, "bid hym descende," and "trille another pyn." Surely here was the perfection of magical skill, to endow a horse of brass with "a hearing ear and an understanding heart"!

In offering some notes on magic horses, chariots, and other wondrously contrived conveyances, it is perhaps but right and proper that preference should be given to our own country, though there may be but a single example, which is found in Leland's *Itinerary*, as follows: "The commune Fame is in *Ruthelandeshire* that there was one *Rutter*, a man of great Favor with his Prince, that desir'd to have of Rewarde of hym as much Land as he could ryde over in a Day upon a Horse of Woodde, and that he ridde over as much as now is *Ruthelandshire* by Arte Magike, and that he was after swalowid into the Yerthe."<sup>1</sup>

Such is commonly the fate of practitioners of the Black Art—the Devil seldom fails to claim his due! In more recent times than those of Rutter, the celebrated Polish wizard Towardowski, regarding whom many strange tales are still current, made a wooden horse and painted it handsomely, and it carried him through the air wheresoever he pleased. His end was quite as exemplary as that of our English wizard, for when his "time" came the Devil forthwith whisked him off, *viâ* the chimney!

From Europe to India is not such "a far cry" as it was but a few years since, so we may as well proceed thither at once, for another example of a magic horse of wood. In the fairy romance entitled

<sup>1</sup> *The Itinerary of John Leland*. Published from the original MS. in the Bodleian Library, by Thomas Hearne, M.A. Second edition. Oxford, 1744, vol. vi. p. 61.



*Badr-i-Manír*, which is an abstract in Panjábí verse of the well-known work of the same name, written, in Urdú, by Mír Hasan, we have a similar contrivance :

A certain Indian king in his old age begat a very handsome son, who was called Benazír. One night, when he was fifteen years old, the fairy Máhrúkh happened to pass the palace in which he was sleeping, and, falling in love with him, carried him off on her flying throne to Fairyland (*Parsistán*). Benazír, however, so pined for his home that no kindness on the part of his captor was of any avail, so she gave him a flying horse of wood on which to visit the earth. As the horse could travel a hundred miles in a few minutes, he was to return to her every day, and was especially warned against falling in love. One day, in the course of his flying visits, he met with *Badr-i-Manír*, and, as a result, used to visit her daily. This was duly reported to Máhrúkh by a demon, and she became very angry, and shut him up in a well on which she put a stone weighing four tons (100 *mans*). The cessation of Benazír's visits caused great grief to *Badr-i-Manír*, and so she confided her love to the prime minister's daughter, who went in search of the truant lover, disguised as a female ascetic (*jogín*). One day as the pretended ascetic was employed in playing on her pipe (*bín*), Firúz Sháh, the king of the fairies, passed over her on his flying throne, and, becoming enamoured of her, carried her off to *Parsistán*, where she explained to him her story, and promised to marry him if he would release Benazír. Firúz Sháh soon discovered Benazír and restored him to his beloved *Badr-i-Manír*, and all ends happily with the safe return of Benazír to his parents and the union of the lovers.<sup>1</sup>

Another Panjábí tale, entitled *Panjphúldn* (Five Flowers), is to this purpose :

A merchant of Bukhará named 'Azíz had a very handsome wife, and while she was pregnant he took her with him on a voyage to Constantinople. The ship was wrecked, and every one was drowned excepting the pregnant woman, who escaped on a plank. She gave birth to Prince Shámí on the plank, but was soon afterwards drowned.

<sup>1</sup> From an excellent paper on "The Bibliography of [Indian] Folk-Lore," by Captain R. C. Temple, in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1886, vol. iv. p. 301.



The infant, however, floated to Constantinople, where he was taken to the sultan and adopted by him. When he was fifteen years old [generally a fatal age for love affairs—in stories] a fairy carried him off, but allowed him to wander the earth on a winged horse. One day he thus met Princess Panjphúlán of Persia, and they were married. After this he returned to Constantinople and lived there for the rest of his days.<sup>1</sup>

In the eighth recital of the Indian story-book, *Sinhásana Dwatrin-sati*, or Thirty-two [Tales] of a Throne, a carpenter presents the rájá Vikramaditya, with a magic horse, constructed by himself; it was in form “somewhat like a hippopotamus” (and why so, it does not appear), and required neither food nor water; and it would carry the rájá anywhere, but must on no account be whipped or spurred.<sup>2</sup> One day the rájá mounted this horse, and forgetting the carpenter’s warning, began to flog it, whereupon it scoured off, rose high into the air, crossed the sea, and, slipping from beneath him, dropped the rájá on the ground, and vanished. What farther adventures the rájá may have had is no concern of ours at present—so we shall leave him where the magic horse dropped him.

Sometimes it seems doubtful whether a magic horse in an Eastern tale is of wood or metal, or an “enchanted” flesh-and-blood steed, as, for instance, in the familiar Arabian tale of the Third Kalandar: After accidentally killing the predestined youth in the underground place, he walked about the island, and crossing at low tide reached a palace overlaid with plates of copper, and on entering, discovered an old shaykh and ten young men, all blind of one eye. He asks the cause of such a strange mutilation, and they advise him to remain in ignorance, but on his insisting, they tell him he will learn all about it at a certain place. He is determined to go thither. “Then they all arose, and taking a ram slaughtered and

<sup>1</sup> Capt. R. C. Temple, *op. cit.*, p. 306.

<sup>2</sup> In Lal Bahari Day’s *Folk-Tales of Bengal* (“Story of a Hiranman,” a species of Parrot), p. 215, the hero gains his ends by the help of a horse of the *pakshiraj* breed; and says the Parrot to him: “Whip him only once, and at starting; for if you whip him more than once we shall stick midway.” This horse seems to have been of semi-celestial species.

skinned it, and said to me: 'Take this knife with thee and introduce thyself into the skin of the ram, and we will sew thee up and go away; whereupon a bird called the *rukḥ* will come to thee, and taking thee up by its talons will fly away with thee, and set thee down upon a mountain. Then cut open the skin with this knife and get out, and the bird will fly away. Thou must arise as soon as it hath gone, and journey for half a day, and come to a lofty palace.'” The adventurer does as they had instructed him, and in the palace he finds forty bewitching damsels. After passing some time in their society, they require to absent themselves for a season, and before leaving give him the keys of the hundred rooms, charging him not to enter the room that has a door of gold. But this he does, impelled by fatal curiosity, and sees there a black horse saddled and bridled. Leading the steed outside, he mounted him, but he moved not a step, then he struck the steed, and as soon as he felt the blow, he uttered a sound like thunder, spread a pair of wings, soared into the air to a great height, and then descended on the roof of another palace, where he threw the rash adventurer from his back, and, by a violent blow with his tail on the face as he sat there on the roof, struck out his eye and left him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. p. 167 ff.

The device of being sewn in the skin of some animal, and carried to the desired spot by a huge bird occurs in both Western and Eastern fictions. Thus in the sixth tale of Laura Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, Joseph, the hero, is sewn up in a horse's hide, and taken by a great bird to the top of a high mountain.—In Geldart's *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece*, p. 88 (story of the Prince and the Fairy), the hero meets a Jew, who tells him that he will find game on the top of a neighbouring hill. The Jew sews him up in a buffalo's skin, and ravens come and carry him off. On the top of the hill he finds no game. The rascally Jew cries: "Throw me two stones and then I'll take you down." He throws down the stones—pure diamonds—and the Jew then runs off. In the sequel, the youth, of course, meets with good fortune.—In Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, No. 44, the Widow's Son is sewn up in the skin of a cow and carried off by a bird to an island. Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela writes that when sailors were in danger of being lost at sea near China, they sewed themselves up in hides and awaited the griffin, who carried them to land, believing them to be his natural prey.

In the great Indian story-book, *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, or Ocean of the Rivers of Narrative (by Somadeva, eleventh century, based upon the *Vrihat Kathā*, or Great Story, by Gunhadhya, about the fifth century), an ill-used youth, wandering in the wilderness, where no trees afford a friendly shade, to escape from the oppressive heat, creeps into the skin of an elephant, the jackals having cleared out the flesh. Presently rain falls in torrents; he is

The Kalandar's unfortunate adventure has its probable origin in the tale of Saktideva, which occurs in the *Kathá Sarit Ságarā* (Tawney's transl., vol. i. p. 223-4): The hero, by hiding himself in the feathers of an enormous bird, reaches the Golden City, makes love to Chandraprabhá, daughter of the king of the Vidyádhara, and before she departs to ask her father's consent to their marriage, she cautions him not to ascend to the middle terrace of the palace, then she goes away, "leaving her heart with him, and escorted on her way by his." His curiosity prompts him to go on the middle terrace, and there he discovers three pavilions, the door of one of which is open, and on entering he beholds a beautiful maiden lying on a magnificently jewelled sofa, apparently dead. He then enters the two other pavilions, in each of which he sees a maiden in like condition. "Then he went in astonishment out of the palace, and sitting down he remained looking at a very beautiful lake below it, and on its bank he beheld a horse with a jewelled saddle; so he descended immediately from where he was, and out of curiosity approached its side; and seeing that it had no rider on it he tried to mount it, and that horse struck him with his heel and flung him into the lake. And after he had sunk beneath the surface of the lake, he quickly rose up to his astonishment from the middle of a garden-lake in his own city of Vardhamána, and he saw himself suddenly standing in the water of the lake in his own native city, like the Kumuda plant, miserable without the light of the moon" [the name of his beloved, Chandraprabhá, signifies "light of the moon"].

According to Sir R. F. Burton, the Ebony Horse in the well-known Arabian tale is simply Pegasus, "which is a Greek travesty of an Egyptian myth, developed in India." I venture to question this. Pegasus was a winged steed,<sup>1</sup> while the Ebony Horse was put in motion and guided by means of pins fixed in the head, which

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swept into the Ganges, and a monstrous bird carries ashore the skin and begins to tear it open, and on seeing a man inside flies away.—Prof. C. H. Tawney's trans., vol. i. p. 77.

<sup>1</sup> In the Greek mythology, as is "known to every schoolboy," Pegasus is really a demigod and inhabits Olympus. Hesiod (*Theogony*, 281 ff.) tells us of his birth and ascent.



were turned according as the rider desired to ascend or descend. We have, however, seen that there are also winged horses in the *Arabian Nights*, and the idea of such things, together with the very tales in which they occur, was most certainly derived, mediately, from Indian fictions. But I am not aware of any evidence that the Hindú winged horse is a "development" of an Egyptian myth, or of its "Greek travesty," Pegasus. Surely there is nothing in the idea of a winged horse that should render its conception impossible, or improbable, except to a particular race of mankind. The fact that the horse is one of the most fleet of quadrupeds might very naturally suggest the notion that with wings its usefulness would be increased tenfold—by its being enabled to soar above lofty heights, and not require to painfully and slowly climb them, and even to render otherwise insuperable obstacles of no account. The bulls in Assyrian sculptures are winged: are we also to conclude that these are "a travesty of an Egyptian myth"? That the great nations of antiquity acted and re-acted on one another in their mythological conceptions is not to be denied; but it seems to me unreasonable to circumscribe the idea of winged quadrupeds to the invention of the Egyptians. We are almost daily startled with identities in the folk-lore of savage races, the mythologies of ancient nations, and the folk-lore of modern Europe and Asia—identities which cannot possibly be explained away by any theory of transmission or borrowing, and which must therefore have been independently developed by widely different and widely separated races in similar conditions of life, and having more or less similar modes of thought.

But we have not yet done with the subject of magic horses and their congeners. It has been already remarked (p. 272, *note*) that the bridle often plays a most important part in connection with magic steeds, and we have a rather singular example in a modern Albanian folk-tale, which is a variant of the charming tale of the Jealous Sisters, with which our common English version of the *Arabian Nights* concludes. In this Albanian tale, two children, a boy and a girl, are thrown into a river in a box. They are rescued and brought up by an aged couple. In course of time the old woman dies, and



soon afterwards the children's foster-father, feeling his end drawing near, calls the youth to him and says: "Know, my son, that in such a place is a cave, where there is a bridle belonging to me. This bridle I give thee: but be sure not to open the cave before forty days have elapsed,<sup>1</sup> if you wish the bridle to do whatever you may command." After the expiry of forty days the youth goes to the cave, and having opened it finds the bridle. He takes it in his hand and says to it, "I want two horses," and in an instant they appear before him. Then the brother and sister mounted them, and in the twinkling of an eye arrived in the country of their father, the king.<sup>2</sup>

In a Hungarian tale, the hero, in quest of his three sisters who had been carried off by demons, receives from an ascetic a piebald horse, which he no sooner mounts than they are high up in the air like birds, because the piebald was a magic horse that at all times grazed on the silken meadow of the fairies. The piebald, having conducted him to the abode of the demon who had possession of his second sister, is divested of his bridle, and then sets off alone to seek out the abode of the demon who had possession of his third sister. By and by, when the hero would continue his journey, "he shakes the bridle and the piebald appears."<sup>3</sup>

Another wonderful steed occurs in a Russian tale. The adventurous hero having been caught trying to carry off an apple from a golden apple-tree, he is to be pardoned and to have the coveted apple to boot, if he bring the king the golden horse that can make the circuit of the world in twenty-four hours. His mentor—a fox, to wit, whom he had refrained from shooting at when he first set out on his travels, and who is grateful therefor—tells him the horse is in the forest, and there he will find two bridles, one of gold, and the other of hemp; he must be sure to take the hempen one, else the horse will neigh

<sup>1</sup> Muslims mourn for their dead during forty days.—For examples of the superstitious veneration in which the number 40 is held by Orientals, especially Jews and Muslims, see my *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories*, 1889, pp. 140, 155, 188, 300, 456.

<sup>2</sup> *Contes Albanais*, recueillis et traduits par Auguste Dozon, Paris, 1881; No. II.

<sup>3</sup> *The Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, translated and edited, with comparative notes, by Rev. W. Henry Jones and Lewis L. Kropf. Published for the Folk-Lore Society, 1889. Pp. 289, 293.

and awake the guards. But, spite of this caution, he seizes the golden bridle and is caught. The king tells him that he will get the golden horse, if he bring to him the golden-haired virgin who has never seen sun or moon. The fox conducts him to a cave, where he finds the damsel, but his four-footed mentor substitutes another girl, whom the hero presents to the king, and thus he obtains for himself both the golden-haired virgin and the golden horse.<sup>1</sup>

In a modern Greek popular tale the hero is married to a princess, and sees one day in her hair a small golden key, which he gently removes, and with it opens a closet, where all is dark within, but he hears cries and groans. He discovers a ring fixed in a slab of marble, which he raises, when out comes a hideous black figure on a winged horse, which rushes into the chamber of the princess, who is forthwith whisked away. The hero sets out in quest of his princess, and learns that the ravisher is a very powerful magician,<sup>2</sup> and that the only means of successfully coping with him is to obtain a winged horse: a neighbouring mountain gives birth to one every year; he must wait with patience and fortitude, for there are many wild beasts roaming about the place. After forty days' quaking and trembling,<sup>3</sup> the mountain is delivered of a winged horse, which the bereaved hero bridles and mounts, and soon subdues. To be brief, having ascertained where the princess was confined, he carries her off in safety, though hotly pursued by the magician on his winged steed, for his own young horse was much the swifter of the two.<sup>4</sup>

Variants of the legend of St. George and the Dragon are common to the folk-tales of almost every country. In an Albanian tale (Dozon's French collection, No. xiv.) a young girl, disguised as a soldier, comes to a city where a *lamia* had long preyed on the population, and the king's son was about to be given up to the monster.

<sup>1</sup> *Recueil de Contes populaires Slaves*, traduits sur les textes originaux par Louis Leger, Paris, 1882; No. XIX.

<sup>2</sup> It does not appear how this powerful magician, with his winged horse, should have been found in durance, with the princess for his gaoler. I suspect something is omitted from this tale, and think it properly belongs to the "Forbidden Room" cycle.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, note 1, p. 287.

<sup>4</sup> *Recueil de Contes populaires Grecs*, traduits sur les textes originaux par Emile Le Grand, Paris, 1881; No. XVII.

She slays the lamia, and obtains in reward "a horse that could speak." By the advice of this gifted animal, the pretended soldier wins a king's daughter, and in the end, after a series of perilous adventures in which the horse took no small share, she is changed to a man—much to the satisfaction of the bride.

The sagacious Owl conducts Prince Ahmed al-Kamál to a cavern in the rocky cliffs which surround Toledo. "A sepulchral lamp of everlasting oil shed a solemn light through the place. On an iron table in the centre of the cavern lay the magic armour, against it leaned a lance, and beside it stood an Arabian steed caparisoned for the field, but motionless as a statue. When Ahmed laid his hand on its neck, it pawed the ground and gave a loud neigh of joy that shook the walls of the cavern."<sup>1</sup>

Magicians seem to have been particularly fond of changing their victims into the form of a horse, if we may judge from the *Arabian Nights* and other Eastern story-books; and they assumed the same form when it best suited their wicked purposes. The Jews, like all other Asiatic peoples, were profound believers in sorcery and witchcraft—I say *were*, for it is doubtful whether more than a moiety of them nowadays have much belief in anything besides their shekels; and the writings of their rabbis abound in weird and wonderful legends of the Black Art, one of which I give, as follows, for what it may be worth: It happened once, in the land of Africa, during a certain month when the Jews are wont to hold vigils and pray, that a man, whose duty it was to knock at people's doors and rouse them to devotion, found a horse in the street. He got on his back and rode along, knocking at the doors; but the horse every moment grew larger and larger, till at last his backbone was 300 ells from the ground, and reached the pinnacle of the highest tower in the city. There he left the man, and next morning the citizens found him there. Now you must know that that horse was one of the race of magicians.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*.

<sup>2</sup> The scene of this truly marvellous occurrence, it will be observed, is a city in Africa, and the Maghrabí country—that is, the country in Northern Africa west of Egypt—was the most famous school of sorcery, where indeed



There is nothing, perhaps, in the wide range of romantic fiction which more exhibits the fertility of the human fancy than the variety of objects employed for aerial locomotion—from the magic horse to the witch's broomstick—and each serving equally well the purpose. Cousin-german to the Horse of Brass was the Wooden Bird in the Kalmuk Tale ("Relations of Siddhí Kúr," No. II.), by means of which the "rich youth" rescued his beloved from her ravisher :

Six young men set out on their travels together, and coming to the mouth of a great river they agreed to separate, and to meet at the same spot after a certain time had elapsed. Each planted a "tree of life," which by its being found withered would indicate that the person it represented was either dead or in great peril, according to its condition.<sup>1</sup> Five of the youths met at the place and time appointed, and they discovered from the life-tree of their missing friend that he was dead. Each of them was master of a craft : the first was an astrologer ; the second, a smith ; the third, a physician ; the fourth, a skilled mechanic ; the fifth was a painter. The astrologer discovered by his art the spot where the body of their companion lay, under a great stone ; the smith broke the stone ; and the physician restored the youth to life. Then they learned from him how he had been married to a beautiful damsel ; and how a wicked khán had caused her to be stolen and himself to be slain. The astrologer soon discovers the "gilded prison" of the damsel, in the khán's palace. Then the mechanic constructs a great wooden bird, that could fly rapidly by the turning of a peg in its body ; and the painter decorated it most beautifully. All being now prepared, the resuscitated youth mounts the bird, turns the peg, and it soars high into the air, and presently alights on the roof of the khán's palace, whence he carries away his beloved, and returns in safety.

This story is a Kalmuk form of one of the "Twenty-five Tales of a Vampyre,"<sup>2</sup> a Sanskrit collection which dates, at latest, from the

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it still flourishes. The magicians who still practise their "enchantments" in Cairo are, I understand, all Maghrabís. In the present instance the magician's object was, of course, to prevent the man from calling the pious Jews to their prayers.

<sup>1</sup> For some other examples of "life-tokens," see my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. p. 169 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Vetála Pancharinsati*.



fifth century of our era, and of which there exist versions in several of the vernacular languages of India. It also occurs in the *Tūtī Nāma*, or Parrot-Book, a Persian collection (of Indian extraction) by Ziyā ed-Dīn Nakhshabī, where it is told to this effect :

A rich merchant of Kabúl has a beautiful daughter named Zuhra (i. e. Venus), who has many wealthy suitors, but she declares that she will marry only a man who is completely wise or very skilful. Three young men present themselves before the merchant, saying that if his daughter demands a man of skill for her husband, either of them should be eligible. The first youth says that his art is to discover the whereabouts of anything stolen or lost, and to predict future events. The second could make a horse of wood, capable of soaring through the air like Solomon's carpet.<sup>1</sup> The third was an archer, and he could pierce any object at which he might aim his arrow. When the merchant reported to his daughter the wonderful acquirements of her three new suitors, she promised to give her decision next morning. But the same night she disappeared, and the unhappy father sent for the three youths, to recover his daughter by means of their arts. The first youth discovered that a *dīv* (demon, or giant)<sup>2</sup> had carried the damsel to the summit of a mountain which was inaccessible to men. The second constructed a wooden horse, and gave it to the third, who mounted it, and very speedily reaching the giant's den slew him with an arrow, and brought away the maiden. "Each of them claimed her as his by right, and the dispute continued."<sup>3</sup>

Flying chariots prove excellent substitutes for flying horses, and are almost as frequently employed by daring lovers. It is easy to understand that this should be so in the case of purely Indian romances and tales, since it is related in the *Adi Parva*, the first

<sup>1</sup> Concerning which I shall have somewhat to say hereafter. In some MS. texts of the *Tūtī Nāma* the second youth says that he can transform his staff into a flying horse, and a talisman which he possesses into a chariot that could perform a month's journey in a single day.

<sup>2</sup> The *dīv* of the Persians corresponds very nearly to the *jinni* (or genie) of Arabian mythology.

<sup>3</sup> Readers familiar with Grimm's *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen* will at once recognize in the story of "The Four Clever Brothers" an interesting German variant, and for others I take leave to refer to my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. p. 277 ff.

book of the grand Hindú epic (or rather series of epics) the *Mahá-bhárata*, that Varuna, one of the early Vedic deities, furnished Krishna and Arjuna not only with celestial weapons, but also with cars of such splendour that they delighted every creature that beheld them, and they looked like evening clouds reflecting the effulgence of the setting sun.—Southey, in a note to his *Curse of Kehama*, cites a passage, as from Capt. Walford in an article in the *Asiatic Researches*, giving what he calls “the history of the invention” of the *vimana*, or self-moving car of Hindú mythology; but, since he does not condescend to indicate the volume of that work in which it may be found, the reader must take it on trust. From this it appears a remarkable sage named Rishi’ce’sa [? Rishi-Kasha] married the fifty daughters of King Hyranyaverna, in the Káli country, by whom he had one hundred sons; and when he succeeded to the throne he built the city of Lukhaverdhama, and constructed self-moving cars, in which he visited the gods.—This may be all very true, but according to the *Mahábhárata*, Viswakarma was the inventor of flying chariots.<sup>1</sup>

In the noble Hindú drama of *Sakúntalá*, by Kálidasa (“the Shakspeare of India,” as he has been styled), Mátali, the charioteer of Indra, takes King Dushmanta into the car, in order that he should visit Sakúntalá in Indra’s paradise (in Kailasa); and on returning the following colloquy takes place between them:

KING.

How wonderful is the appearance of the earth as we rapidly descend!

Stupendous prospect! Yonder lofty hills

Do suddenly uprear their towering heads

Amid the plain, while from beneath their crests

The ground, receding, shrinks; the trees, whose stems

Seemed lately hid within their leafy branches,

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<sup>1</sup> Several notable celestial chariots occur in Greek mythology, *e. g.*: that of Arès (Mars), in which Aphrodite (Venus), his sister, when wounded by Diomêd, is carried to heaven, to recover; that of Herê (Juno), which has six-spoked wheels of brass, with iron axles and silver naves, golden rails and harness, in which she and Athênê go down to help the Greeks; Achilles’ famous chariot, with its speaking horses (Homer’s *Iliad*, v. 364 ff.; v. 720; xix. 392 ff.).—In Ovid’s *Met.* vii. 218—236, 350, &c., we have accounts of Medeia’s journeys in Hekate’s nocturnal chariot; and in the same there is a grand description of the chariot of Phœbus, so misused by Phaëthôn. And in the Orphic Hymns (No. 27) we have the lion-drawn chariot of Cybelê, the “Mother of the Gods.”

Rise into elevation, and display  
 Their branching shoulders ; yonder streams, whose waters  
 Like silver threads but now were seen,  
 Grow into mighty rivers ;—lo ! the earth  
 Seems upward hurled by some gigantic power.<sup>1</sup>

MÁTALI.

Well described ! [*Looking with awe.*] Grand, indeed, and lovely is the spectacle presented by the earth !

KING.

Tell me, Mátali, what is that range of mountains, which, like a bank of clouds illumined by the setting sun, pours down a stream of gold ? On one side, its base dips into the eastern ocean, and on the other side, into the western.

MÁTALI.

Great Prince, it is called the Golden Peak, and is the abode of the attendants of the God of Wealth [*i. e.* Kuvera].<sup>2</sup>

We read in the *Sinhásana Dvatrinsati* of a merchant who had contracted to marry his son to the daughter of another merchant, who lived at some distance from him, and as only four days remained before the time appointed for the nuptials, he was in great anxiety, because the city of the bride could not be reached within that period.<sup>3</sup> At this crisis, a carpenter comes to the merchant with a flying chariot, which he gladly purchases for a very large sum of money, and, by means of its magic power, he and his son reach the city in ample time for the marriage.

At the end of the same collection, Rájá Vikrámaditya—whose extraordinary magnanimity and profuse liberality towards “all sorts and conditions of men” are extolled throughout it—ascends to heaven (Indraloki) in a flying chariot which had been given to him by the deity Indra.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From these verses one might suppose that the great Indian dramatist had himself been actually “up in a balloon,” or some other kind of air-ship.

<sup>2</sup> *Sakoontalá*, or the Lost Ring. Translated into English prose and verse by [Sir] Monier Williams. Hertford, 1858. Act vii. pp. 197-8.

<sup>3</sup> The “auspicious” day—ay, and the precise hour of that day—for the marriage would have been fixed, as usual, by an astrologer ; and if the bridegroom did not make his appearance in time, the bride would probably have been at once made over to another man.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. 2 Kings, ch. ii., v. 11 : “And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both ; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.”



In the *Bahár-i Dánush*, or Spring (season) of Knowledge, a Persian story-book avowedly derived from Hindú sources, a skilled carpenter constructs for Prince Hushang a throne that moved rapidly through the air, and it carries him to the palace of the beauteous princess of whom he has become deeply enamoured. He takes her up from the very midst of her attendants and flies off with her to his own kingdom, where they are duly married—"and live happy ever after."

A Carpet, as an aerial conveyance, performs its part (in stories) quite as satisfactorily as any other magical contrivance. The carpet which so swiftly carried the three brothers, in the ever-fresh Arabian tale of Prince Ahmed and the *Peri Bánú*, just in time to save their dying cousin, will at once occur to every reader. In a Gipsy variant of this tale a robe is substituted, "which when you put on carried you whither you would go."<sup>1</sup> And in the tale of Jonathas, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, one of the three magical gifts which his father ("Godfridus, Emperor of Rome," no less!) bequeathed him was a cloth having the like virtue.

This notion of a flying carpet was probably introduced into Europe during the Middle Ages through rabbinical legends of Solomon, who, it is said, "ordered the genii to weave him strong silken carpets which might contain himself and his followers, together with all requisite utensils and equipage for travel. Whenever he desired thereafter to make a journey he caused one of these carpets of a larger or smaller size, according to the number of attendants, to be spread out before the city, and as soon as all that he required was placed upon it he gave the signal to the eight winds to raise it up. He then seated himself on his throne, and guided them in whatever direction he pleased, even as a man guides his horses with bit and reins."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Märchen und Lieder der Zigeuner der Bukowina*, by Dr. Franz Miklosich: Vienna, 1874. A flying carpet also occurs in a Polish tale, of which a translation, under the title of "Hill-leveller and Oak-raser," will be found in the *Dublin University Magazine*, 1867, vol. lxx., p. 138; and also in the old French romance of *Richard sans Peur*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud*, by Dr. G. Weil, 1846, pp. 184, 185.



The idea of the flying carpet in the Arabian tale may have been taken from this rabbinical legend, or from the fable of the throne of Jamshid, one of the ancient (and probably mythical) kings of Persia, who, among many other wonderful feats, is said to have erected a throne of unparalleled magnificence, embellished with pearls and the most precious gems, and having seated himself thereon, commanded his subject demons (for, like Solomon, he was lord of men and of demons) to raise the throne up into the air, and carry him wherever he chose to go.

Self-moving ships occur in the Eighth Book of the *Odyssey*; thus Alcinous to Ulysses (Pope's paraphrase)—

So shalt thou reach the distant realm assigned,  
In wondrous boats, self-moved, instinct with mind;  
No helm secures their course, no pilot guide,

and so forth. In the old French romance of *Partenopex de Blois* (according to Rose)—

Self-moved, o'er sparkling wave the vessel flew,  
The shore, receding, lessened from his view.

Hans, the Carl's Son, in the Icelandic tale, receives from a dwarf a ship that he could carry in his pocket. "But when you like," he explains, "you can have it as large as you need, even as large as a seaworthy vessel; and one of its powers is that it goes with equal speed against the wind and with it."<sup>1</sup> From an old Gaelic tale, possibly, "Ossian" Macpherson derived the incident of an aged Druid, called Sgeir, being carried to a distant island in a self-moving boat, no person being with him.

Spenser's description of a similar fairy bark, in one particular, recalls that of the Horse of Brass:

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did glide,  
More swift than swallow sheres the liquid skye;  
Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,  
Or wingèd canvas with the wind to fly:  
Onely *she turnd a pin*, and by and by  
It cut away upon the yielding wave  
(Ne carèd she her course for to apply),  
For it was taught the way which she should have,  
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Powell and Magnusson's *Legends of Iceland*, Second Series.

<sup>2</sup> *Faerie Queene*, B. ii., c. 6, st. 5.

Does not the "turning of a pin" strikingly resemble the process of starting a steam-engine? But, mayhap, some readers will despise me for comparing a fairy bark to a modern steamboat! Is there no poetry in a steam-engine? Would not Spenser himself acknowledge that there is, could he re-visit the glimpses of the moon?

In the *Sinhāsana Dwatrinsati* a rájá causes a clever carpenter to construct for him a ship that could go through the water without the aid of sails, and when it is completed the rájá embarks and sets out in quest of a wonderful tree. A "clever carpenter"—there can be no doubt of it!

We have, I think, been long enough at sea in fairy barks,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide,

and may now resume our aerial journeys in company with a few noted wizards—and witches; and, this time, on a broomstick and one or two other humble things. A broomstick! Did not Dean Swift have his "Meditations on a Broomstick"? And is it not a very effective implement in the hands of a sturdy housemaid for softening the ribs of noisy and thievish curs, when they come prowling about the kitchen-garden? But why a broomstick should have been, *par excellence*, the vehicle of witches in their journeys through mid-air, to meet their "cummers," and hold their infernal "sabbath," with "Auld Nicky Ben" as the fitting master of the revels, is almost as great a mystery as is the existence in this country, till comparatively recent times, of belief in witchcraft itself. Besides riding on broomsticks, witches have been known to cross stormy seas in sieves, and even egg-shells, and therefore one should always, after eating a boiled egg, knock the spoon through the bottom of the shell, for to mend *that* is even beyond witchcraft.<sup>1</sup> But wizards have not disdained to ride on broomsticks, though this seems somewhat strange.

Donald-Duival M<sup>c</sup>Kay, who may be styled the Michael Scott of Reay, in Sutherlandshire, is believed to have learnt the black art in Italy; and he could at any time travel to that country and back in

<sup>1</sup> In the tale of Hasan of Basra (*Arabian Nights*) an old witch called Shawahi is said to have ridden from place to place on a Greek jar of red earthenware.

one night, "sometimes alighting covered with the frosts and snows of the high regions which he had traversed on the traditionary broomstick."<sup>1</sup>—Doctor Torralava, a Spanish magician, in 1520, at Valladolid, "told Diego de Zuñija of his intentions, informing him that he had the means of travelling to Rome with extraordinary rapidity; that he had but to place himself astride a stick, and he was carried through the air by a cloud of fire"<sup>2</sup>;—had he added, *and brimstone*, one might, perhaps, credit him. As it is, Diego de Zuñija seems to have had nothing more for it than the Doctor's word. But, scepticism aside, why did such past masters of magic not adopt a more dignified conveyance, like the Polish wizard with his painted horse? Probably because they were not proud!

In a Persian romance, the hero, Farrukhrúz, receives a staff from a venerable devotee, together with these words of instruction and warning: "This staff is made from the cocoa-nut tree of Ceylon, and one of its numerous properties is, that it conveys its owner safely through all dangers to the place of his destination. The various genii and sorcerers harbouring enmity towards mankind assume different forms, and infest the road, and accomplish the ruin of many travellers. There is no doubt but they will also lay snares for you; and should you be so foolish as to lose this staff, you will fall into troubles from which you may never escape."<sup>3</sup>

But a staff, when properly "enchanted," has been known to do other things besides carrying its master through mid-air. The staff of the notorious Major Weir, for instance, who was burned as a wizard at Edinburgh in the early part of last century, served the purpose of a man-servant, opening the door to visitors, and, it is even said, running on errands! And many readers are probably acquainted with Lucian's story, in his *Philopseudes*, that Pancrates, an Egyptian magician, being in want of a servant, caused his pestle to fetch water and perform many other household duties. It happened one day, while Pancrates was from home, that his pupil, finding it was necessary to procure a fresh supply of water, and being too lazy

<sup>1</sup> "Folk-Lore in Sutherlandshire," by Miss Dempster, in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1888, vol. vi. p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> Wright's *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, vol. ii. p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Clouston's *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories* (1889), p. 156.



to fetch it himself, muttered some mystical words over the pestle, which he had heard his master pronounce when he desired it to bring water. Greatly to his delight, the pestle started off with alacrity and soon returned with a supply, which having emptied, it again and again went for more, till the whole house was flooded. The youth now saw, though he knew how to start the pestle as a water-carrier, he did not know how to cause it to cease. In despair, he chopped the pestle into a number of pieces, but this made matters infinitely worse, for each separate piece at once started off on its own account as a water-carrier! Moral—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."<sup>1</sup>

Wooden automata, whether purported to be made by magical art or merely mechanical contrivances, are frequently mentioned by ancient Greek and Indian authors. In the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (Tawney, i. 257) it is stated that a Vidyádhari, named Somaprabhá—having, for an offence in the celestial regions, been condemned to be re-born as a human being and to continue on the earth for a certain time—in order to amuse her female companion, constructed mechanical dolls of wood by her magic. One of them, *on a pin being touched*, went through the air at her orders, and quickly returned with a garland; another in like manner fetched water, another danced, and another even talked.<sup>2</sup> But there is in the same collection (i. 290) an account of wooden automata which is much more astonishing—if true: King Naravahanadatta, with his minister, comes to a city, "of vast extent, on the shore of the sea, furnished with lofty mansions resembling the peaks of mountains, with streets, and arches, adorned with a palace all golden like Mount Meru, looking like a second earth. He entered that city by the market-street, and beheld that all the population, merchants, women, and citizens, were wooden automata that moved as if they were alive, but were recognized as lifeless by their want of speech. This aroused

<sup>1</sup> Goethe turned this droll story into verse, *and Dohas into music*

<sup>2</sup> This is the only instance I have met with of automata, made by magic, being endowed with the power of speech. In the case of the one thousand wooden parrots made by a carpenter, in the story of Panch-phul Ranee (*Old Deccan Days*, No. 9), these were capable of talking in consequence of two deities having endowed them with *life*.

astonishment in his mind. And in due course he arrived, with his minister, near the king's palace, and saw that all the horses and elephants there were of the same material; and with his minister he entered, full of wonder, that palace, which was resplendent with seven ranges of golden buildings. There he saw a majestic man sitting on a jewelled throne, surrounded by warders and women, who were also wooden automata, the only living being there who produced motion in dull material things, like the soul presiding over the senses."

If Favorinus and others may be credited, Archytas the Tarentine, a disciple of Pythagoras (B.C. 400), made a wooden dove that was capable of flying. But this feat was surpassed—granting its possibility—by Jannelius Turrianus. After Charles V. had laid the kingdom aside and was living in retirement (says Strada, in his *First Book*), Turrianus, to amuse him, would place upon the table armed figures of men and horses; some beating drums, others blowing trumpets, and other little figures of fierce aspect, making assaults with couched spears; and sometimes he brought out small wooden sparrows that flew round and round.

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### *Magic Mirrors and Images.*

A DESIRE to pry into futurity, to get behind the veil, so to say, which conceals coming events—of which King Saul's traffic with the Witch of Endor is an ancient and notable example—or to ascertain what may be occurring at some distant place, has doubtless been felt occasionally by the majority of men. It can hardly, however, be supposed to have a firm hold of any but minds more or less tinctured with superstition, whose general ignorance affords a willing prey to charlatans pretending to be adepts in the so-called arts of magic and necromancy. Chaldea was the land where magic flourished pre-eminently in the days of the world's youth; and at the present day an unquestioning belief in the power of magicians, geomancers, exorcisers, and kindred impostors sways the minds of Asiatics (with few exceptions), from the prince in his gorgeous palace to the poor

peasant in his clay or wooden cabin. In Europe during the Middle Ages, and even for some centuries later, the pseudo-sciences of astrology and magic were sedulously studied and practised, on lines borrowed from the East; and among the numerous contrivances of the Sidrophels, who professed to "deal in Destiny's dark counsels," Magic Mirrors were much in vogue. Usually a magician was required to cause such a mirror to foreshadow coming events, or exhibit on its polished surface scenes which were being enacted in some far-off land; but the Mirror which the Indian cavalier brought for the lady Canacé appears to have been self-acting. He thus describes its wondrous properties:

"This mirour eek, that I have in myn hond,  
 Hath such a mighte, that men may in it see  
 When ther schal falle eny adversité  
 Unto your regne, or to your self also,  
 And openly, who is your frend or fo.  
 And over al this, if eny lady bright  
 Hath set hir hert on eny manner wight,  
 If he be fals, sche schal his tresoun see,  
 His newe love, and his subtilité,  
 So openly, that ther schall nothing hyde."

While the Indian ambassador is at dinner in the chamber assigned to him, the people are busily engaged in discussing the strange nature of the royal gifts:

And some of hem<sup>1</sup> wondred on the mirrour,  
 That born was up into the maister tour,<sup>2</sup>  
 How men might in it suche thinges se,  
 And sayde that in Rome was such oon.

According to a commentator, we have here "an allusion to a magical *image* said to have been placed by the enchanter Virgil in the middle of Rome, which communicated to the emperor Titus *all the secret offences committed every day in the city.*" It is very evident, however, that Chaucer does not refer to an image but to a *mirror* similar to that presented to Canacé—"in Rome was such oon." In one of our oldest English metrical versions of the *Seven Wise Masters* we are told of the enchanter Merlin—that

<sup>1</sup> *Hem* = them.

<sup>2</sup> The chief tower, called the donjon.



He made in Rome thourow clergyse<sup>1</sup>  
 A piler that stode fol heyghe,  
 Heyer wel than ony tour,  
 And ther-oppon a *myrrour*,  
 That schon over al the toun by nyght,  
 As hyt were day light,  
 That the wayetys<sup>2</sup> myght see  
 Yf any man come to [the] citè  
 Any harme for to doon,  
 The citè was warnyd soone.<sup>3</sup>

Most probably Chaucer was acquainted with this version of the story, and did not refer to the image, or rather images, which Virgil is said to have also set up in Rome, and of which some account will be given presently. Gower introduces Virgil's magic mirror in his *Confessio Amantis* as follows:<sup>4</sup>

Whan Romè stood in noble plizt,  
 Virgilè, which was tho<sup>5</sup> parfizt,  
 A mirroure made, of his clergie,<sup>6</sup>  
 And sette it in the tounès yhe,<sup>7</sup>  
 Of marbre,<sup>8</sup> on a piller withoute,  
 That they, be thritty mile aboute,<sup>9</sup>  
 By day and eke also be nighte,  
 In that mirroure beholdè miȝte,  
 Here<sup>10</sup> enemies, if eny were,  
 With all here<sup>10</sup> ordenauncè there,  
 Which they ayein<sup>11</sup> the citee caste.  
 So that, whil thilkè mirroure laste,  
 Ther was no lond, which miȝt achieue,  
 With werrè, Romè for to grièue,  
 Wherof was gret enuiè tho.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Clergyse, or clergie = skill ; magic art,

<sup>2</sup> Wayetys = watchmen ; sentinels.

<sup>3</sup> From a MS. of *The Seven Sages*, of about the end of the fourteenth century, preserved at Cambridge, printed for the Percy Society, under the editorship of Thomas Wright.—The story adds that the emperor was made to believe that a great treasure was buried at the foot of the tower, which he caused to be pulled down, and the people, in great wrath,

token of gold a grete bal,  
 And letten grynde hyt ryght smal,  
 And puttyn out hys eyen two,  
 And fylden the hollys folle bothe,  
 His eyen, his nose, and hys throte,  
 Thay fylden wit golde every grote ;  
 Thus they were at on accent,  
 For to gyfe hym that juggement.

<sup>4</sup> Harl. MS. 7184, in Brit. Mus., l. 88, col. 2 ; Pauli's ed., ii. B. v. p. 195.

<sup>5</sup> Then.

<sup>6</sup> Learning ; skill ; ingenuity.

<sup>7</sup> Eye : *i. e.* in the centre of the city ?

<sup>8</sup> Marble.

<sup>9</sup> They had a radius of thirty miles under surveillance.

<sup>10</sup> Their.

<sup>11</sup> Against.

But there is another early English metrical version of the *Seven Wise Masters*, which may also have been known to Chaucer, and in which both a magic image and a mirror are described as having been constructed by Virgil:<sup>1</sup>

Upon þe est zate of þe toun  
 He made a man of fin<sup>2</sup> latoun,<sup>3</sup>  
 And in his hond of gold a bal.  
 Upon þe zate on the west wal  
 Virgil kest<sup>4</sup> an ymage oþer,  
 Riȝt als hit were his owen broþer,  
 Þat al þe folk of Romē said.<sup>5</sup>  
 Wiþ þat bal to gider þai plaid,  
 Þat on hit hente,<sup>6</sup> þat oþer hit þrew;  
 Manie a man þe soþ i-knew.  
 Amideward þe citè, on a stage,  
 Virgil made anoþer ymage,  
 Þat held a mirour in his hond,  
 And ouerseȝ al þat lond.  
 Who wolde pas,<sup>7</sup> who wolde bataille,  
 Quik he warned þe toun, saunz faille,  
 About Romē seuen jurneys,  
 Þous he warned niȝt and dais,  
 And þo<sup>8</sup> þat were rebel i-founde,  
 Þe Romans gadered hem<sup>9</sup> in a stounde,<sup>10</sup>  
 Þai wente þider quik anon.  
 And destrued here<sup>11</sup> fon,<sup>12</sup>

The magic images—without the mirror—are fully described in the *Lyfe of Virgilius*,<sup>13</sup> which was probably translated from the French, and which is reprinted in Thoms' *Early English Prose Romances*:

"The emperour asked of Virgilius howe that he might mak Rome prospere and haue many landes under them, and knowe when any lande wolde rise agen theym; and Virgilius said to the emperoure, 'I woll within short space that do.' And he made vpon the Capitolium, that was the towne house, made with carued ymages, and of stone; and that he let call Saluacyon Romē, that is to say, this is

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. T. Clark, Keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has kindly compared the following extract with the original in the Auchinleck MS., preserved in that rich literary treasury. <sup>2</sup> *Fin* = fine.

<sup>3</sup> *Latoun* = a kind of mixed metal, of the colour of brass.

<sup>4</sup> *Kest* = cast.

<sup>5</sup> *Said* = ? saw.

<sup>6</sup> *Hente* = caught.

<sup>7</sup> *Pas* = pass.

<sup>8</sup> *Tho* = those.

<sup>9</sup> *Hem* = them.

<sup>10</sup> *Stounde* = place.

<sup>11</sup> *Here* = their.

<sup>12</sup> *Fon* = foes.

<sup>13</sup> "This boke treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many narrayles that he dyd in hys lyfe tyme by Whychcrafte and Nygramaneye thorowgh the helpe of the deuyls of hell." (Title of the Douce MS.)

the Saluacyon of the cytie of Rome ; and he made in the compase all the goddes, that we call mamettes and ydolles, that were under the subiection of Rome ; and euery of the goddes that there were had in his hande a bell ; and in the mydle of the godes made he one god of Rome. And when soever that there was any lande wolde make ony warre ageynst Rome, than wolde the godes tourne theyr backes towarde the god of Rome ; and than the god of the lande that wolde stande up ageyne Rome clynked his bell so longe that he hath in his hande, tyll the senatours of Rome hereth it, and forthwith they go there and see what lande it is that wyll warre a gaynst them ; and so they prepare them and subdueth them."

John Lydgate, in his *Bochas*—following Gervase of Tilbury, or Alexander Neckham, perhaps—reproduces this story, in speaking of the Pantheon :

Which was a temple of old foundation,  
Ful of ydols, set up on hye stages ;  
There throughe the worlde of every nacion  
Were of theyr goddes set up great ymages,  
To euery kingdom direct were their visages,  
As poets and Fulgens by his live  
In bookès old plainly doth describe,  
Every ymage had in his hande a bell,  
As apperteyneth to every nacion,  
Which by craft some token should tell  
Whan any kingdom fil in rebellion, &c.

It is said that Virgil also constructed for the Roman emperor a palace in which he might see and hear all that was done and said in every part of the city—perhaps by some peculiar arrangement of reflectors, or mirrors—and this palace the Chaucer commentator may have confounded with the magic image.

Among many other wonderful achievements of the Virgil of mediæval legend, we learn, from Gervase of Tilbury's *Otia Imperialium*, that he set up a brazen fly on one of the gates of Naples, which remained there eight years, during which time it did not permit any flies to enter the city. On another gate he placed two immense images of stone, one of which was handsome and of a merry visage, the other was deformed and of a sad countenance ; and whoever passed by the former became prosperous, while such as came near the latter was ever afterwards unfortunate in all his affairs. He



also made a fire in the open air, at which every one might freely warm himself, and near it was placed a brazen archer, with bow and arrow, and bearing the inscription, "If any one strike me, I will shoot my arrow." One day a blockhead struck the archer, who shot him with his arrow and sent him into the fire, which instantly disappeared.

Magical images are of frequent occurrence in Eastern romances and tales, but their power is usually to be subdued by some simple means, kindly communicated to the hero by an aged sage, desirous of helping to a successful issue his perilous adventure. Thus in the tale of "Júdar of Cairo and Mahmúd of Tunis" we have a graphic description of the hall of an enchanter, which is guarded by two copper statues with bows in their hands; but "as soon as they take aim at you, touch their bows with your sword, and they will fall from their hands."<sup>1</sup>

In the Arabian tale of "The City of Brass" it is related that on a high hill was a horseman of brass, on the top of whose spear was a glistening head that almost deprived the beholder of sight, and on it was inscribed, "O thou who comest unto me, if thou knowest not the way to the City of Brass, rub the hand of the horseman, and he will turn and then will stop; and in whatever direction he stoppeth thither proceed, without fear and without difficulty; for it will lead thee to the City of Brass." And when the Emír Músá had rubbed the hand of the horseman, it turned like lightning and faced a different direction from that in which they were travelling. The shaykh Abd es-Samad enters the city, and sees in the middle of one of the gates a figure of a horseman of brass, having one hand extended as though he were pointing with it; and on the figure was an inscription, which the shaykh read, and lo! it contained these words: "Turn the pin that is in the middle of the front of the horseman's body twelve times, and then the gate will open." So he examined the horseman, and in the place indicated was a pin, which he turned twelve times, whereupon the gate opened immediately with a noise like thunder, and the shaykh Abd es-Samad entered.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Kirby's *New Arabian Nights*, not included in *Galland or Lane*, p. 215.

<sup>2</sup> Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. iii. pp. 119, 130, 131.

We meet with a singular magical contrivance in the tale of the Third Kalandar, or Royal Mendicant: On the summit of a loadstone mountain is a horseman of brass on a steed of brass, on the former of which is a tablet of lead, inscribed with mystical names, suspended from his neck, and it is decreed that when the brazen rider shall be thrown down from his horse the son of King Ajîb shall be slain.<sup>1</sup>

If we may consider Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra* as being based on old Moorish legends still surviving in Granada—and I see no reason for a contrary opinion—the notion of Virgil's magical images was probably introduced into Europe through the Arabs who settled in Spain in the eighth century. In Irving's "Legend of the Arabian Astrologer" it is said: "He caused a great tower to be erected on the top of the royal palace, which stood on the brow of the hill of Albaycin. . . . On the top of the tower was a bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with a shield on one arm and his lance elevated perpendicularly. The face of this horseman was towards the city, as if keeping guard over it; but if any foe were at hand, the figure would turn in that direction and would level the lance as if for action."<sup>2</sup>

All the magical machinery in the mediæval romance of *Duke Huon of Burdeux* is traceable to Eastern sources. When that bold champion reaches Dunother, the residence of the giant Angolaffar, he discovers two men of brass ceaselessly beating their iron flails before the gate, so that no man can enter the castle alive. Seeing also a golden basin fastened to a marble pillar, he strikes the basin thrice with his sword, and the sound of the blows reaches Sebylla, a damsel imprisoned in the fortress. She perceives Huon from a window, and fears that the giant will slay him. Then she goes to a window near the gate, and discovers from his shield that the stranger is from France. She finds that the giant is asleep, and so ventures to open

<sup>1</sup> Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. p. 165.

<sup>2</sup> In Geoffrey of Monmouth, vii. c. 3, Merlin prophesies that a brazen man on a brazen horse shall guard the gates of London—a prediction which is not likely to be fulfilled; unless, perhaps, one of the equestrian statues which disfigure the metropolis should be removed to the mouth of the Thames.

a wicket, which causes the men of brass to stand at rest, and thus Huon is enabled to enter with safety.<sup>1</sup>

In the great Persian epic, the *Sikandur Nāma*, or Alexander-Book, by Nizamī, we read that Apollonius of Tyana erected a stone image—a talisman—which had its face veiled, and compelled every woman who passed by also to veil her face.

According to the old Spanish legend, when Don Roderic had caused all the steel locks on the doors of the magic tower near Toledo to be opened, which was not done without difficulty, many men tried to push open the door without success; but at the touch of the king's hand it rolled back of itself with a harsh grating noise. Entering an ante-hall they beheld a door in the opposite wall, and before it a fierce-featured figure of bronze constantly whirled a metal club, which, striking the hard flooring, caused the clang that had dismayed the crowd when the door opened. On the breast of the figure was a small scroll, inscribed, "I do my duty." Roderic tells the figure that he has not come to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains. "I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety." Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.<sup>2</sup>

To return to the Magic Mirror of our Tale, to which most of the mechanical contrivances noted above were near akin, being designed to serve very much the same purposes. The mirror which that fine old humbug Reynard the Fox asserts he had lost among other precious jewels was apparently endowed with especial—and most valuable—properties, as well as with those of magic mirrors generally. This is his account of its wonderful qualities: "Now ye shal here of the mirrour. The glas that stode theron was of suche vertu that men myght see therin all that was don within a myle, of men, of beestis, and of al thynges that men wold desire, to wyte, and knowe. And what man loked in the glasse had he any disease, of prickying,

<sup>1</sup> *The Boke of Duke Huon of Burdeaux*: Lord Berners' translation, edited by Sidney L. Lee. Published for the Early English Text Society. Pp. 98, 99.

<sup>2</sup> Washington Irving's *Spanish Papers*.



or motes, smarte, or perles in his eyen, he shold be anon heled of it. Suche grete vertue had the glas."<sup>1</sup>

One of the most celebrated magic mirrors was the Cup of Jamshíd, fourth of the first, or Pishdádian, dynasty of Persian kings, who belong to the fabulous and unchronicled age. This cup, or mirror, is said to have enabled Jamshíd to observe all that was passing in every part of the world, and it was afterwards employed by the great Khusrau—if we may credit the *Sháh Náma*, or Book of Kings, the grand epic of Firdausí, the Persian Homer (*ob.* A.D. 1020)—for the purpose of discovering the place of the hero Rustam's imprisonment:

The mirror in his hand revolving shook,  
And earth's whole surface glimmered in his look;  
Nor less the secrets of the starry sphere,  
The what, the when, the how, depicted clear;  
From orbs celestial to the blade of grass,  
All nature floated in the Magic Glass.<sup>2</sup>

✓ According to D'Herbelot, the Asiatics derived the notion of such a magic mirror from the divining cup of the patriarch Joseph, or Nestor's cup in Homer, on which all nature was symbolically represented. But it is much more likely that it had its origin with the ancient Chaldean magicians. There is every reason to believe, in fact, that the Persian poets, in their legendary recitals of the exploits of heroes of antiquity, adapted their magical elements from traditions of their ancestors, the Fire-worshippers. In the *Sikandar Náma* of Nizamí the royal hero is represented as possessing no fewer than three magic *specula* of different properties: a mirror of the stars; a mirror of the seasons; and the *Sikandariya* mirror, that gave intelligence of the coming of the Europeans—the prototype of the lady

<sup>1</sup> *The Hystorye of Reynard the Foxe* (translated from the old Dutch *Reynaert die Vos*), printed by Caxton in 1481.

<sup>2</sup> Jamshíd is the Solomon of the Persians. He was, says Mirkhond, "unrivalled and unequalled amongst mortals in perfection of understanding, beauty of person, soundness of experience, and purity of morals. His sway extended over the seven climes, and men and genii were alike subject to his power. He is said to have requested God that death, disease, and the infirmities of age might be removed from among mankind; and, his prayer being granted, not one individual in his kingdom was seized with any of these calamities during the space of three hundred years."

Canace's magic glass and of the images and mirror set up in Rome by Virgil, which also gave notice of the advance of an enemy.

In Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. III. C. ii. st. 18-21, the Red Cross Knight shows Brandomart the image of Artegall in a magic glass, and she instantly falls in love with Artegall, as Eastern princes—in stories—become desperately enamoured of beautiful damsels, from seeing their portraits:

By straunge occasion she did him behold,  
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,  
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.  
In Deheubarth, that now South Walls is hight,  
What time King Ryence raignd and dealed right,  
The great Magitien Merlin had devizd,  
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,  
A Looking-glasse, right wondrously aguizd,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose vertues through the wyde world soone were solemnizd.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight  
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertaynd:  
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,  
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;  
Forthy<sup>2</sup> it round and hollow shaped was,  
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a World of Glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?  
But who does wonder, that has red the Toure  
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke  
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,  
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?  
Great Ptolomæe it for his Lemans sake  
Ybuided all of glasse, by magicke powre,  
And also it impregnable did make;  
Yet when his love was false, he with a peaze<sup>3</sup> it brake.

Such was the glassy Globe that Merlin made,  
And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,  
That never foes his kingdome might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he hard  
Tydings thereof, and so them still debard:  
It was a famous present for a prince,  
And worthy work of infinite reward,  
That treasons could bewray and foes convince:  
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

The Moorish magicians, or necromancers, had, it is said, a crystal stone, to which many strange properties were ascribed, since they

<sup>1</sup> Accoutred—dressed.

<sup>2</sup> Therefore.

<sup>3</sup> With a violent blow.

maintained that they could discover in it any scene they desired to behold. Thomson has introduced this magical mirror in his *Castle of Indolence* (Canto I. st. 49) :

One great amusement of our household was  
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly  
Of idly-busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which, obtained, the caitiffs dare not taste :  
When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater waste ?

This crystal globe was called the "Mirror of Vanity."—Piers Plowman, in his *Vision*, had also the privilege of looking into a similar magic speculum :

In a mirrour hight midle earth she made me loke,  
Sithen she sayd to me, "Here mightest thou se wonders."

In Camoens' *Lusiad*, Canto x., a globe is shown to Vasco da Gama, representing the universal fabric of the world, in which he sees future kingdoms and events. And Shakspeare says that the law,

like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils  
Are now to have no successive degrees.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Sprat (*Hist. of R. S.*, Pt. II. sect. xvi. p. 97) thus alludes to the use of glasses in incantations : "'Tis true, the mind of man is a glass, which is able to represent to itself all the works of nature ; but it can only show those figures which have been brought before it ;—it is no magical glass, such as that with which astrologers use to deceive the ignorant, by making them believe that therein they behold the image of any place or person in the world, though never so far removed from it." <sup>2</sup>

Pausanias states that divination by means of mirrors was in use among the Achaians, where "those who were sick and in danger of

<sup>1</sup> *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> "Mirror" was a favourite title for books in the Middle Ages, *e. g.* *Speculum Historiale* of Richard of Cirencester and of Vincent de Beauvais ; *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis* of Bishop Grossetete ; Lord Buckhurst's *Mirror for Magistrates* ; and in modern times *The Mirror*, a weekly periodical, in imitation of Addison's *Spectator*, &c., conducted at Edinburgh by Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling* ; and *The Mirror* for so many years edited by the late John Timbs.



death let down a looking-glass, fastened by a thread, into a fountain before the temple of Ceres; then if they saw in the glass a ghastly disfigured face they took it as a sure sign of death; but if the face appeared fresh and healthy it was a token of recovery. Sometimes glasses were used without water, and the images of future things were represented in them." In Italy, in order to divine theft, a damsel approached a phial of holy water with a lighted taper of sanctified wax, saying, "*Angelo bianco, angelo santo, per la tua santita et per la mea virginita nostra mi, che la tolto tal cosa*" (*i. e.* white angel, holy angel, by the sanctity of my virginity, show me the thief); and the querent beheld a diminutive figure of the offender in the phial.<sup>1</sup>

The story is generally known of Cornelius Agrippa, at the Italian court, showing the gallant and poetical Earl of Surrey in a magic glass his Geraldine, reclining on a couch and reading one of his sonnets; but though it is still repeated in biographical notices of the poet, it rests on no better authority than Tom Nash, who was probably its inventor.

Roger Bacon, in his *Opus Magus*, written about the year 1270, describes various *specula*, or mirrors, and explains their construction and uses. And John of Salisbury mentions a sort of diviners called *specularii*, who predicted future events and told various secrets by consulting mirrors and the surface of other polished and reflecting substances.<sup>2</sup>

What purports to be the magic mirror with which the famous Doctor Dee and his assistant Kelly invoked spirits is preserved in the British Museum. It is described as "a flat polished mineral, like cannel coal, of a circular form, and fitted with a handle." Dee was a theurgist, and imagined that he held communication with celestial beings. "As he was one day engaged in devout meditation (November, 1582), he says there appeared to him the angel Uziel, at the west window of his museum, who gave him a translucent stone, or crystal, of a convex form, that had the quality, when intently surveyed, of presenting apparitions, and even emitting sounds, in

<sup>1</sup> *Rimualdus consilia in causa gravissimus*, quoted by Dalyell in his *Darkier Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 520.

<sup>2</sup> Warton's *History of English Poetry*.

consequence of which the observer could hold conversations, ask questions, and receive answers from the figures he saw in the mirror.<sup>1</sup> It was often necessary that the stone should be turned one way and another, in different positions, before the person who consulted it gained the right focus; and then the objects to be observed would sometimes show themselves on the surface of the stone, and sometimes in different parts of the room, by virtue of the action of the stone."<sup>2</sup>

Elias Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, speaks of Doctor Dee's mirror in these terms: "By the aid of this magic stone, we can see whatever persons we desire, no matter at what part of the world they may be, and were they hidden in the most retired apartments, or even the hidden caverns in the bowels of the earth." But the stone preserved in the British Museum as "Doctor Dee's Magic Mirror" is certainly not the stone with which he and Edward Kelly, for his "skryer," invoked spirits, since that was a globe of crystal.—W. Harrison Ainsworth, in one of his romances, or novels, makes Doctor Dee exhibit in his magic glass, after burning certain herbs in a brazier, the scene of the vault beneath the Parliament-house, filled with barrels partly covered with faggots, and afterwards Fawkes himself stretched upon the wheel, and writhing in the agonies of torture. He also represents Dee as communicating the Plot to Salisbury: if he really did so, he had probably much more reliable information than any that his mirror could afford him!

Butler thus refers to Kelly's performances with Doctor Dee's mirror (*Hudibras*, Part II., Canto iii., ll. 631-2):

Kelly did all his feats upon  
The devil's looking-glass—a stone;

on which Dr. Nash remarks: "The poet might here term this stone the 'devil's looking-glass' from the use which Dee and Kelly made

<sup>1</sup> In a Hungarian tale there occurs a looking-glass that has power to speak—see *Magyar Folk-Tales*, translated by Jones and Kropf (Folk-Lore Society, 1889), p. 165. And in one of Grimm's tales a queen says: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest in all this land?" The mirror answers: "Lady queen, *you* are the fairest here; but little Snow-white is a thousand times fairer than you."

<sup>2</sup> Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*, 1834, p. 376.

of it, and because it has been the common practice of conjurors to answer the inquiries of persons by representations shown to them in a glass. Dr. Merick Casaubon quotes a passage to this purpose from a manuscript of Roger Bacon, inscribed *De Dictis et Factis falsorum Mathematicorum et Daemonum*: The daemons sometimes appear to them really, sometimes imaginarily, in basins and polished things, and show them whatever they desire. Boys looking upon these surfaces see by imagination things that have been stolen, to what places they have been carried, what persons took them away, and the like. In the *Praemium* of Joachim Camerarius to *Plutarch De Oraculis* we are told that a gentleman of Nuremberg had a crystal which had this singular virtue, viz., if any one desired to know anything past or future, let a young man, *castus*, or who was not yet of age, look into it; he would first see a man so-and-so apparelled, and afterwards what he desired. We meet with a similar story in Heylin's *Hist. of Ref.*, Pt. III. The Earl of Hertford, brother to Queen Jane, having formerly been employed in France, acquainted himself with a learned man, who was supposed to have great skill in magic. To this person, by rewards and importunities, he applied for information concerning his affairs at home, and his impertinent curiosity was so far satisfied that by the help of some magical perspective he beheld a gentleman in a more familiar posture with his wife than was consistent with the honour of either party. To this diabolical illusion he is said to have given so much credit that he not only estranged himself from her society on his return, but furnished a second wife with an excellent reason for the disinherision of his former children."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Down to quite recent times, among the superstitious customs in Scotland on the eve of All-hallows day, or Hallowe'en, as we learn from Burns' fine description of that festival, was that of young girls eating an apple before a looking-glass, "with the view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who it was believed would be seen peeping over her shoulder." In the Orkney Islands, on the same occasion, it was customary, and still is, perhaps, in rural districts, for girls to have their fortunes revealed by old women, called *spawwives*, whose magic mirror consisted in the white of an egg dropped into a glass full of water, and the curious forms which it assumed were interpreted by the "wise woman" to indicate a fine house, a handsome young man, and so forth. There are still, perchance, old Scotch wives who pretend to "*spae*" from examination of tea-leaves at the bottom of a cup.



A very common mode of attempting to cause the death of any objectionable person through witchcraft was to make a waxen or clay image of the destined victim, and fix pins into it, or place it before a large fire, when it was supposed the victim represented by the effigy would either waste gradually away, or die in great torment. The first chapter of the old English version of the *Gesta Romanorum*—re-edited from the Harl. MS. 7333, Brit. Mus., by S. J. Hertridge, for the Early English Text Society—tells how a plot of this kind was frustrated by means of a magic mirror :

In the empire of Rome there lived a knight who “hadde wedded a young damsell to wif. And withinne few yerys this woman lovid by wey of synne an othir knight, vnder hire husbond, and that so moch that she ordeyned for her husbonde to be ded.” It so happened that he set out on a pilgrimage beyond sea, and in saying farewell to his wife he cautioned her to be of good behaviour during his absence. But this false woman having determined to cause her husband’s death took counsel for that end with a magician, who made a clay image of the knight and fastened it on the wall. The same day the knight was walking in the streets of Rome when he met a clerk, who seemed to look at him with peculiar interest, and on his asking the clerk why he did so, he answered : “I see that thou shalt die this very day, unless something may be contrived to prevent it,” and then tells the knight that his wife is a strumpet, and had employed a magician to kill him by his unholy arts. The knight replied that he was well aware that his wife was false to the nuptial couch, but he had never suspected she was so wicked as to plot his death ; but if the clerk could save him, he should be well rewarded. The clerk tells him how the magician had made a clay image of him, and would presently shoot an arrow at it, and if he struck the image the knight’s heart would burst instantly. But the clerk would save his life. He causes the knight to take off his clothes and go into a bath which he prepared for him, and this is how the tale goes on :

“And whan he was in the bath the clerk took a myrour in his hond and seide : ‘Nowe thou shalt see in this myrour all that I spak of to thee.’ And then seide he : ‘Ye[a], sothly, I see all opynly in myne hous, that thou spakist of to me. And now the myster

man<sup>1</sup> takith his bowe, and woll schete att the ymage.' Thenne seide the clerk: 'Sir, as thou lovist thy lif, what tyme that he drawith his bowe, bowe thyne hed vnder the watir. For if thou do not, certenly thy ymage shall be smytene and thou both.' And when the knight sawe him begynne forto drawe his bowe, he dyd as the clerke conseiled him. And thenne seide the clerke: 'What seist thou now?' 'Forsoth,' quoth he, 'now hath he schete an arowe at the ymage, and for that he failith of his strook he makith moch sorowe.' Thenne seide the clerke, 'Ye[a], that [is] goode tydyng for thee. For if he had smyten the ymage, thou sholdist have i-beded. But loke now on the myrour, and tell me what thou seist.' 'Now he takith an other arowe and woll schete agein.' 'Do, thenne,' quoth the clerke, 'as thou dyd afore, or ellis thou shalt be ded.' And therefore the knight putte all his hede vnder the watir. And whenne he had so y-done, he raisid it vp agen, and seyde to the clerke: 'He makith sorowe now more than ony man woll trowe; for he smot not the ymage. And he cryed to my wif, seiying that "If I fayle the third tyme I am but ded my selfe, and thyne husbond shall lyve." And my wif makith therfor moch lamentacion.' 'Loke agen,' seide the clerke, 'and tell me what he doth.' 'Forsothe,' seide he, 'he hath bend his bowe and goith ny to the ymage for to shete, and therfor I drede now gretly.' 'Do, therefore,' seide the clerke, 'do as I bade doo afore, and dred the[e] nothyng.' So the knyght, whenne he sawe the scheter drawe his bowe, he swapte his hed vndir the watir as he dyd afore. And thenne he toke it vp agen and lokid at the myrour, and he lough with a gret myrth. 'I sey,' quod the clerke, 'whi laughist thou soo?' 'For the archer wold have y-schot at the ymage, and he hath y-schotte him selfe in the lungen, and lyth ded. And my wif makith sorowe with oute ende, and woll hyde his body by hire beddys syde.' 'Ye[a], sir,' quod the clerke, 'now thou haste thi lif savid, do yeld to me my mede and go; farwell.' Thenne the knyght gaf him mede as he woll aske. And the knyght went hom, and fond the body undir the bedde of his wif, and he gede to the Meyre of the towne and told him howe his wif had don in his absence. Thenne when the Meyre and the

<sup>1</sup> The mystery man = the magician.

statys sawe this doying they made the wif to be slayne, and hire herte to be departid yn to thre parteis, in tokne and emsampill of veniaunce. And the good man toke an othir wif, and faire endid his liffe."<sup>1</sup>

A reverend English author of the 17th century relates that a friend named Hill happened to be in company with a man called Compton, of Somersetshire, who practised physic and pretended to strange matters. This Compton "talked of many high things, and, having drawn my friend into another room, apart from the rest of the company, said he would make him sensible that he could do something more than ordinary; and asked him whom he desired to see. Mr. Hill had no great confidence in his talk, but yet, being earnestly pressed to name some one, he said he desired to see no one so much as his wife, who was then many miles distant from them at her house. Upon this Compton took up a looking-glass that was in the room, and setting it down again, bade my friend look into it, which he did, and then, as he most solemnly and seriously professeth, he saw the exact image of his wife, in that habit which she then wore, and working at her needle, in such a part of the room, there also represented, in which and about which time she really was, as he found upon inquiry on his return home. The gentleman himself," adds our reverend author, "averred this to me; and he is a sober, intelligent, and credible person. Compton had no knowledge of him before, and was an utter stranger to the person of his wife."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Akin to the notion of injuring or killing a person by shooting at his effigy is the world-wide superstition, which was held by no less a man than Pythagoras, that by running a nail or a knife into a man's footprints you injure the feet that made them. "Thus in Mecklenburg it is thought that if you thrust a nail into a man's footprints the man will go lame. The Australian blacks hold exactly the same view. . . . Among the Karens of Burma evil-disposed persons 'keep poisoned fangs in their possession for the purpose of killing people. These they thrust into the footmarks of the person they wish to kill, who soon finds himself with a sore foot, and marks on it as if bitten by a dog. The sore becomes rapidly worse and worse till death ensues.'" See an excellent paper on "Some Popular Superstitions of the Ancients," by Mr. J. G. Frazer, in *Folk-Lore*, June, 1890, pp. 157-159.

<sup>2</sup> *Sadducismus Triumphatus; or, a Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions.* By Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles II. Fourth edition, 1726. P. 281.



Sir Walter Scott's tale entitled "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror"—which first appeared in *The Keepsake* for 1828, and was afterwards included in his *Chronicles of the Canongate*—is curiously misnamed, since the "aunt" is merely the relater of the story, and the magic mirror was one of the "properties" of an Italian adventurer who practised for a time on the credulity of the good folk of Edinburgh, about the beginning of the 18th century. This fellow called himself Doctor Baptista Damiotti, and pretended to hail from Padua, and soon after his arrival in the Scottish capital it became rumoured that "for a certain gratification, which of course was not an inconsiderable one, he could tell the fate of the absent, and even show his visitors the personal forms of their absent friends and the action in which they were engaged at the moment." Amongst those who visited this most cunning necromancer was the sadly-neglected wife of Sir Philip Forester, who was then with Marlborough's army on the continent. Lady Forester prevailed upon her strong-minded sister Lady Bothwell to accompany her on a visit to Doctor Baptista, to see whether he could furnish by means of his mysterious art tidings of her husband. They went disguised as women of the humbler class, but the adept was not thus to be deceived. "We are poor people," Lady Bothwell began; "only my sister's distress has brought us to consult your worship whether—" He smiled and interrupted her: "I am aware, madam, of your sister's distress and its cause; I am also aware that I am honoured with a visit from two ladies of the highest consideration—Lady Bothwell and Lady Forester," and so on. After some farther conversation the man of wonders retires. Meanwhile the minds of his fair visitors are prepared for the scene about to be presented by "a strain of music so singularly sweet and solemn, that, while it seemed calculated to dispel any feeling unconnected with its harmony, increased at the same time the solemn excitation which the preceding interview was calculated to produce." Presently a door opens at the upper end of the apartment, and Damiotti is discovered decked out in a peculiar costume, with his face preternaturally pale, and he motions them to advance. They now enter a large room hung with black, as if for a funeral, at the upper end of which was a kind of altar, "covered

with the same lugubrious colour, on which lay divers objects resembling the usual implements of sorcery." Behind the altar was a large mirror, to which the adept pointed, at the same time leading them towards it. (He had previously warned them that the "sight" he was about to show them could last only seven minutes, and "should they interrupt the vision by speaking a single word, not only would the charm be broken, but some danger might result to the spectators.") As they gazed on the mirror they beheld objects as it were within it, "at first in a disorderly, indistinct, and miscellaneous manner, like form arranging itself out of chaos; at length in distinct shape and symmetry." They saw in the mirror the interior of a Protestant church, with the clergyman and his clerk, apparently about to perform some church service. A bridal party are now seen to enter, followed by a large concourse of persons of both sexes, gaily dressed. "The bride, whose features they could distinctly see, was not more than sixteen years old, and extremely beautiful. The bridegroom, for some seconds, moved rather with his shoulder towards them, and his face averted; but his elegance of form and step struck the sisters at once with the same impression. As he turned his face suddenly it was frightfully realized, and they saw in the gay bridegroom before them Sir Philip Forester. His wife uttered an imperfect exclamation, at the sound of which the whole scene stirred and seemed to separate." Lady Forester, however, contrived to stifle her voice, and after a minute's fluctuation the scene resumed its former appearance. "The representation of Sir Philip Forester, now distinctly visible in form and feature, was seen to lead on towards the clergyman that beautiful girl, who advanced at once with a diffidence and with a species of affectionate pride. In the meantime, just as the clergyman had arranged the bridal company before him, and seemed about to commence the service, another group of persons, of whom two or three were officers, entered the church. They moved at first forward, as though they came to witness the bridal ceremony; but suddenly one of the officers, whose back was turned towards the spectators, detached himself from his companions, and rushed hastily towards the marriage party, when the whole of them turned towards him, as if attracted by some exclamation which had accompanied the advance.

Suddenly the intruder drew his sword; the bridegroom unsheathed his own and made towards him. Swords were also drawn by other individuals, both of the marriage party and of those who had last entered. They fell into a sort of confusion, the clergyman and some elderly and grave persons labouring apparently to keep the peace, while the hotter spirits on both sides brandished their weapons. But now the period of the brief space during which the soothsayer, as he pretended, was permitted to exhibit his art was arrived. The forms again mixed together, and dissolved gradually from observation; the vaults and columns of the church rolled asunder and disappeared; and the front of the mirror reflected nothing save the blazing torches and the melancholy apparatus placed on the altar before it."

Such was the "vision" presented to the ladies, and it may be well supposed that Lady Forester was in a "sad taking" in consequence thereof—what woman would not be greatly perturbed both in body and mind at beholding, even "in a glass darkly," the marriage of her husband with a pretty girl of sixteen? It turned out that Forester was actually about to be married to the beautiful daughter of a wealthy burgomaster in Rotterdam, when his brother-in-law, Captain Falconer, who chanced to be then in that city on military business, being invited by a Dutch friend to accompany him to church to see a countryman of his own married, and, going accordingly, was just in time to prevent the crime. He afterwards fought with Forester, and was killed. Only all this happened a little time *before* it was exhibited in Doctor Damiotti's magic mirror.

That consummate charlatan, Joseph Balsamo—who assumed the title and name of Count Cagliostro, and for several years during the latter part of the last century successfully posed before the "crowned heads" and the aristocracy of Europe as past master of the Rosicrucian mysteries, and ended his ill-spent life in a dungeon—among his cunning tricks, caused people, says the Abbé Firard, to see in mirrors, glass bottles, and decanters moving spectres of men and women long since dead—Antony, Cleopatra—in short, whoever might be requested. "A diabolical performance!" exclaims the



pious father, "known in every age of the Church, and testified against by those whom no man can call unenlightened—by Tertullian, St. Justin, Lactantius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and others." This most shameless of all charlatans, ancient or modern—this Joseph Balsamo—is the hero of one of the Elder Dumas' popular romances, in which he figures with a dignity which he might well be supposed to have safely assumed in those days when scepticism and superstition went together among the higher classes of the Parisians. Dumas gives the following account of Balsamo's exhibiting to Marie Antoinette her terrible fate in a decanter of water—a feat which he is credibly said to have done, by some species of trickery :

"He seized the carafe on the golden saucer, placed it in a dark hollow where some rocks formed a sort of grotto ; then he took the hand of the archduchess and drew her under the vault. 'Are you ready?' he asked the princess, who was alarmed by his rapid movements. 'Yes.' 'On your knees, then!—on your knees!—and pray God to spare you this dreadful end of all your greatness, which you are now to witness!' She obeyed mechanically and fell on both knees. He pointed with a wand to the glass globe, in the centre of which must have appeared some dark and terrible form, for the dauphiness, in trying to rise, trembled and sank upon the ground with a shriek of horror—she had fainted. The baron hastened to her assistance, and in a few minutes she came to herself. She put her hand to her forehead, as if to recall her thoughts, then suddenly exclaimed, 'The carafe!—the carafe!' The baron presented it to her. The water was perfectly limpid—not a stain mingled with it. Balsamo was gone."<sup>1</sup>

There is a curious letter in Sir Hy. Ellis' collection, from the Abbot of Abingdon to Cromwell, secretary of state in the time of Henry VIII., in which he reports having taken into custody a priest who had been travelling about the country as a magician : "Right honourable and my very singular good Master, in my mooste humble wyse I comende me unto you. It shall please your Mastership to be advertised that my Officers have taken here a Preyste, a suspecte

<sup>1</sup> Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*, ch. xv.

person, and with hym certeyn bokes of conjuracions, in the whiche ys conteyned many conclusions of that worke; as fynding out trespure hidde, consecrating of ringes with stones in them, and consecrating of a *christol stone*, wherein a *chylde shall lokke*, and se many thyngs.”<sup>1</sup>

The employment of a child, or a young lad, as a medium in performances with a magic mirror seems to have been formerly almost as common in Europe as it has been time out of mind, and is at the present day, throughout the East generally—see also, *ante*, page 312, where a young man, *castus*, or a youth not yet come to mature years, is said to be necessary for that purpose. The celebrated Arabist, E. W. Lane, in chapter xii. of his *Modern Egyptians*, furnishes a detailed account of an experiment with a magic mirror of ink, which he witnessed at Cairo, in his own lodging:

“In preparing for the experiment of the magic mirror of ink, which, like some other performances of a similar nature, is termed *darb el-mendel*, the magician first asked me for a reed-pen, ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissiors; and having cut off a narrow strip of paper, he wrote upon it certain forms of invocation, together with a charm, by which he professes to accomplish the object of the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these; and on my asking him to give me copies of them he readily consented, and immediately wrote them for me, explaining at the same time that the object he had in view was accomplished through the influence of the two first words, *Tarshun* and *Taryooshun*, which he said were the names of two of his ‘familiar spirits.’ I compared the copies with the originals, and found that they exactly agreed. The following is a translation of the invocation and charm:

‘Tarshun! Taryooshun! Come down!  
Come down! Be present! Whither are gone  
the prince and his troops? where are El-Ahmar  
the prince and his troops? Be present,  
ye servants of these names!’

‘And this is the removal. “And we have removed from thee  
thy veil; and thy sight to-day  
is piercing.” Correct: correct.’<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ellis' *Original Letters*, 3rd Series, vol. iii. p. 41, Letter 268.

<sup>2</sup> Facsimile of the Arabic originals facing this page.

*Magic Invocation and Charm,*

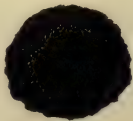
*See Page 320.*

طردش طريدش از لوا  
انزوا! احضروا اى مذهب  
الا بىرون جنوده الى الاحمر  
الا بىرون جنوده احضروا  
يا خدام هذه الاسماء

وهذا الكشف فكشفنا عنك  
عنكاء ط فبصرك اليوم  
حديده صبح

*Magic Square and Mirror of Ink,*

*See Page 321.*

٤	٩	٢
٣	٥ 	٧
٨	١	٦





Having written these, the magician cut off the paper containing the forms of invocation from that upon which the charm was written, and cut the former into six strips. He then explained to me that the object of the charm (which contains part of the 21st verse of the *soora* 'Káf,' or 50th chapter, of the Kurán) was to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner—to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world.

"I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander seed—he generally requires some benzoin to be added to these—and a chafing-dish with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed: he had been called in, by my desire, from among some boys in the street, returning from a factory, and was about eight or nine years of age. In reply to my inquiry respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said that they were, a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman. The chafing-dish was placed before him and the boy, and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander-seed into the chafing-dish; then taking hold of the boy's right hand he drew in the palm of it a magic square.<sup>1</sup> In the centre he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and to tell him if he could see his face reflected in it. The boy replied that he saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while,<sup>2</sup> told him to continue looking intently into the ink and not to raise his head.

"He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the form of invocation and dropped it into the chafing-dish upon the

<sup>1</sup> Facsimile of the magic square and mirror of ink is given along with that of the incantation and charm, facing p. 320. The figures which it contains are Arabic numerals; in our ordinary characters they are as follows:

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

It will be seen that the horizontal, vertical, and diagonal rows give each the same sum, viz. 15.

<sup>2</sup> This, says Lane, reminds us of animal magnetism.

burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he was to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Kurán he placed inside the fore-part of the boy's *túkeeyeh*, or skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw anything in the ink, and was answered 'No'; but about a minute after, the boy, trembling and seeming much frightened, said: 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently the boy said: 'He has done.' The magician again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *beyrak* (or flag) was; and being answered 'Yes,' desired him to say: 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so, and soon said: 'He has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician. The boy replied: 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag, which he did, and soon after he said he saw another brought, and it was black. In like manner he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, which he described as being successively brought before him, specifying their colours as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did also each time a new flag was described as being brought): 'How many flags have you now before you?' The boy answered: 'Seven.' While this was going on the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation and charm were written into the chafing-dish, and fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say: 'Bring the sultan's tent and pitch it.' This he did, and in about a minute after he said: 'Some men have brought the tent—a large green tent;—they are pitching it;' and presently he added: 'They have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the sultan.' The boy did as he was desired, and immediately said: 'I see a great many soldiers with their tents;—they have pitched their tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and having



done so he presently said that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish, and soon after he did the same with the fifth. He now said: 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said: 'I see a bull; it is red. Four men are dragging it along, and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, cut it up, put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed, and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so, and said: 'They are eating it;—they have done, and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the sultan, and the boy, having done this, said: 'I see the sultan riding to his tent on a bay horse, and he has on his head a high red cap. He has alighted at his tent and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the sultan,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy, and he said he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish. In his mutterings I distinguished nothing but the words of the written invocation frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, 'If they demand information, inform them, and be ye veracious.' But much that he repeated was inaudible, and, as I did not ask him to teach me his art, I do not pretend to assert that I am fully acquainted with his invocations.

"He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the sultan: 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson—bring him before my eyes that I may see him speedily.' The boy then said so, and almost immediately added: 'A messenger is gone, and has returned and brought a man dressed in a black<sup>1</sup> suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a

<sup>1</sup> "Dark blue is called by the modern Egyptians *eswed*, which properly signifies *black*, and is therefore so translated here."

moment or two, and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, said: 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat, but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.<sup>1</sup>

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt who had been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country. I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy on a former visit of the magician had described this same person as wearing a European dress like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said: 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.<sup>2</sup> The boy described his face as covered, and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did and then said: 'His face is pale, and he has moustaches, but no beard,' which is correct.

"Several other persons were successively called for, but the boy's descriptions of them were imperfect, though not altogether incorrect.

<sup>1</sup> "Whenever I desired the boy to call for any person to appear I paid particular attention to the magician and to 'Osman [a friend]. The latter gave no direction either by word or sign, and indeed he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearance of the person called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boy, and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to them or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add that the dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. When I understood him perfectly at once, he was sometimes obliged to vary his words to make the *boy* comprehend what he said."

<sup>2</sup> "A few months after this I had the pleasure of hearing that the person alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed I have not been able to ascertain."

He represented each object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one, as if his sight were gradually becoming dim: he was a minute or more before he could give any account of the persons he professed to see towards the close of the performance, and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in, and the magic square, etc. made in his hand, but he could see nothing. The magician said he was too old.

“Though completely puzzled, I was somewhat disappointed with his performances, for they fell short of what he had accomplished in many instances in presence of certain of my friends and countrymen. On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner by means of a boy, he prepared a magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who on looking into it for a little while said she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lane has remarked that the magician's holding the boy's hand reminds one of animal magnetism; and indeed in all cases where downright imposture is not practised, something of this kind—hypnotism, we call it nowadays—should account for most of such “manifestations,” and this seems confirmed by the fact that all boys or youths do not answer the purpose of the magicians.



"I have stated these facts," adds Lane, "partly from my own experience and partly as they came to my knowledge on the authority of respectable persons. The reader may be tempted to think that in each instance the boy saw the images by some reflection in the ink, but this was evidently not the case; or that he was a confederate, or guided by leading questions. That there was no collusion I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described in my presence from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he professed to have seen. I tried the veracity of another boy on a subsequent occasion in the same manner, and the result was the same. The experiment often entirely fails, but when the boy employed is right in one case he generally is so in all: when he gives at first an account altogether wrong the magician usually dismisses him at once, saying that he is too old. The perfumes, or excited imagination, or fear, may be supposed to affect the vision of the boy who describes objects as appearing to him in the ink; but, if so, why does he see exactly what is required, and objects of which he can have had no previous particular notion? Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery."<sup>1</sup>

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It is significant that in all experiments with the ink-mirror the boy sees men, or monkeys sometimes, "sweeping the ground"; and whatever may be thought of the subsequent feats of the boy in the case related by Lane, it seems evident that the magician's telling the boy what he is to order—such as "bring the sultan's tent," "order the soldiers to come," "tell them to bring a bull," and so on—would be sufficient to induce the boy, when his will was under the magician's control, to believe that he saw these orders executed; and I wonder that Lane did not observe this circumstance. [Since the foregoing was in type, I have discovered, from the appendix to later editions of *Modern Egyptians*, that Lane was soon afterwards convinced that the whole exhibition was a piece of trickery, in which his Anglo-Turkish neighbour 'Osman was an accomplice of the magician, and he was well qualified to furnish the boy with descriptions of Nelson, Shakspeare, and the others. It would almost seem that Lane was also deceived by the wretched mummery of the "invocation and charm," cut into strips and burnt in a brazier, and the constant mutterings of the pretended sorcerer.]

<sup>1</sup> A writer in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for 1832, who professes to have been present, gives an amusing account of a magician's attempt to exhibit his art in Cairo. The boy selected was a Christian, and apparently a member of the family. The incense, as usual, was thrown on the fire, while incantations

Mr. Lane, being a bachelor, had no wife regarding whom he might have been curious to know somewhat by means of the mirror of ink—like the “sober, intelligent, and credible” friend of the Rev. Mr. Glanvil (*ante*, p. 315), and the unfortunate merchant in our next story:

An honest Neapolitan trader, who happened to be for some months on the coast of Africa, about Tunis and in Egypt, became all at once anxious to know somewhat of the proceedings of a buxom wife he had left behind him at the town of Torre del Greco, not far from the city of Naples, and was persuaded one night to consult the magicians. An innocent boy was procured, as usual, who, when the charm began to work, said he saw a woman in a blue jacket that had a great deal of gold lace upon it, in a bright yellow robe of ample dimensions, with a necklace of coral round her neck, immense rings in her ears, and a long silver thing, shaped like an arrow, thrust through her hair, which was much bundled on the top of her head. In short, he described most accurately the gala dress of the Neapolitan’s *cara sposa*, and afterwards her features to the very turn of her nose. She was then kneeling by the side of a box, in which was seated a man in black, fast asleep. The Neapolitan knew this must be the confessional.

When told to look again, the scene was changed to a very large and curious house, such as he had never seen before, all crowded with people, and dazzling to the eye from the gilding and the number of wax-lights. This the Neapolitan knew must mean the theatre of San Carlo, the paradise of his countrymen, but he never could imagine that his wife should be there in his absence. She was, though, for presently the boy said, “And there I see the woman in the blue jacket with a man in a red coat, whispering into her ear.” “The devil!” muttered the Neapolitan to himself.

“Look again,” said the magician, “and tell me what you see now.” “I can hardly see at all,” replied the boy, looking into the

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were pronounced. “Do you see a little man?” asked the magician. The boy responded that he saw nothing. Again asked the same question, “Yes,” said he, “I see something.” “What is it?” “I see my nose”—reflected in the ink by the light of the fire. The experiment was a failure, because, the magician alleged, the boy was a Christian.

palm of his hand very closely, "it is so dark; but now I see a long street, and a large building with iron gratings, and more than a dozen skulls stuck at one corner of it; and a little farther on I see a large wide gate, and beyond it a long road; and now I see the woman in the blue jacket, and the man in the red coat, turning down the second street to the left of the road; and now there is an old woman opening——"

"I will hear no more!" shouted the Neapolitan, who had heard but too correctly described the approach to the "stews" of Naples; and he struck the boy's hand with such violence against his face that it flattened his nose. The charm was thus dissolved; but the correctness of the magician's revelation was tolerably well proved when some time after the Neapolitan suddenly appeared at his home in the Torre del Greco, and learned that his wife had eloped with a corporal of the guards.<sup>1</sup>

In Southern India, it would seem, from the following communication to *Notes and Queries* (3rd Series, vol. xi., March 2, 1867, p. 180), that the magic mirror employed to discover stolen property is more elaborately composed than the ink-mirror used in Egypt, reminding one of the ingredients of the Witches' broth in *Macbeth*:

"While residing in Tuticorin, in the South of India, it came to my knowledge that the Lubbis used the *unjun*, or shining globule, placed in the hand of a boy, to discover hidden treasure or stolen property. This globule is made of castor-oil and lamp-black procured from a lamp the wick of which has been made of a piece of white cloth, marked with the blood of a cat, an owl, and a king-crow—the eyes, some of the hair and feathers, and the gall-bladder of these animals being rolled up at the same time in the cloth. Having had some property stolen, I sent for a Lubbi-*jadnagar*, or wizard, who promised to recover it, and chose my dog-boy, a lad of eleven years, as his assistant. After some preliminary incantations, the boy was asked what he saw in the globule. He first described the inside of a tent, said he saw monkeys sweeping the floor; and after gazing

<sup>1</sup> "True Stories of Necromancy in Egypt," by C. M. F. (Charles Macfarlane?), in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, vol. iv., 1832, pp. 250, 251.



intently on the globule for some minutes got frightened at something and began to cry. The Lubbi on this led him from the room, returned in half an hour, and informed me that the missing articles were under a chest of drawers in my own room, which proved to be the case."

Southey, in his *Curse of Kehama*, xi. 8—a metrical tale of considerable interest, though largely the fruit of his extensive reading in half-forgotten or little-known books—describes a very singular magic mirror as

a globe of liquid crystal, set  
In frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet.  
A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless night  
To form that magic globe.

In a later edition he has the following characteristic note on these lines: "A similar invention occurs in Dr. Beaumont's *Psyche*, one of the most extraordinary poems in our language. I am far from claiming any merit for such inventions, which no man can value more cheaply, but, such as it is, I am not beholden for it to this forgotten writer, whose strange, long, but by no means uninteresting work I had never seen till after two editions of *Kehama* were printed." If this were true, it must be considered as a very remarkable coincidence; but, unfortunately for Southey, his notes to later editions of his longer poems abound in very similar disclaimers, all of which can hardly be accepted, even when he has the courage, or policy, to cite identities of thought and expression from older writers, *after* such had already been pointed out by astute reviewers, as he has done in this instance of Beaumont's magic mirror, the composition of which is thus fancifully and elaborately described:

A stately mirror's all enamelled case  
The second was; no crystal ever yet  
Smiled with such pureness; never ladies' glass  
Its owner flattered with so smooth a cheat.  
Nor could Narcissus' fount with such delight  
Into this fair destruction him invite.  
For he in that and self-love being drowned,  
Agenor from him plucked his doting eyes;  
And, shuffled in her fragments, having found  
Old Jezabel's, he stole the dog's due prize.  
Goliath's staring basins too he got,  
Which he with Pharaoh's all together put.

But not content with these, from Phaëton,  
 From Joab, Icarus, Nebuchadnezzar,  
 From Philip and his world-devouring son,  
 From Sylla, Cataline, Tully, Pompey, Cæsar,  
 From Herod, Cleopatra, and Sejanus,  
 From Agrippina and Domitianus,

And many surly Stoics, theirs he pulled ;  
 Whose proudest humours having drainèd out,  
 He blended in a large and polished mould ;  
 Which up he filled with what from heaven he brought,  
 In extract of those looks of Lucifer,  
 In which against his God he breathèd war.

Then to the North, that glassy kingdom, where  
 Established frost and ice for ever reign,  
 He sped his course, and meeting Boreas there,  
 Prayed him this liquid mixture to restrain.  
 When lo ! as Boreas oped his mouth and blew  
 For his command, the slime all solid grew.

Thus was the mirror forgèd, and contained  
 The vigour of those self-admiring eyes  
 Agenor's witchcraft into it had strained ;  
 A dangerous juncture of proud fallacies,  
 Whose fair looks so enamoured him that he,  
 Thrice having kissed it, named it Ptolemy.

Other properties, besides disclosing past, present, or future events, are ascribed to mirrors in Eastern popular fictions. The mirror given by the king of the genii to Zayn al-Asnám, in the well-known Arabian tale, was a certain indicator of female chastity, or its opposite : reflecting perfectly the face of a pure virgin before whom it was held, but obscurely that of a damsel who was unchaste.—In a Nicobar story, given in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society (vol. liii., pp. 24-39), the hero receives, from a snake whose enemy he had killed, a magic mirror, whose “slaves” (like those of the Ring and the Lamp in the tale of Aladdin) would obey all his orders if he only put the key into the keyhole in the case, but he was not allowed to open the mirror, as he was too weak to face the spirits openly.—In one of the tales in the Turkish story-book, the *Forty Vezírs* (Gibb's translation, p. 244), the hero receives from the king of the genii a Chinese mirror which had this important virtue : “If thou take it in thy hand and say, ‘O mirror, by the names of God that are upon thee, take me to such and such a place,’ and shut thine eyes, thou wilt find thyself in that place when thou openest

them"—a much more expeditious mode of travelling than that of the Magic Horse.

However the so-called magicians, ancient or modern, performed their feats with mirrors, it is very certain that trickery played the chief part, and the Egyptian fellow who exhibited his art before E. W. Lane must have been very expert when he could deceive so shrewd a spectator. A worthy English divine, early in the seventeenth century, maintained that all such optical illusions were the work of Satan. "An illusion," says he, "is two-fold; either of the outward senses or of the minde. An illusion of the outward senses is a work of the devill, whereby he makes a man thinke that he heareth, seeth, feeleth, or toucheth such things as indeede he doth not. This the devill can easily doe divers waies, even by the strength of nature. For example, by corrupting the instruments of sense, as the humour of the eye, &c., or by altering and changing the ayre, which is the means whereby we see, and such like. Experience teacheth us, that the devill is a skilfull practitioner in this kind, though the meanes whereby he worketh such feats be unknowne unto us."<sup>1</sup>

Some Chaucer commentators have compared the Mirror of the lady Canacé to the ivory tube which occurs in the Arabian tale of

<sup>1</sup> 'A Discourse of the Damned Art of Witchcraft, so farre forth as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and Manifest by True Experience. Framed and Delivered by M. William Perkins, in his ordinarie course of Preaching.' Cambridge, 1610. Pp. 22, 23.—If this be a fair sample of the reverend gentleman's "ordinarie course of preaching," how very pleasant and edifying his sermons must have been! That "silly, conceited bodie" King James had no small share in inducing the parsons of his day to vie with each other in their denunciations of witchcraft. Instead of exhorting the people to fight the devils of their own passions, they preached that greatest of all delusions, the existence of an actual, personal Devil, whose chief business was to traffic with poverty-stricken, blear-eyed old women. And for this they had no warrant in the Bible, unless in that mistranslated passage, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and the equally misunderstood incident of Saul and the Witch of Endor.

It has been truly remarked that the acts of the Inquisition were not more diabolical than were our laws against witchcraft. Sir John Powell, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, who died in 1713, was no believer in that purely imaginary crime, to his everlasting honour be it remembered. A woman named Jane Wenham was tried before him for witchcraft, in proof of which her accusers swore that she could fly. "Prisoner," said the judge, "can you fly?" "Yes, my lord," answered the deluded creature. "Well, then," said he, "you may, for there is no law against flying." Poor Jane thus lost her character, but saved her life, for this sensible judge would not convict even by confession.



Prince Ahmad and the Perí Bánú; but the property of the latter was very different, being that of a telescope rather than of a mirror which *reflected* on its surface coming or occurring events. Says the vendor: "Thou seest that it is furnished with a piece of glass at either end, and shouldst thou apply one extremity thereof to thine eye, thou shalt see what thing soever thou listest, and it shall appear close by thy side, though parted from thee by many an hundred miles." It is probable that in an older form of the story the object was a magic mirror, and a telescope was afterwards substituted when some knowledge of that instrument had become general in the East.<sup>1</sup> There is reason to believe that the ancients were acquainted with the properties of lenses and mirrors which formed erect or inverted images of objects. It is only by the supposition of the use of some sort of optical illusions, such as our modern phantasmagoria, that we can accept as historical facts the many instances recorded by reputable ancient writers of the sudden apparition of splendid palaces and blooming gardens, of departed spirits, and even of the gods themselves. The combined sciences of chemistry and optics have often produced more wonderful scenes than ever entered the mind of a confirmed hashish, bang, or opium eater. In Lytton's *Zanoni*—for the composition of which he prepared himself by a course of reading in the works of the old alchemists and astrologers—a young Englishman desirous of being initiated into the "mysteries" of the Rosicrucians, as a preliminary step, is placed in a room where his nerves are permanently wrecked by beholding strange, gibbering, and threatening figures on the walls, such as those modern magicians could cause to appear "by their enchantments"—in other words, by "natural magic."

As a pendant to the foregoing notes on Magic Mirrors, etc., I am tempted to cite Mrs. Hemans' fine little poem:

THE MAGIC GLASS.

"The dead!—the glorious dead!—and shall they rise?  
Shall they look on thee with their proud, bright eyes?  
Thou ask'st a fearful spell!

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<sup>1</sup> In No. 9 of Dr. Barbu Constantinescu's Roumanian-Gipsy collection (Bucharest, 1878) it is a mirror, "in which when you looked into it you could see both the dead and the living."

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,  
What kingly vision shall obey my call?  
The deep grave knows it well !

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors?—shall they pass  
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass,  
With Triumph's long array?  
Speak ! and those dwellers in the marble urn,  
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,  
As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of song?  
O'er the dark Mirror that immortal throng  
Shall waft a solemn gleam ;  
Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel boughs,  
But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty Master !—though their lays  
Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise  
Hallowed for evermore ;  
And not the buried conquerors—let them sleep,  
And let the flowery earth her sabbaths keep  
In joy from shore to shore.

"But if the narrow house may be so moved,  
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved  
Back from their couch of rest ;  
That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled  
With peace, if human love hath stilled  
The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth !—an idle quest is thine ;  
*These* have no trophy, no memorial shrine,  
I know not of their place ;  
Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,  
Their lives, like shepherds' reed-notes, faint and low,  
Have passed and left no trace.

"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods and hills,  
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,  
Their covering turf may bloom :  
But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its flowers—  
Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers.  
Or poet hailed their tomb."

"Adieu, then, Master of the midnight spell !  
Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves may tell  
That which I pine to know !  
I haste to seek from woods and valleys deep,  
Where the belov'd are laid in lowly sleep,  
Records of joy and woe !"

### *Magic Rings and Gems.*

FINGER-RINGS have always been held in the highest estimation in all countries, apart from any intrinsic value they might possess. They are convenient, and at the same time sufficiently conspicuous, to be used as symbols of the wearers' rank or condition. In the love-illumined eyes of the maiden, her "engagement" ring is suggestive of the unutterable joys of wedlock—it is the pride of her heart, and the envy of her "dearest" friends who are as yet "unattached." The plain little golden hoop which is slipped on her finger at the altar—why, *she* will know better than any one else what its value is, and what it means, a few short months afterwards! But I have nought to do with rings of that kind, either personally or in my present capacity of a humble worker in the great Chaucerian diamond fields. My business is to treat of signet-rings and gems, so far as concern the magical properties which have been ascribed to them from very ancient times. There is no call to recite the well-worn tale of the Ring of Polycrates; but the Signet-Ring of Solomon, though it met with a very similar adventure, must by no means be passed over, albeit I have repeated the legend more than once elsewhere. For in speaking of magical rings, it would be "the play of *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark omitted" were one to leave out Solomon's Ring, which is, far and away, the most important of all magical rings or gems that ever made the impossible an accomplished fact; made rivers roll back to their sources; golden, gem-becrusted palaces and gardens spring up in the place of sandhills, causing "the wilderness to blossom like the rose"; changed the beggar in his tatters to the prince in his dazzling robes—the veritable "King of Diamonds"! All these marvels, and ten thousand more, have been done through the virtue of Solomon's Ring. The touch of Midas was nothing in comparison with that most powerful of all talismans ever possessed by man—in story-books. The most formidable obstacles—gates of triple steel or adamant—in presence of that talisman became as wax before the fire; mountains were as molehills; raging seas became flowery meadows; even the mighty jinn (genii) were rendered weak as babes and sucklings by its magic



power; for on it was engraved the Most Great Name (*El-Isa el-Azam*), the Ineffable Name of Allah.<sup>1</sup> By the power of this wondrous talisman Solomon subdued the demons and jinn; and the few who continued obstinately rebellious he confined in copper vessels, which, after sealing them with his signet, he caused to be cast into the Lake of Tiberias, there to remain till the Judgment Day—unless, perchance, its waters should dry up and some treasure-seeker break open the vessels (like the Fisherman in the Arabian tale), and *that* would be a dire mishap, for I trow that we have already in this world of ours devils enough and “lashins over.”

But—will it be credited?—Solomon once actually lost this priceless, matchless treasure! Regarding that well-nigh fatal calamity there are (as is not unusual in the case of affairs of great moment) two different accounts, and as these have about equal claims to be *true*, some readers may like to know both. According to one version, then, Solomon had imprisoned a powerful demon called Aschmedai (= Asmodeus: the same who figures so prominently in the scribblings of mediæval necromancers, astrologers, and such-like rogues, or wittols), whom he questioned eagerly every day, on matters of high import in the art of magic, and who returned the required information willingly enough, till one day he so excited Solomon’s curiosity that he persuaded the—for once, at least—heedless monarch to lend him his signet “for a minute or two,” after which he would satisfy him with full particulars. Alack! no sooner had the fiend grasped the talisman than his master’s power was gone. Aschmedai then *gulped down* the sage king of Israel, and, stretching his wings,<sup>2</sup> flew hundreds of leagues before he “shot” out Solomon on a vast desert plain, and assuming the king’s form sat upon the throne of Israel,

<sup>1</sup> The Jewish cabalists, as well as the Muslims, entertain the most extravagant notions as to the efficacy of the Ineffable Name, whether pronounced or written on any object; all the more so, because not one man of a million knows what that name is; and that man must have gone through an unheard-of amount of severe study.

<sup>2</sup> “Gentle reader”—a good old *gentlemanly* phrase, which should never have gone out of fashion—recollect the picture, in our boyhood’s editions of the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, of Apollyon in his fight with John Bunyan (with Christian, I should say, perhaps, but it’s all the same), and you have an idea of Aschmedai’s wings:—like those of a gigantic bat!

where much evil and no good did he, I ween. And now Solomon went about, a poor beggar man, with a staff in his hand and bare-footed; and his constant cry was: "I, Solomon, was once king over Israel." Of course the folk thought him a demented creature—"a puir daft auld man"—but, coming at length into Jerusalem, with his usual cry, like the eternal "haqq! haqq!" of the rogues of dervishes in the streets of Ispahán, some of the fathers and elders of the city, reflecting that a fool is never constant in his tale, thought there might be something in it, after all; more especially as he who sat on the throne was of late far from being distinguished by virtuous words and actions. So it was determined now to test him—for they had begun to suspect that he was not what he seemed to be—by reading before him out of the Book of the Law. But hardly had two words been pronounced when Aschmedai, re-assuming his own form, flew away with loud shrieks and yells—leaving the magical signet behind him, we must suppose, for I rather think nothing is said on this point. And thus did Solomon regain his kingdom; and doubtless he felt himself a better and wiser man from his experience as a tramp.

The other version is to this effect: Solomon having taken captive in his wars the daughters of several idolatrous kings whom he had conquered, he selected the best-looking of them, and placed them in his harem; and as soon as he became weary of his latest favourite he fell deeply in love with one of those daughters of the heathen: surely no man had ever greater cause to cry out, as he did, "stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love!" It was not long before this damsel (she was no "painted Jezebel," as *we* understand the term, be sure) got the upper hand of her royal lover, and induced him to bow the knee to false gods. But Nemesis was at hand, in the form of a rebellious demon named Sakhr, who had, for some time, been lurking unseen about the harem chambers, watching for his opportunity, which came one day, even as retribution must, sooner or later, come upon all evil-doers. One morning Solomon, before going to the bath, gave his signet to this Moabitish woman (or whatever she may have been) to keep for him. Meanwhile the demon Sakhr assumed the form of Solomon and sat on his

throne; and when the king came forth from the bath, behold, his appearance was so changed that nobody recognized him—in fact, as *we* say, “his mother wouldn’t have known him”—and so he was ignominiously driven out of the city. The legend goes on to say that Solomon went into a far distant land and took service with some fishermen, his daily wages being two fishes. Now it so fortuneed that as he was cleaning his fish one evening he found his own signet in the maw of one of them; and we may well suppose that he did not take the trouble to formally “resign his situation,” but went off in hot haste to the Holy City,<sup>1</sup> where he learned (his proper appearance being now restored) that Sakhr’s doings at length had become so intolerable that he had been tested with the Book of the Law and at once flew away. Solomon doubtless readily guessed that the detected demon had thrown the signet into the sea, while still “pricked in conscience” (if we might think such a thing possible) by having heard a few of the holy words pronounced; and that the fish which had so luckily swallowed the glittering ring knew full well what and whose it was, and paddled off at top-speed to the waters in which the royal fisher daily cast his net, into which it went, of its own accord, of course. If Solomon did not *guess* all this, *I* do, and *I* think it quite as worthy of credence as what goes before it.—Another version of *this* version has it that Solomon, in the course of his wanderings, eloped with a pretty young princess, and became a cook, when he found that they couldn’t live solely on love; and that it was while dressing some fish for his master’s table that he found his signet. But—*n’importe!*—“either way will do”!

Both Jews and Muslims extol Solomon as the greatest adept in magic that ever lived: there was nothing he did not know, nothing he could not do. And they are in some measure justified in holding such a belief by his own boasts of what he had seen “under the sun.” Their tales and legends of his wisdom, learning, and skill in magic are legion. According to the Muslims, the most binding oath

<sup>1</sup> Once more in possession of his magical signet, he would, naturally, summon his subject demons, or jinn, and “cover the distance” even more rapidly than could the Horse of Brass at his best.



on a genie is to swear him by Solomon's Seal, for the breach of that oath is always followed by a terrible punishment.—That Solomon *had* a signet-ring is beyond all question; he could have done no more without it, as a monarch, or even as one of the humblest scribes of his household, than a cobbler could work without his awl. That his signet was inscribed with magical characters is more than probable. For he would certainly have many private conferences with the gentlemen who came in the train of the Princess of Egypt, by whom he might have been—and very likely he was—instructed, if not exactly “in all the knowledge of the Egyptians,” at least in Egyptian magic, which, perhaps, really comprised the greatest part of the “learning” of that ancient people.

Solomon's Ring plays a part in such a vast number of Eastern romances and tales that—as in the case of certain “relics” shown in several continental churches and convents—we are forced to conclude, either that they are all frauds or (what indeed is quite likely) that that wondrous talisman has the virtue of multiplying itself indefinitely. In one of the Persian romances edited by me and privately printed lately, the hero, Farrukhrúz, obtains a ring from the king of the jinn, accompanied by the following “neat” address:—  
“Take this ring, which has been kept for many ages in the treasury of my ancestors,<sup>1</sup> and the possession of which is connected with numerous blessings. Keep it always on your finger, and it will preserve you from all misfortunes, except when you are in a state of ceremonial uncleanness, because the Ineffable Name is written on it, and if you keep it with you when in such a condition you will become subject to fits of epilepsy and lunacy, and it will return to our treasury, nor will any mortal be able to cure you except ourselves. Whenever any difficulty occurs to you, turn the ring on the forefinger of your right hand, and ask aid of the spirit of Sulayman (on whom be blessing!), when instantly a genie will make his appearance, to whom you may entrust any service, and he will

<sup>1</sup> Though the jinn, 'ifrīts, and marids, of Arabian mythology, and the divs and peris, of the Persian, live to an age far exceeding that of “old Methusalem,” yet they are not immortal, but die at last, like human beings, of old age, if their lives have not been cut shorter by accident.

accomplish it. But you must not let it be seen by wicked demons, who are the sworn enemies of mankind, lest they should deprive you of this talisman." Farrukhrúz loses the ring by a vile trick of the spiteful sister of the queen of the fairies, who is enamoured of him, and—as the king of the genii foretold—he becomes delirious for some time, and when he somewhat recovers he finds himself changed to an old barber in Damascus, in the act of shaving a customer ! But all ends well, notwithstanding.<sup>1</sup>

If the Ring of Solomon does not really multiply itself—like Krishna among the cowherdesses—perhaps it changes owners very frequently. However this may be, it seems to have found its way to Europe, as witness the following detailed and interesting account of merely a few of its qualities, by the Hell-Maiden in the Esthonian story of "The Northern Dragon" :

"Here is my greatest treasure, the like of which is not to be found in all the world ; it is a costly golden ring. . . . No living man is now able entirely to explain the power of this ring, because nobody can fully interpret the mysterious signs engraved upon it. But, even though I only half understand them, I can work wonders which no other living creature can imitate. If I put the ring on the little finger of my left hand,<sup>2</sup> I can rise in the air like a bird and fly about wherever I will. If I put the ring on the ring-finger of my left hand, I become invisible to every one, and I myself can perceive everything which passes around me. If I put the ring on the middle finger of my left hand, neither sharp weapons, nor water, nor

<sup>1</sup> Clouston's *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories* (1889), pp. 163, 164 ; 168 ff.

<sup>2</sup> The reader will be so good as observe that in this case the Ring is to be worn on the left hand, while in the case of the Persian hero last cited it is to be worn on the right hand. And there is a reason for this difference. In Europe rings commonly adorn the left hand, as being more convenient, especially when there's much hand-shaking, or work, to be done ; while in the East the left hand is regarded, on account of certain purposes for which it is solely used, as unclean. It is the *right* hand that is cut off as punishment of theft ; and I daresay many of my readers will call to mind the story, in the *Arabian Nights*, of the young gentleman who—to the surprise of his guest, till he heard his story—ate his food with his left hand, keeping the sleeve of his robe over the place where his right hand should have been.

fire can hurt me. If I put the ring on the forefinger of my left hand, I can procure all things that I require with its aid: I can build houses in a moment, and obtain other things. As long as I wear the ring on the thumb of my left hand, my hand is strong enough to shatter walls and rocks. Moreover, the ring bears other mysterious symbols, which, as I said, no one has yet been able to interpret; but it may be supposed that they include many other mighty secrets. In ancient days the ring belonged to King Solomon, the wisest of kings, and during whose reign the wisest men lived. But up to the present day it remains unknown whether the ring was constructed by divine power or by the hands of men; but it is supposed that an angel gave the ring to the wise king."

And now we have done with the wondrous Ring of Solomon, the importance of which in romantic fiction might, perhaps, sufficiently justify the foregoing notes and comments, even did not our Chaucer himself specially refer to it, in connection with the lady Canace's Ring, in these words:

Tho [*i. e. then*] speeken they of Canacee's ryng,  
 And seyden alle, that such a wonder thing  
 Of craft of ringes herd they never noon,  
 Sauf that he Moyse and kyng Salamon  
 Hadden a name of connyng in such art.

The virtue of the so-called Ring of Moses was that, when it was drawn on any one's finger, he at once forgot his love, and in fact everything, hence it was called the Ring of Oblivion—a useful article to have about one, I think, in these days of "fierce unrest," when the pleasant things most of us can remember are so few that their loss would be amply compensated by the relief it would afford from the incursion of sad and bitter—ay, and sometimes humiliating—memories. It may be objected that the consequence of an application of Moses' Ring would be that one should then lose the "conscious continuation of his identity," but would not *that* be a great benefit to many of us? Is it not in that same "continuation of identity" that our self-love has its existence? Self-love is a good thing only when



we have learned to "love our neighbours as ourselves." But let this pass, and pass we on to our proper business.<sup>1</sup>

Besides the Ring with the making of which Moses was credited in mediæval times, it would seem that many other rings possessed the quality of causing the owners to forget just what they should have best remembered, as soon as they parted with them. Readers familiar with European folk-tales will recollect numerous instances of a young prince—in popular tales the hero is usually either a young prince or a young pauper—having, in the course of his adventures, become enamoured of some pretty little maid, and, on leaving her to return home, giving her his ring as a pledge that he'd come back soon and marry her; and how he forgot the little maid the moment he stepped over his father's threshold, and was actually seated at table beside another bride (their nuptials not having yet been solemnized, however), when the forgotten little maid, who had procured something to do in the palace-kitchen, contrived to drop his own ring into his cup of wine, and so forth. It is true that sometimes the maid stipulates that her lover should kiss no person as he enters his home, otherwise he'd forget her altogether, but generally, I imagine, the ring has somewhat to do with the forgetfulness.

Not to multiply instances of this kind of "oblivion," I shall only refer to the plot of the celebrated Hindú drama of *Sakúntalá*, which turns upon a lost ring. The rájá Dushmantá, while hunting, is separated from his attendants, and falls in love with a beautiful maiden, called Sakúntalá, who has been brought up in the forest by a holy man. The king marries her by what is known as the Gándharva form, in which the usual ceremonies are dispensed with, and when his attendants at last discover him, before returning to his capital he gives her his signet-ring. But he totally forgets this most interesting episode for years: Sakúntalá has lost the ring, and

<sup>1</sup> I cannot help here remarking, however, that perhaps many a man might find something more practicable than Rings of Oblivion and Magic Mirrors were he to try to follow the counsel of the great American poet: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go boldly forth into the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

when she presents herself, with her child, before him, he does not recognize her. One day a large *rohita* fish is brought to the palace, and the cook in cutting it open finds the royal signet in its inside, and sends it to the *rájá*, who instantly recollects the forest adventure, and sending for the fisherman who had brought the *rohita*, he questions him regarding the ring. The poor man, of course, knows nothing about it—all he could say was that having caught a very fine *rohita*, he deemed it fit only for the royal table. In the sequel Sakúntalá is united to *Rájá Dushmanta*.<sup>1</sup>

The magical properties popularly ascribed to rings—or rather the gems which are set in them—and to precious stones generally are far-reaching: it may be truly said that there is scarcely an evil, moral or physical, which one or other of them cannot cure or avert. In John Lydgate's *Troy Book*, when Jason is about to fight the brazen bull, and lull the dragon to sleep, he receives from Medea a ring in which was a gem that had the virtues of destroying the efficacy of poison and of rendering the wearer invisible. This second quality of the gem is similar to that of the Ring of Gyges.

In the well-known tale of Jonathas, chap. 46 of Swan's translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, a father bequeaths his youngest son, *inter alia*, a ring which "won the wearer the love of all men."—The 49th of Doni's *novelle* is to the effect that Charlemagne became so deeply enamoured of a lady that he neglected state affairs altogether. The fair one died suddenly, much to the relief of the court. But the king caused her body to be embalmed and clothed in purple and decorated with gems; and he visited the dead body constantly, neglecting every duty. The bishop of Cologne heard a voice from heaven, saying that under the mouth of the dead one was hidden the cause of the king's infatuation. He goes unobserved, and finds a little gem-ring, which he takes away. The king's love is suddenly transferred to the bishop, who at last throws the ring into a marsh for

<sup>1</sup> As the above rough outline of this fine drama is sketched from memory, not having "at this present writing" any means of access to Sir Monier Williams' elegant translation, I trust any inaccuracies there may be in it will be pardoned.

safety ; but the king takes a violent fancy for the spot, and builds a palace and temple there, and there spends the rest of his life.

Hatim Taï, the generous pre-Islámite Arab chief, having slain a monstrous dragon, took from its head a gem<sup>1</sup> which had several marvellous virtues : it could cure the blind ; confer profound wisdom and boundless wealth ; secure victory in battle ; and cause its possessor to be loved alike by friend or foe.

In the Indian story-book *Sinhásana Dwatrinsati* (or rather in its Hindí form, *Sinhásan Battisí*), Rájá Vikrámadityá, on taking his *congé* from Sheshanaga, king of the infernal regions—a very pleasant place, according to the description given of it in the tale—whom he had been visiting, is presented with four gems. “One of these,” said King Sheshanaga, “will produce at a moment’s notice any ornaments you may desire ; the second, elephants, horses, and palanquins ; by means of the third you may obtain wealth to any extent ; and the fourth will assist you in offering prayer and in practising virtue.” Vikráma then summoned his attendant demons—for, like Solomon, all sorts of demons were at his command—who conveyed him back to his own country ; and when within about two miles of his capital he dismissed them and continued his journey on foot. Meeting with a poor Bráhmaṇ who asked alms of him, Vikráma said : “O venerable man, you may have your choice of any of these four gems,” and then he explained their respective qualities. The Bráhmaṇ replied that he should like first to go home and consult his family. So he went home, and Vikráma waited his return. The Bráhmaṇ informed his wife, son, and daughter-in-law of the properties of the four jewels. His wife advised him to choose the one that supplied money, for wealth brings friends, learning, piety, merit, and charity.<sup>2</sup> The son would have him choose the stone that bestowed dignity and fame. The daughter-in-law preferred the gem that furnished ornaments. Then said the Bráhmaṇ :

<sup>1</sup> The notion that dragons and serpents have valuable gems in their heads is commonly held throughout the East at the present day, and was once also general throughout Europe.

<sup>2</sup> Is not this meant to be sarcastic ? Certainly, in *one* sense, “he who has wealth has relations ; he who has wealth has friends ; he who has wealth is a very sage !”



"You are all very foolish. I will choose the gem which will assist me in my devotion"; and returning to the rájá he told him how his family could not agree upon the particular gem to be selected. Vik-rámá then gave all the four gems to the poor Bráhmaṇ, who blessed him and went away.<sup>1</sup>

In the Japanese romance of *The Old Bamboo-Hewer*, of the tenth century (translated by Mr. F. Victor Dickins), we read of a dragon that has in its head "a jewel, rainbow-hued, and he who shall win it shall want nothing that he may desire." And in Mr. Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, Little Peachling finds among the treasures in the ogres' castle "gems which governed the ebb and flow of the tide."—In the Romance of *Hatim Tai*, there is mentioned a stone which, bound on the arm, enabled one to see all the gold and silver and gems hidden in the bowels of the earth. And, coming back to Europe at a single bound, in one of the Early English versions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, a poor faggot-maker is rewarded by a grateful serpent, whom he had succoured, with a stone of three colours, which, he was informed by the "stoner" (or jeweller) to whom he submitted it, possessed three virtues, "bestowing evermore joy without heaviness, abundance without fail, and light without darkness."

But the "stone of three colours" (probably meaning, three stones of different colours) which was set in the ring of Reynard the Fox, and the loss of which he laments, was endowed with a greater variety of useful qualities than a round dozen of any other gems combined. He declares that he possessed "a rynge of fyn golde, and within the rynge next the fynge were wreton lettres enameld with sable and asure, and ther were thre hebrews names therin." Reynard could not read or spell them, but a "jew, Maister Abrion, of Tryer, a wyse man . . . albeit he beleueth not on God,"<sup>2</sup> to whom he showed the ring, told him they were the three names that Seth

<sup>1</sup> The renowned Duke Huon of Bordeaux, according to the romance which records his chivalric exploits, gathered some stones from the bed of an underground river, one of which preserved its bearer from poison, another from fire and sword, a third from all discomfort and old age, a fourth cured blindness, and a fifth rendered its owner invisible.

<sup>2</sup> "Honest" Reynard meant, no doubt, that "Maister Abrion" did not believe in Jesus Christ.

brought out of Paradise when he fetched his father Adam the Oil of Mercy.<sup>1</sup> "And whom someuer bereth on hym thise thre names he shal neuer be hurte by thondre ne lyghtnyng; ne no witchcraft shal haue power ouer hym, ne be tempted to doo synne. And also he shal neuer take harm by colde, though he laye thre wynters longe nyghtis in the feelde, though it snowed, stormed or froze, neuer so sore. So grete myght haue thise wordes: wytnes of Maister Abrion.

"Withought forth on the rynge stode a stone of thre maner colours; the one part was lyke rede cristalle, and shoon lyke as fyre had ben therin, in such wyse that yf one wold goo by nyght, hym behoued non other lighte, for the shynnyng of the stone made and gaf as grete a light as it had ben mydday. That other parte of the stone was whyte and clere, as it had ben burnysshid. Who so had in his eyen ony smarte or sorenes, or in his body ony swellynge or heed ache, or ony sykenes without forth, yf he stryked this stone on the place wher the gryef is, he shal anon be hole; or yf ony man be seke in his body of venym, or ylle mete in his stomach, of colyk, stranguyllon, stone, fystel, or hanker, or any other sekenes, sauf only the very deth, late hym leye this stone in a litle watre, and late hym drynke it, and he shal forthwyth be hole, and quyte of his sekenes. . . . Forthemore the thirde colour was grene, lyke glas, but ther were somme sprynklis therin lyke purple. The maister told for trouthe, that who that bare this stone vpon hym shold neuer be hurte of his enemye, and that noman, were he neuer so stronge and hardy, that myght mysdoo hym; and where euer that he fought he shold haue victorie, were it by nyght or daye, also ferre as he beheld it fastyng; and also therto where someuer he wente, and in what felawship, he shold be bylouyd, though they hadde hated hym to fore; yf he had the ring vpon hym, they shold forgete theyr angre as sone as they sawe hym. Also though he were al naked in a felde agayn an hondred armed men, he shold be wel herted, and escape fro them with worship. But he moste be a noble, gentle man, and haue no chorles condicions, for thenne the stone had no myght."

<sup>1</sup> Seth went to Paradise to obtain for his father some of the Oil of Compassion, which exuded from the Tree of Life, but the angel refused his request, and so Adam laid himself upon his mother's lap and died.—See *Apocryphal Gospels* &c., translated by Alex. Walker: "The Revelation of Moses."

Altogether apart from "magic" gems, it was popularly believed that every precious stone had inherently a virtue, or virtues, of its own. Reginald Scot has favoured us with a few examples:

"An agat (they saie) hath vertue against the biting of scorpions or serpents. It is written (but I will not stand to it) that it maketh a man eloquent, and procureth the favour of princes; yea that the fume thereof doth turne awaie tempestes. Alektorius is a stone about the bignesse of a beane, as cleare as the christall, taken out of a cocks bellie which hath beene gelt or made a capon four years. If it be held in one's mouth, it asswageth thirst, it maketh the husband to loue the wife, and the bearer invincible: for hereby Milo was said to ouercome his enemies. . . . Amethysus maketh a drunken man sober, and refresheth the wit. The corall preserveth such as bare it from fascination or bewitching, and in this respect they are hanged about children's necks," and so forth.<sup>1</sup>

But such notions are scouted—or doubted—by Sir Thomas Browne, though even he was not always superior to the "vulgar errors" he attempted to correct:

"That cornelians, jaspis, heliotropes, and bloodstones may be of vertue to those intentions they are employed, experience and visible effects will make us grant. But that an amethyst prevents inebriation; that an amethyst will break if worn during copulation; that a diamond laid under the pillow will betray the inconstancy of a wife; that a sapphire is preservative against all enchantments; that the fume of an agate will avert a tempest, or the wearing of a chrysoprase make one out of love with gold, as some have delivered, we are yet, I confess, to believe, and in that infidelity are likely to end our days."<sup>2</sup>

Southey, in *Thalaba the Destroyer*, B. iii. 1, makes one of the characters thus describe the natural properties of some precious stones:

Every gem,  
So sages say, hath virtue, but the science

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<sup>1</sup> *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scot; 1584; B. xiii. ch. 6, p. 293 f.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Browne's *Enquirie into Vulgar and Common Errors* (1646); Wilkins' ed., 1825, ch. v.



Of difficult attainment ; some grow pale,  
 Conscious of poison, or with sudden change  
 Of darkness warn the wearer ; some preserve  
 From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge ;  
 Some open rocks and mountains, and lay bare  
 Their buried treasures ; others make the sight  
 Strong to perceive the presence of those beings  
 Through whose pure essence as through empty air  
 The unaided eye would pass.

It would occupy too much space and time to discuss the subject of snake-gems—a survival, undoubtedly, of the serpent cult, which at one period prevailed all over the world. In European folk-tales, as well as in Asiatic fictions, the hero is often represented as saving a snake from being burned or frozen to death, and obtaining as a reward a stone or gem which works wonders. Most of the astonishing achievements of Aladdin's Lamp are in other tales, both Western and Eastern, performed by a snake-stone, though the gem is not always bestowed by a serpent. In the Tamil romance translated by Pandit Natésa Sastri, under the title of *Dravidian Nights' Entertainments*, a fortunate youth obtains from an ichneumon, whom he had fostered for some time, a ring, which he has only to put on his finger and wish for anything, when it will instantly appear before him. By the power of this ring, a vast city is raised up in the heart of a jungle. Variants of this tale are found in the Burmese story-book, the *Decisions of Princess Thoo-Dhamma Tsari* ; in the Kalmuk *Relations of Siddhi Kúr* ; in No. 10 of M. Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, and several other collections. In many of the stories of this class the hero's talisman is stolen from him, and, like Aladdin when the African magician exchanged "new lamps for old" to his own advantage, the palaces, &c., at once disappear, but, by the help of three grateful animals, who are attached to the hero from his kindness towards them, the wonder-working stone is ultimately recovered.—Here I conclude my notes on magic rings and gems in general, and proceed to the subject which is more especially suggested by the peculiar virtue of the lady Canacé's ring.

### The Language of Animals.

THE third gift which the Indian ambassador presented from his royal master, "the king of Araby and Ind," was the golden Ring which, at his unexpected entrance on horseback into the banqueting hall, he was observed to wear on his thumb, as usual; and, having disposed of the previous two gifts, he thus goes on to describe its qualities:

"The vertu of this ryng, if ye wol heere,  
Is this, that who so lust it for to were  
Upon hir thomb, or in hir purs to bere,  
Ther is no foul that fleeth under the heven,  
That sche ne schal understanden his steven,  
And know his menyng openly and pleyu,  
And answer him in his langage ageyn.  
And every gras that groweth upon roote  
Sche schal eek know, to whom it wol do boote,  
Al be his woundes never so deep and wyde."

In a German tale there is a ring having the same property: A prince comes to a castle where all the people are fast asleep (enchanted?); and in a hall of the castle he finds a table on which lay a golden ring, and this inscription was on the table: "Whoever puts this ring in his mouth shall understand the language of birds." He afterwards puts the ring in his mouth, and by understanding what three crows are saying one to another is saved from death.<sup>1</sup>

According to Lane (*Arabian Nights*, i. p. 35), Muslims "still believe that all kinds of birds and many (if not all) beasts have a language by which they communicate their thoughts to each other." This notion is by no means peculiar to Muslims, but prevails throughout the East generally, and it was also held in Europe during the Middle Ages. That many kinds of what we are pleased to consider as "the lower animals" do possess some means, more or less perfect, of communicating with one another—particularly of warning their companions of danger and of calling them to a certain spot—is most certain; but variations of an inarticulate cry do not surely constitute *language*; though, after all, we really do not know to what extent

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. G. Frazer (quoting Wolff's *Deutsche Hausmärchen*), in a very able paper on the Language of Animals, in the *Archæological Review*, vol. i. p. 163.

the more intelligent beasts and birds are capable of interchanging their ideas—for *ideas* they have, undoubtedly, and some of them are much more intelligent than many human beings. In the Esthonian song of Wannemune it is said : "At first not only men but even beasts enjoyed the gift of speech. Nowadays there are but few people who understand beast-language and hearken to their communications." The notion is very ancient. Both the Rabbis and Muslim doctors agree that Solomon was past master in the language of all kinds of living creatures, down to the humble but industrious ant—whose "ways" he seems to have "considered" carefully, though, probably, not with the scientific eye of Sir John Lubbock ! It was a hoopoe, or lapwing, that brought Solomon an account of the city of Sabá (the Sheba of our English Bible) and of the beautiful and accomplished queen who ruled over it. And indeed the sage Hebrew monarch himself would seem to indicate his belief in (if not his knowledge of) bird-language, when he says, in his Book of Ecclesiastes, x. 20, that "a bird of the air shall *tell* the matter."

Serpents are, somehow, generally represented in folk-tales as possessing a knowledge of the language of animals, and of imparting the same to their benefactors. We have high authority for the expression "*wise* as serpents," but I know of none that should induce us to consider them as also *learned*. It is related of Melampus that "one day, while he was asleep under an oak tree, some serpents came and cleaned his ears with their tongues, and when he awoke he was surprised to find that he understood the language of birds and knew all the secrets of nature." Among the absurdities so foolishly ascribed by the Younger Pliny to Democritus—and so unsparingly condemned by Aulus Gellius, as being utterly inconsistent with the character of that philosopher—is that he asserted "if the blood of certain birds be mingled together, the combination will produce a serpent, of which whoever eats will become endowed with the gift of understanding the language of birds."—In the Edda, where is found the oldest form of the Siegfried legend, we read that Sigurd after slaying the dragon Fafnir proceeds to roast the monster's heart. He puts in his finger to see if it is ready, and burning it applies it to his mouth in order to assuage the pain, when he immediately found that



he knew the birds' language, and as one result of this newly-acquired knowledge he takes warning of approaching danger from the conversation of some eagles. And Eric the Wise is also said, in the Eddas, to have learned to understand the language of animals by eating a soup made of snake's flesh.

It was from the Moors in Spain, says William of Malmesbury, that Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester III., learned the meaning of the cries and the flight of birds.<sup>1</sup> That the dabblers in the occult sciences—necromancers, astrologers, *et hoc genus omne*—possessed some sort of formula by which they believed (or made others believe) the voices of beasts and birds, especially the latter, could be interpreted is, I think, highly probable; for even the professed cheater must have some specious *modus operandi*. I am far from believing, however, that the students of magic, alchemy, and astrology in the Middle Ages, and much later, were all conscious impostors. It is very well known that many a fair domain and enormous sums of money disappeared in the alchemist's crucible and alembic, in the strong faith of discovering the secrets of converting the baser metals to pure gold, and of concocting the *elixir vite*—the waters of the Fountain of Everlasting Youth condensed into a one-ounce phial, so to speak! But there were not a few arrant rogues among them, as full of cunning tricks as a modern Egyptian sharper—witness the tube filled with gold, used, by Raymond Lully and other gentry like him, in stirring the molten lead, after the “powder of projection” was thrown in, thus producing under the very eyes of their credulous patrons a small bit of the precious metal, as a specimen of their art!—I was going to say, before this digression dropped from my pen, that there can be little doubt but that at Cordova and other Arabian colleges the “science” of bird-language was taught along with cognate mysteries.

I do not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,  
If birds confabulate or no;  
'Tis very clear that they were able  
To hold discourse—at least in fable—

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<sup>1</sup> Gerbert is said to have acquired a much more useful piece of knowledge at Cordova, namely, the use of what are still called by us “Arabic” numerals, though they are of Indian origin; at all events, the Arabs themselves admit having obtained them from India.

quoeth William Cowper.—The origin of the Beast-Fable is still a vexed question. Some will have it that it was at first adopted as a safe vehicle for conveying reproof or advice to despotic princes, who were not likely to submit to be lectured in plain language. Others, again, are of the opinion that it had its source in—or was suggested by—the belief in metempsychosis, or the migration of the soul after death into another body; not always, or perhaps frequently, again into human form, but into that of some beast, bird, or fish. Thus a jackal, at present, may have been in a former state of existence, or “birth,” a prince; and a prince, at present, may have been a poor labourer, or a cat, dog, horse, bull, peacock, tortoise, and so on. This theory seems to be supported to some extent by the fact that the animals who figure in the Indian Fables discourse like good Hindús, talk of saying their prayers, of obligatory bathing, and of being well versed in the Vedas and other sacred books. That is to say, they do not talk as cats, mice, frogs, &c. might be supposed to *think*—allowing them to be capable of thinking and reasoning—but rather like sages. This will appear as no inconsistency to the ordinary Hindú mind, while the contrary would be so considered; for the cat or the mouse is understood to be a human being re-born in that animal form, and therefore capable of thinking as he did in a previous birth. And the Hindú entertaining such a belief must also believe that the different kinds of beasts and birds he sees every day possess a language whereby they communicate with each other, though, as the Esthonian song says, few men can understand them. We very frequently find in Indian story-books men mentioning, among the rare accomplishments which they possess, a knowledge of the languages of birds and beasts—see, for example, Tawney’s translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, vol. i. p. 499, and *passim*.

In romantic fictions, and in our ordinary household or fairy tales, the hero is commonly represented as being perfectly familiar with the speech of beasts and birds, and the acquirement stands him in good stead many a time and oft; for by overhearing their conversation he is enabled to escape dangers, or to achieve the object on which he is bent. Birds, especially, are very “knowing,” doubtless in consequence of their long excursions to far distant lands, where

they see and hear all kinds of strange things, and on their return home they freely communicate their tidings to each other. A few examples will perhaps suffice for the general reader—those who are familiar with European and Asiatic folk-tales need none of the information that I can impart, so they will pardon me if what I now have to say is to them a “twice-told tale,” as it is intended for such as are not so well acquainted with the subject.

The earliest example at present known of men being familiar with the speech of animals is found in the Egyptian romance of two brothers, Anapú and Satú, which is contained in one of the Hieratic papyri preserved in the British Museum, and was written more than three thousand years ago. When the younger brother is about to stall the oxen for the night, one of the animals warns him that Anapú is lurking behind the door ready to slay him when he should enter, and Satú is convinced of his brother's murderous purpose when he looks underneath the door and discovers his feet, and then flees for his life.

In the Tamil romance, *Madana-Kamarajankadai*, translated by Mr. Natésa Sastrí under the title of the *Dravidian Nights' Entertainments*, the prince and his companion—the latter being the real hero—returning to their own country, encamp for the night under a banyan-tree, and all are asleep save the ever-watchful friend of the prince, who hears a pair of owls conversing. Said the male bird: “My dear, the prince who is encamped under our tree is to die shortly by the falling on him of a big branch which is about to break.” “And if he should escape this calamity?” quoth the female. “Then,” said the other, “he will die to-morrow, in a river, in the dry bed of which he is to pitch his tent: when midnight comes a heavy flood will rush down and carry him away.” “But should he also escape this second calamity?” said the female. “Then he will surely die by the hands of his wife when he reaches his own city.” “And should he escape this third calamity also?” “My dear love,” answered the male bird, “he cannot escape it; but if he should do so, by any chance, then he will reign as king of kings for hundreds of years,” adding that any one who happened to know this secret and revealed it, his head should instantly burst into a thousand



pieces. The minister's son at once removed the sleeping prince to a spot far from the tree, and scarcely had he done so when a branch of the tree broke with a crash that aroused all the army as well as the prince, who exclaimed, "Surely I was sleeping in the very tent which that branch has crushed! How was I removed hither?" The minister's son simply said, "I heard the noise of the breaking branch and removed you out of danger." The following night when they reach the bank of a river-bed, all prefer to encamp on the bank but the prince, who insists on having his tent pitched in the dry bed of the river. At midnight the minister's son heard, yet afar off, the rushing sound of the waters, and removed the prince on his couch to a place of safety; he also saves his master from the third calamity, but I have no space here for the details.

In the Danish tale which recounts the adventures of Svend (Thorpe's *Yule-Tide Stories*), just as the hero is falling asleep, twelve crows come and perch on the elder trees over his head. They began to converse, and one told another what had happened to him that day. When they were about to fly away again, one crow said, "I am so hungry, where shall I get something to eat?" The crow's brother answered, "We shall have food enough to-morrow, when father has killed Svend." Quoth another, "Dost thou think that such a miserable fellow will dare to fight with our father?" "Yes, it is likely enough that he will; but it will not profit him much, since our father cannot be overcome but with the Man of the Moon's sword, and that hangs in the mound, within seven locked doors, before each of which are two fierce dogs that never sleep." Svend thus learned that he should be simply sacrificing his strength in attempting a contest with the dragon before he had made himself master of the Man of the Moon's sword, which he obtains by means of a finger-stall that rendered him invisible, and with that irresistible blade he slew the monstrous dragon.

Prince Táj ul-Mulúk, the hero of the charming romance of the *Gul-i-Bakáwalí* (or *Rose of Bakáwalí*), in wandering through a forest, climbs into a tree at night to secure himself from wild beasts. In the tree a *maina* (or hill-starling) had her nest, and he heard her little ones ask her what treasures there were in the jungle. She replied: "As

you proceed towards the south there is on the edge of the lake a tree of enormous growth. Any one placing a piece of the bark of that tree on his head will become invisible to all, while everything is visible to him; but no person can go to that tree, because it is guarded by a huge dragon, which neither sword nor arrow can wound." The young ones inquired, "How then could any one reach there?" The maina answered, "If a courageous and prudent man should go to the border of the lake, he must leap into it, when the dragon will attack him, and he will be changed into a raven, and must then place himself on one of the western branches of that tree, where he will find green and red fruits. Should he eat one of the red fruits, he will regain his original form; and by eating a green fruit he will become invisible; and by placing one in his girdle he can travel through the air. The leaves will heal wounds, and its wood will open the strongest locks and break the strongest bodies." It is needless to say that the hero took care to profit by this information.<sup>1</sup>

In Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, the rájá Vikráma is suffering great pain in consequence of a cobra having crept into his throat while he slept. His bride overhears some cobras talking, one of which tells the others that if certain nuts are pounded and mixed with cocoa-nut oil, set on fire, and burned beneath the rájá, the cobra would be instantly killed and drop to the ground. Moreover, if the same were done at the mouth of his hole, he, too, would be killed, and then they might find the treasure he guards. Of course, the rájá is cured and the treasure gained.

The story of "The Three Crows" (in Grimm's collection) must be very generally known: how a poor soldier, who had been robbed, and beaten, and blinded by his comrades, and then left at the gallows-foot, fast bound, overheard three crows, perched high on a neighbouring tree, talking together. One said that the king had vowed to marry his daughter to the man who should cure her of the malady from which she suffered, and that the remedy was burning a blue flower and giving her the ashes in water; the second, that such a dew would fall that same night, which applied to a blind man's eyes would restore his sight; and the third told how the great dearth

<sup>1</sup> Clouston's *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories*, p. 298.

of water in the city could be remedied. The poor fellow bathes his eyes in the dew and gets back his sight; he cures the princess and finds the water. His comrades afterwards learn from him the cause of his good fortune, and go to hear what the crows next talk about, but they pick out the rascals' eyes, believing it was they who had learned their secrets. This story is wide-spread, and for Norse, Portuguese, North African, Siberian, Arabian, and Persian versions, I refer the reader to my *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. p. 250 ff.

The common saying "as mute as a fish" is ignored in folk-tales, which, like fables, are superior to the so-called "facts" of natural history. Everybody remembers the witty retort of poor Goldy—one of the very few, by the way, that prejudiced Boswell has recorded of the genial Irishman—to the burly Doctor when he said it was no difficult matter to write fables—"Don't say so, Doctor," cried Goldy; "for were *you* to write a fable about little fishes, you'd make 'em talk like whales."—Grateful fishes often figure in folk-tales, as well as beasts and birds: in Indian stories this is natural enough, as I have already explained (p. 351), and when we meet with instances of *speaking* fish in European fictions we may be pretty sure they are of Asiatic extraction. There need, however, be no doubt of this in a Hungarian tale, in which the hero (Pengo) sees in a pool a small goldfish lamenting. "What ails you?" "Ah, the river beyond there lately overflowed its banks. I swam out beyond the banks and did not get back soon enough; and when this little pool dries altogether I must die." "Not so," quoth the prince, "I will take you back to the river." "Good youth," said the fish, "take one of my scales, and whenever you are in need breathe on it and I shall be at your side."<sup>1</sup>

From the foregoing examples it will be seen that bird-language, or rather, the speech of animals generally, is a very important factor

<sup>1</sup> This was evidently a good genie, or fairy, who had assumed the form of a fish in order to test the hero's humanity. In other tales such beings appear to the hero as poor decrepit old men and women, apparently in sore distress. The scale to be breathed upon here takes the place of the bird's feather, or the hair from a good genie's head, in other tales, which is to be burned when the hero is in any difficulty.



in folk-tales. Sometimes, instead of birds or beasts, the "secrets" which are overheard by the hero, and of which he does not fail to make good use, are unwittingly revealed, in Norse tales, by trolls, and in Indian fictions, by *bhúts*, or demons that take up their abode in old wells or ruins; but the result is invariably the same: the hero is warned and escapes from danger; he learns the means by which he may conquer a foe, effect a miraculous cure, and become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice."—When the fair lady Canacé goes to walk in the park on that—to her—eventful morning which succeeded the never-to-be forgotten birthday feast of her royal father Cambyuskán, our poet—for a wonder—does not launch into a rhapsody on the love-songs of the birds, which Canacé had, of course, often heard before, but now, with the magic Ring in her possession, was better able to appreciate—an unpardonable oversight of Chaucer, surely! The true poet, it may well be supposed, requires not the aid of any magic ring to interpret for him the voices of birds in the grove at early morn: he knows perfectly that they, one and all, "sing love on every spray." But the lady Canacé was simply a kind-hearted maiden, who had but a vague notion that the songs of the feathered minnesingers had but one theme; and the Ring must then have helped to shed a clearer light in her tender bosom, by which she would come to know, for the first time, what is "that thing called Love." Let us see how a young Moorish prince sped after he had learned bird-language:

#### *The Young Prince and his Feathered Friends.*

Prince Ahmed, in consequence of the prediction of astrologers, that he was in danger from love until he came of mature years, was placed in seclusion and not allowed to see any woman. His tutor, for his amusement, instructed him in the language of birds, and the first feathered acquaintance he made was a hawk, who, he soon finds, is a mere pirate of the air, swaggering and boastful, whose talk was all about rapine and carnage and desperate exploits. He next became acquainted with an owl, a mighty wise-looking bird with a huge head and staring eyes, who sat blinking and goggling all day in a hole in the wall and roamed forth at night. He had great pre-

tensions to wisdom, talked something of astrology and the moon, and hinted at the dark sciences ; but the prince found his prosing more tedious than even that of his old tutor. Then he had some talk with a bat, that hung all day by his heels in a dark corner of a vault, and sallied out in slipshod style at night. But he had mere twilight ideas on all subjects, and seemed to take delight in nothing. And then the young prince formed acquaintance with a swallow, who was a smart talker, restless, bustling, ever on the wing, seldom remaining long enough for any continued conversation ; and he turned out to be a mere smatterer, who only skimmed over the surface of everything, knowing nothing thoroughly.

Spring comes round once more, and with it the pairing of birds and nest-building. From every side the prince hears the same theme—love—love—love—chanted forth and responded to in every variety of note and tone. He listened in perplexity. “What can this love be,” thought he, “of which the world seems to be so full, and of which I know nothing?” He applied for information to the hawk. The ruffian bird answered in a tone of scorn, “You must apply to the vulgar peaceable birds of earth, who are made for the prey of us princes of the air. My trade is war, and fighting is my delight. I know nothing of this thing called love.” When he applied to the owl that bird said, “My time is taken up in study and reflection. I am a philosopher, and know nothing of love.” The bat said that he was a misanthrope. And the swallow had too much business to attend to for him to think of love. Then the prince inquires of his old tutor, “What is the thing called love?” The horrified sage replied, “O Prince, close thy mind against such dangerous knowledge ! Know that this love is the cause of half the ills of wretched mortality. It is this which produces bitterness and strife between brethren and friends ; which causes treacherous murder and devastating war. Care and sorrow, weary days and sleepless nights, are its attendants. It withers the bloom and blights the joy of youth, and brings on the ills and griefs of premature old age. Allah preserve thee, my Prince, in total ignorance of this thing called love !” One day after this the prince heard a nightingale chanting his wonted theme. As he was listening and sighing there was a

sudden rushing noise in the air: a beautiful dove, pursued by a hawk, darted in at the open window, and fell panting on the floor, while the pursuer, balked of his prey, soared off to the mountains. The prince took up the gasping bird, smoothed its feathers and nestled it in his bosom. Then he placed it in a golden cage. From the dove he learns all he wishes to know about the thing called love, and becomes desperately enamoured of a beautiful princess from the dove's glowing description of her charms. The dove conveys a letter from the prince to the lovely princess, in which he confessed his affection for her, and returns with her favourable answer. Then the prince escapes from the tower by night, and with the help of a parrot wins his lady love.<sup>1</sup>

Birds are often represented in folk-tales as having the power of vaticination, and their predictions are always fulfilled, a notable example of which has been long current in Europe, through the mediæval collection commonly called the *History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome*. The following is a Russian oral version, from M. Leger's French collection, which differs in some of the details from the ordinary form of the story:

*The Bird's Prediction: The Ravens' Dispute.*

In a certain town there dwelt a merchant and his wife. They had a son, named Basil, who was very clever for his years. One day, while they were seated at dinner, a nightingale in its cage sang with so mournful a voice that the merchant, quite overcome, said: "If I could find a man clever enough to tell me what the nightingale sings, and what fate he predicts, I would in truth give him half of my wealth, and after my death I would leave him a considerable sum." The child, who was then only six years of age, looked seriously at his father and mother and said: "I know what the nightingale sings, but I am afraid to tell." "Tell it, without

<sup>1</sup> Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*: "Prince Ahmed al-Kemal; or, the Pilgrim of Love"; which I have abridged considerably, omitting the Prince's subsequent adventures and exploits for the sake of his fair enslaver, "er that he might hur wyne," as being foreign to our purpose.



hesitation," cried they both at once. The child, with tears in his eyes, then told them: "The nightingale announces that a time will come when you will serve me; my father will pour out water for me, and my mother will hand me the towel." These words irritated the merchant and his wife very much, and they resolved to get rid of the child. They made a little boat, placed the child in it when he was asleep, and took the boat to the sea. At the very moment the soothing nightingale flew from his cage, followed the boat, and perched upon the child's shoulder.

The boat was borne along the sea, and soon came in the way of a ship under full sail. The pilot saw the child, pitied and rescued him, learned his story, and promised to love and guard him as his own son. Next day the child said to his adoptive father: "The nightingale predicts a tempest which will break our masts and tear our sails. We should return to port." The captain would not listen; the storm arose, broke the masts and tore the sails. What could they do? What is done, is done! They repaired the masts and proceeded on the voyage. Again Basil said: "My nightingale sings that we are about to meet twelve pirate-ships, which will take us all prisoners." This time the captain believed him, and touched at an island, from whence he clearly saw the twelve vessels pass by. He waited as long as was necessary and then resumed his voyage.

At the end of some time they came in sight of Choalinsk. Now the king of that city was much annoyed by a pair of ravens and their little one, which, for several years, flew and croaked before the windows of the palace, without giving him rest day or night. What had not been tried? Everything had been done to drive them away, but all was in vain. At every cross-road the king had caused a notice to be put up, which ran as follows: "To him who succeeds in driving away the ravens from the royal windows the king will give in reward the half of his kingdom and his youngest daughter. Whoever undertakes the affair and fails shall lose his head." Many had attempted it, and all had given up their heads to the axe. Basil had heard of this notice, and asked permission of the captain to go to the king, to drive away the ravens. The captain remonstrated with him in vain; he would not desist. "Go, then," said

the captain to him; "if misfortune befall thee, thou hast only thyself to blame."

Basil arrived at the palace, spoke to the king, and desired the window near which the ravens flew to be opened. He listened to the cry of the bird, and then said: "Sire, you know that there are here three ravens, the father, the wife, and the little one. Now the father and the mother dispute as to which of them the son belongs, to the father or to the mother, and they beg you to decide. Sire, condescend to say to which of them the little one belongs." "To the father," replied the king. Scarcely had the words been uttered when the father and the little one flew off to the right and the female to the left. The king took the child with him, and loaded him with favours and honours. He grew up and became a fine young man; married the king's daughter, and obtained the half of his kingdom. One day he took a notion to travel in various countries, to see the inhabitants. He rested for a night in a certain town. On the morrow, when he rose, he called for water to wash. The master brought water and the mistress a towel. He talked with them, and recognized them: they were his father and mother. He wept with joy, and threw himself at their feet. Then he led them away with him to Choalinsk, where they all lived happily together.<sup>1</sup>

In our English versions of the *Seven Wise Masters* the cause of the ravens' dispute is that during a time of scarcity the male bird had driven his mate away, and she had been fed and supported by the younger male raven (here there is no "little one"); but now the older male bird had returned to claim his mate, who would have none of him, but elected the other, who had befriended her in adversity. The king rules that the older male bird should depart and trouble the happy pair no more.

Although this tale is found in all the European texts of the *Seven Wise Masters*, it does not occur in any of the Eastern versions of its prototype, the Book of Sindibád; but that it is, partly at least, of Asiatic extraction seems evident from the fact that the birds' dispute

<sup>1</sup> *Recueil de Contes populaires Slaves*, traduits sur les textes originaux, par Louis Leger; Paris, 1882; No. xxxi.

is found in a Bengali folk-tale, the first part of which I have abridged as follows :

*The Fool and the Disputing Birds.*

The prime minister of a rájá took into his service a poor fool whom he found sitting by the side of a village road. Some time after this, a pair of birds had built their nest in the minister's garden, and one day the hen saw another hen walking about with her mate. She said angrily, "Leave her alone." The cock said, "Both of you can be my wives and live with me." The hen did not approve of this ; and a great dispute arose, and at last all three went before the rájá to have the matter settled, and when the court was closed they flew away. Thus they continued to come and go for two or three days, and then the rájá asked the minister what was the reason of their coming. He replied, that he had not the least idea. The rájá said, "If you can tell me to-morrow, good ; if not, I will cut off your head." The minister went into his garden, and sat thinking, with his head between his hands. The fool, seeing his master's dejected appearance, asked why he was so distressed ; but he answered nothing, till the fool continued to ask him in such a determined way that he could not help telling him the royal command. "Is this the reason you are so distressed?" said the fool. "I understand what the birds are saying." And then he told his master the whole story of their quarrel, adding, "If the rájá decides that both the hens shall continue to live with the cock, then show two fingers, and they will fly away ; but if it be decided that he is only to live with his wife, then show one finger, and one bird will immediately fly away, and a little time after the pair of birds will fly together." The minister was delighted to hear all this, and next day went early to the durbár, and found that the birds were already come, and were sitting there. The rájá said, "To-day the case of the birds will be tried. What is their complaint?" Then the minister told him what he had heard from the mouth of the fool, and he was much astonished, and decided that the cock should have but one wife. So the minister held up one finger, and immediately one of the birds flew away, and a short time after the two others



went off together. The case being thus decided, the court was closed, and the rájá thought the minister's conduct praiseworthy.<sup>1</sup>

Whether or not it is to a man's advantage to have the precise time of his death predicted to a certainty is a question on both sides of which a good deal might be said, and, after all, we should perhaps be "no forrarder"; so I'll not waste time in discussing it, but leave the reader to judge for himself, from the following somewhat singular story :

*The Crow's Prediction.*

'Ummayah ibn Abú es-Salat was the poet of poets amongst the Arabs, but, though often in the company of the Prophet, he did not embrace the blessed religion of Islám. His death was very remarkable. One day he took a cup in his hand, and as he was about to drink its contents, he heard the voice of a crow proceeding from a corner of the room in which he was with some friends. He replied to the crow, "Vafék et-turab!" ("To the earth with you!") Again the crow spoke, and again he answered as before. Those present now asked him, "O learned soothsayer, what have you understood from the voice of the crow?" "It said," replied 'Ummayah, "'Know that in the same hour in which you drink of the cup in your hand you will die'; to which I answered, 'To the earth with you!' The second time it said, 'If you wish a proof of what I say, I will fly from here and perch upon the mound opposite, feed there on something, and die, in consequence of a bone sticking in my throat. You will then drink of the cup in your hand, and die immediately.'" As he said this, the crow flew and alighted on the mound, where, after scratching two or three times, it fell down and expired. 'Ummayah now exclaimed, "Behold, the crow's words have been verified! I will therefore drink of the cup in my hand, and you will see what ensues." The moment he drank of the cup he fell down and delivered up his soul.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, vol. iii., p. 320 : "Bengali Folk-Lore," by G. H. Damant.

<sup>2</sup> From a Turkish collection entitled, '*Ajá'ib el-ma'ásir wa ghará'ib el-na-wádir*' (Wonders of Remarkable Events and Rarities of Anecdotes), by Ahmed

“Knowledge is power”; and we have seen a goodly number of instances showing that a knowledge of the speech of animals is a very great power to the heroes of folk-tales. In the following version of a well-known story (from Comparetti’s *Novelline popolare italiane*, No. 56)—which is not very remotely related to the Bird’s Prediction—*ante*, p. 358—the hero is largely indebted to luck (or predestination) for his subsequent good fortune :

*The Three Animal Languages.*

A father once had a son who spent ten years in school. At the end of that time the teacher wrote the father to take away his son, because he could not teach him anything more. The father took the boy home and gave a grand banquet in his honour, to which he invited the most noble gentlemen of the country. After many speeches by those gentlemen, one of the guests said to the host’s son, “Just tell us some fine thing you have learned.” “I have learned the language of dogs, of frogs, and of birds.” There was universal laughter on hearing this, and all went away ridiculing the pride of the father and the foolishness of the son. The father was so ashamed at his son’s answer and so angry at him that he gave him up to two servants, with orders to take him into a wood and kill him and bring back his heart. The two servants did not dare to obey this command, and instead of the lad they killed a dog, and carried its heart to their master. The youth fled from the country and came to a castle a long way off, where lived the treasurer of the prince, who had immense treasures. There he asked for and obtained a lodging, but scarcely had he entered the house when a multitude of dogs collected about the castle. The treasurer asked the young man why so many dogs had come, and as the youth understood their language he answered that it meant that a hundred assassins would attack the castle that very evening, and that the treasurer should take his precautions. The castellan made two hundred soldiers place themselves in ambush about the castle, and

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ibn Hemdem, Khetkhoda, in the time of Murad, the fourth Ottoman sultan (A.D. 1623—1640); translated by J. P. Brown, under the title of *Turkish Evening Entertainments*, New York, 1850; ch. xxiii.

at night they arrested the assassins. The treasurer was so grateful to the youth that he wished to give him his daughter, but he replied that he could not remain now, but he would return within a year and three days.

After he left that castle he arrived at a city where the king's daughter was very ill, because the frogs which were in a fountain near the palace gave her no rest with their croaking. The lad perceived that the frogs croaked because the princess had thrown a cross into the fountain, and as soon as it was removed the girl recovered. The king, too, wished the lad to marry her, but he again said that he would return within a year and three days.

On leaving the king he set out for Rome, and on the way he met three young men, who became his companions. One day it was very warm, and all four lay down to sleep under an oak. Presently a great flock of birds flew into the oak and awakened the pilgrims by their loud singing. One of them asked, "Why are these birds singing so joyfully?" The youth answered, "They are rejoicing with the new Pope, who is to be one of us." And suddenly a dove alighted on his head, and in truth shortly after he was made Pope.<sup>1</sup>

Then he sent for his father, the treasurer, and the king. All presented themselves trembling, for they feared they had committed some very heinous sin. But the Pope made them all relate their histories, and then turned to his father and said, "I am the son whom you sent to be killed because I said I understood the language of birds, of dogs, and of frogs. You have treated me thus, and on the other hand a treasurer and a king have been very grateful for this knowledge of mine." The father repented his fault, and his son pardoned him and kept him with him while he lived.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is some obscurity here: as the hero was a mere youth, how could he be "*shortly after* made Pope"? The incident of the dove alighting on his head recalls—and is probably connected with—the custom mentioned in many Indian stories of people sending the late king's elephant and a bird out of the city, and the person the bird alighted on, and the elephant at the same time took up with his trunk and placed on his back, was chosen as king: the bird does not occur often in such tales.

<sup>2</sup> Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 161-3.—In the German version (Grimm, No. 33, "Die drei Sprachen") the youth is sent to school three successive terms, during each of which he learns an animal language. The old tower of the castle



Every schoolboy knows—or ought to know—the story in the introductory part of the *Arabian Nights*, entitled in our common English version, “The Labourer, the Ox, and the Ass”; but E. W. Lane’s more accurate translation of it may find a place here, so that our tales of animal-language may be the more representative :

*The Merchant, the Bull, and the Ass.*

There was a merchant who possessed wealth and cattle, and had a wife and children; and God, whose name he exalted, had also endowed him with the knowledge of the languages of beasts and birds. The abode of this merchant was in the country, and he had in his house an ass and a bull. When the bull came to the place where the ass was tied he found it swept and sprinkled; in his manger were sifted barley and sifted cut straw, and the ass was lying at his ease, his master being accustomed only to ride him occasionally, when business required, and soon to return. And it happened one day that the merchant overheard the bull saying to the ass, “May thy food benefit thee! I am oppressed with fatigue, while thou art enjoying repose; thou eatest sifted barley, and men serve thee, and it is only occasionally that thy master rides thee and returns soon, while I am continually employed in ploughing and turning the mill.” The ass answered, “When thou goest out to the field, and they place the yoke upon thy neck, lie down, and do not rise again, even if they beat thee; or if thou rise, lie down a second time; and when they take thee back and place the beans before thee, eat them not, as though thou wert sick. Abstain from eating and drinking for two days or three, and so shalt thou find rest from trouble and labour.”

Accordingly, when the driver came to the bull with his fodder, he ate scarcely any of it, and on the morrow, when the driver came to take him to the plough, he found him apparently quite infirm. So the merchant said, “Take the ass and make him draw the plough

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is full of wild dogs, who bark and howl all night. He gets meat for them. Next morning he says the dogs are bewitched and obliged to watch a great treasure below the tower.—The story is also found in Hahn’s Greek and Albanian collection, No. 33; *Basque Legends*, p. 137; and *Mélasine*, vol. i. p. 300.

in his stead all day." The man did so; and when the ass returned at the close of the day, the bull thanked him for the favour he had conferred upon him, by relieving him of his trouble on that day; but the ass returned him no answer, for he repented most grievously. On the next day the ploughman came again and took the ass and ploughed with him till evening; and the ass, with his neck flayed by the yoke, was reduced to a state of extreme weakness; and the bull looked on him, and thanked him and praised him. The ass exclaimed, "I was living at ease, and nought but my meddling hath injured me." Then said he to the bull, "Know that I am one who would give thee good advice. I heard our master say, 'If the bull rise not from his place, take him to the butcher, that he may kill him and make a *nata* [eating-cloth] of his skin.' I am therefore in fear for thee, and so I have given thee advice, and peace be on thee." When the bull heard these words of the ass, he thanked him and said, "To-morrow I will go with alacrity." So he ate the whole of his fodder, and even licked the manger.

On the following morning the merchant and his wife went to the bull's crib, and sat down there; and the driver came and took out the bull; and when the bull saw his master he shook his tail, and showed his alacrity by sounds and actions, bounding about in such a manner that the merchant laughed until he fell backwards. His wife in surprise asked him, "At what dost thou laugh?" He answered, "At a thing that I have heard and seen, but I cannot reveal it, for if I did, I should die."<sup>1</sup> She said, "Thou must inform me the cause of thy laughter, even if thou die." "I cannot reveal it," said he; "the fear of death prevents me." "Thou didst laugh only at *me*," she said; and she ceased not to urge and importune him until he was quite overcome and distracted. So he called together his children, and sent for the *kází* [judge] and witnesses, that he might make his will and reveal the secret to her and die; for he loved her excessively, since she was the daughter of

<sup>1</sup> This is the first intimation we have of the condition under which the merchant (he is more like a farmer) was taught the language of animals; but in a variant which follows, it is stated that death was the penalty for revealing the conversation of birds or beasts.

his paternal uncle, and the mother of his children, and had lived with her to the age of a hundred and twenty years. Having assembled his family and neighbours, he related to them his story, and told them that as soon as he revealed his secret he must die; upon which every one present said to his wife, "We conjure thee, by Allah, that thou give up this affair, and let not thy husband and the father of thy children die." But she said, "I will not desist until he tell me, though he die for it." So they ceased to solicit her, and the merchant left them and went to the stable to perform the ablution, and then to return and tell the secret to his wife.

Now he had a cock, with fifty hens under him, and he had also a dog, and he heard the dog call to the cock and reproach him, saying, "Art thou happy when our master is about to die?" The cock said, "How so?" and the dog related to him the story, upon which the cock exclaimed, "By Allah! our master has little sense! I have fifty wives, and I please this and provoke that one; while he has but one wife, and cannot manage this affair with her! Why does he not take some twigs of the mulberry-tree, and enter her chamber and beat her until she dies or repents? She would never after that ask him a question respecting anything." And when the merchant heard the words of the cock, as he addressed the dog, he recovered his reason and made up his mind to beat her. He entered her chamber, after he had cut off some twigs of the mulberry-tree and hidden them there, and then said to her, "Come into the chamber, that I may tell thee the secret while no one hears me, and then die." And when she entered he locked the chamber door upon her, and beat her until she became almost senseless, and cried out, "I repent"; and she kissed his hands and his feet, and repented and went out with him; and all the company and her own family rejoiced; and they lived together in the happiest manner until death.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This story is also found in two Italian collections, viz.: Straparola's *Piacevoli Notti*, xii. 3, and Pitre's *Fiabe, Novelle, e Racconti*, No. 282; also in J. Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, No. 134: "Ein bösz weib tugenhaft zemachen." It is doubtless one of the many tales of Eastern origin which were brought to Italy by Venetian merchants who traded in the Levant in the 14th and 15th centuries.—The same story also occurs in Jones and Kropf's *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, p. 301, where a donkey "had said something that made him smile."



I am of opinion that the foregoing diverting tale is not of Arabian but of Indian invention; and I have a strong impression that, some years since, I met with a very similar story in a Hindú collection, where some ants were conversing beneath the bed on which a prince and his bride lay; the prince understood their language and laughed, upon which his wife urged him to tell her what the ants said;—but this is all that I can recollect of the story, nor can I call to mind the title of the book where it may be found.—There is an interesting Bulgarian variant, in M. Leger's French collection of Slav Tales, No. xi., which will probably be quite new to most English readers:

*The Shepherd who learned the Language of Animals.*

A certain man had a shepherd, who had long served him faithfully. One day the shepherd heard a hissing sound, and discovered a serpent surrounded by flames in a dry wood which was on fire, and while he was watching to see how the poor creature would escape the serpent exclaimed, "Shepherd, I pray thee, do a good turn and take me out of these flames." The shepherd pulled him out with his stick, upon which the serpent coiled himself round the body of his deliverer. "Wretch!" cries the shepherd, in mortal terror, "is it thus you thank me for saving you? They say truly, 'Do good, and you will find evil.'" But the serpent is far from ungrateful: he bids the shepherd carry him to his father, who is King of the Serpents, which he does accordingly, and arriving at the serpent-king's abode finds the door consists of a web of snakes; the rescued serpent hisses, and the web of snakes is drawn aside, and as the shepherd enters the serpent advises him to accept of no reward but knowledge of the language of birds and beasts. At first the king of the serpents refuses, because the shepherd would at once die if he boasted of this knowledge; but, yielding at length to his importunity, the serpent-king and the shepherd spit on each other's lips three times, and the shepherd takes his leave.

On his way home he found that he could perfectly understand every word said by birds in the trees and insects in the grass. When he comes to his flock he hears two ravens conversing on a

tree: "If that shepherd knew there is a enormous quantity of gold and silver in the cave near which his black lamb lies, he would soon take it away." He tells his master of this; the treasure is found, sure enough, and given by the master to his faithful shepherd, who forthwith builds a fine mansion and marries. He soon becomes very wealthy, with many cattle and sheep. One day he gives his servants a grand feast, and tells them to enjoy themselves, for he will himself look after the flocks and herds during the night. Some wolves come and say to the dogs that they wish a sheep to eat. The dogs reply, "Go on, and take one; we'll feast with you." An aged dog, with only two teeth left, says, "So long as I've got a tooth in my head you shall not steal my master's property." The next day the man caused all the dogs, save the old one, to be killed, notwithstanding the intercession of his servants, nor would he give the reason for so doing.

The man and his wife set out on a journey one day—he on a horse, she on a mare. Passing the mare, the horse says, "Come on faster—why are you lagging behind?" The mare answers, "It's very easy for you to speak so;—you carry but one, while I carry three: my mistress, the child at her breast, and a foal within me." The man laughs, and his wife asks the reason; he tries to put her off, but she insists on knowing; and then he tells her that he must die if he should reveal the secret. She continues to press him more and more, till at length he consents, but it must be told at home. So they turn back, and, arrived at his house, he causes a grave to be dug, and lying down in it, tells his wife he is going to disclose the secret and die. Just then the old dog comes up, and the man bids his wife give the poor brute a bit of bread, which she does, but the dog won't eat it—he only moans and weeps. Presently the cock comes and begins to peck at the bread. Says the dog, "Why do you eat? Here's our good master going to die!" "Let him die," answers the cock, "since he is such a noodle. Look at me: I've a hundred wives, and when I find a grain of millet, I call them all, and then I swallow the grain. If one of them takes offence, I thrash her till she lowers her tail. This man has only one, and can't take her down a single peg!" On hearing this conversation, the master

leaped out of the grave, grasped a cudgel and so belaboured his wife that she never afterwards dared to ask him why he laughed.

Did the Fable originally have a "moral" tagged on to it? or was it supposed to be of itself sufficiently clear as to its import to render any explanation of it needless? I am disposed to think that the primitive fables had no "morals" appended, although the Buddhist and Hindú beast-fables are each invariably prefaced with a moral sentence, or couplet, which the apologue is supposed to enforce or illustrate, and the same maxim is repeated at the end—just as a Scotch parson often clinches his sermon with a repetition (accompanied with pulpit-thumping) of his text—the usual formula being, "therefore I say," and so on. To this innovation—as I cannot but consider it to be—are doubtless due the wire-drawn "morals" that were in mediæval times tagged on to fables. Now it seems to me that the very aim and object of the Fable is to dispense with a didactic discourse: to bring a truth home to the minds of the hearers by means of a short, pithy narrative, full of interest, in which beasts or birds are the chief or only characters, and in whose sayings and doings lies the lesson desired to be inculcated. In its simplest, and therefore its primitive, form, the Fable stands in need of no explanation or commentary. Take, for examples, the delightful apologue of the mice who would hang a bell to the cat's neck; the Dog and his Shadow; the Wolf and the Lamb; the Ass in the Lion's skin; and many others, familiar from our nursery days: do they not carry each their own "moral"? There is, however, somewhat to be said in favour of the theory that beast-fables were employed, if not actually designed in the first instance, as safe vehicles of advice or reproof to despotic princes; and it is said that a king was once turned from the evil of his ways by a cunningly devised fable related by his minister, who pretended to know bird-language:

*The Confab. of the Two Owls.*

Sultan Mahmúd [of Ghazni]<sup>1</sup> had a vazír called Ayáz. One day a dervish came to Ayáz and said, "For the love of God, get

<sup>1</sup> Mahmúd, son of Sabaktagan, ruled from A.D. 997 till 1030. It was at his request that Firdausí, the Homer of Persia, composed his grand epic, the *Sháh*



somewhat for me from the king." Ayáz answered, "To-morrow the king is to go to the chase. Do thou come before the king, and pray, and say, 'O king, I know the language of birds.' If the king ask me, I shall answer and get somewhat for thee from the king." So on the morrow the dervish did so. Ayáz was by the king's side, and he said, "O king, give me this dervish, that I may learn the language of birds." The king answered, "Take him; let him bide with thee." Ayáz said, "O king, give this dervish some little thing, till thy slave learn the language of birds." So the king gave the dervish a daily allowance of a gold sequin. For a time the dervish abode with Ayáz, and after that Ayáz went before the king, and said, "O king, I have learned the language of birds from the dervish." And he caused them to give the dervish much wealth, and the dervish went away.

One day Sultan Mahmúd went to the chase with Ayáz. While on the road the king saw that there were two trees growing one on either side of the way, and upon each an owl was perched, and these were screaming across to each other. The king said to Ayáz, "Thou sayest thou dost know the language of birds. What are these birds saying? Listen, and tell me." Ayáz listened for a little while, and then said, "O king, this bird has a son, and this other has a daughter; and this one wants the other's daughter for his son; and the other wants 500 ruined villages and towns as dower for his daughter. And this one answers, 'What are 500 villages, since Sultan Mahmúd is king over this clime? If thou wish 1000, I shall give thee them.'" Sultan Mahmúd heard this answer from Ayáz, and said, "Am I such a tyrant that in my time towns and villages are ruined?" And he straightway ordered that they restored all the ruined towns and villages in the country. So by reason of that untruth he set about acting with justice; and now whenever his name is called they say, "The mercy of God upon him!"<sup>1</sup>

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*Náma*, or Book of Kings. He figures prominently in many Indo-Persian popular tales.

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Forty Vezirs*, translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb, London, 1886, p. 144.—This story is of Arabian extraction, and occurs in the *Thousand and one Nights*, and another Arabic work.

### Magic Swords and Spears.

WE have now arrived at the fourth, and last, gift of the Indian king to his Tartar "brother"—the Sword, which, by the way, was without a sheath; perchance, because such a keen blade would wear out any scabbard. Its marvellous qualities are thus set forth by the ambassador:

"This naked swerd, that hangeth by my side,  
Such vertu hath, that what man that it smyte,  
Thurghout his armur it wol kerve and byte,  
Were it as thikke as is a braunchèd ook;  
And what man is i-wounded with the strook  
Schal never be hool, till that you lust of grace  
To strok him with the plat in thilkè place  
Ther he is hurt; this is as moche to seyn,  
Ye moote with the platte swerd agein  
Stroke him in the wound, and it wol close;—  
This is the verray soth withouten glose,  
It failleth nought, whil it is in your hold."

The people, who were eagerly interchanging ideas regarding the wonderful presents which their king had just received at the hands of the Indian knight, in discussing the qualities of the Sword—

fel in speche of Telophos the kyng,  
And of Achilles for his queynte<sup>1</sup> spere,  
For he couthe<sup>2</sup> with it bothe hele and dere.<sup>3</sup>

"Telephus, the son of Hercules and Auge, was wounded by Achilles with his spear, and healed by the application of some rust from the same weapon. Petronius, in his epigram, *De Telepho*, exactly describes the qualities of Cambyuskán's magic sword—

"Unde datum est vulnus, contigit inde salus."

A somewhat similar sword was possessed by a giant in a Norse tale—"whoever is touched with its point dies instantly; but if he is touched with the hilt he immediately returns to life."<sup>4</sup> And in another Norse tale a witch gives the hero a sword, one edge of which was black, the other white; and if he smote a foe with the black edge he fell dead in a moment, but by striking him with the white edge the dead man as quickly rose up alive.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Queynte* = cunningly-devised.    <sup>2</sup> *Couthe* = could.    <sup>3</sup> *Dere* = harm.

<sup>4</sup> Thorpe's *Yule-Tide Stories* (Bohn's ed., 1853), p. 162.

<sup>5</sup> Dasent's *Tales from the Eydol*: "Master Tobacco."

A still more wonderful sword occurs in a folk-tale from Western India, in which the hero discovers himself in a submarine palace; a lovely damsel is lying upon a golden bedstead, her head severed from her body and laid on a pillow by her side, the life-blood trickling from her throat, each drop as it falls turning into a magnificent ruby. He conceals himself. Presently a giant—the girl's father—comes home; he puts the girl's head on her neck, then takes a sword that was lying beside her, and strokes up and down with the blade the place where the neck had been severed, whereupon the girl awakes. In the morning before the giant goes out, he takes the same sword and cuts off the girl's head again, placing it on the pillow beside her, along with the sword. While the giant is away, the hero with the sword brings back the damsel to life, and they escape to the upper world.<sup>1</sup>

Reginald Scot, quoting L. Varius, says of witches that they "can remedie anie stranger, and him that is absent, with that very sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upwards with their fingers the partie shall feelee no paine; whereas if they drawe their fingers downewards thereupon, the partie wounded shall feelee intolerable paine."<sup>2</sup> It was also a magical practice to anoint the weapon that had caused a serious wound, and thus, as it was fondly believed, effect a cure by "sympathy." Sir Walter Scott introduces this in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii. 23:

But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted, as if she galled the wound.  
Then to her maidens she did say,  
That he should be whole man and sound  
Within the course of a night and day.

Scott, in a note to this passage, gives a long extract from a discourse on cure by sympathy, pronounced by Sir Kenelm Digby at

<sup>1</sup> *Indian Antiquary*, July 1887, p. 110.

<sup>2</sup> *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scot, 1584, p. 283.



Montpelier, before an assembly of nobles and learned men, which was translated into English by R. White, Gent., and published in 1658, and in which he relates how he cured one Mr. James Howel, who had been severely wounded in the hand by endeavouring to part two gentlemen, his friends, who were fighting with swords: Howel's wound had been bound up with his garter on the spot. Some days after, Howel came to Digby and asked him to look at his wound, as he had heard of the remarkable remedies he possessed.

"I asked him," continues Digby, "for anything that had the blood upon it, so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing in the interim what Mr. Howel did, who still stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed. 'I know not what ails me; but I find that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your plaisters, only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.'<sup>1</sup> This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the business, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of his new

<sup>1</sup> There can be little doubt that following out this advice, to keep the wound clean and in a moderate temperature, did vastly more towards the cure than all Digby's washings of the blood-stained garter and the rest of his charlatanry.

accident, and would provide accordingly, for his master should be free from inflammation, it may be, before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went, and at the instant I did put the garter again into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward, but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized and entirely healed.”<sup>1</sup>

In the European romances of chivalry the champions are usually possessed of swords which can cleave an opponent from the helmet to the saddle, and sometimes even divide his horse at the same time in two equal parts. The noble King Arthur obtained his famous blade Excalibar in this wise, according to the veritable romance of Merlin: A strange stone was one day discovered in front of the church-door, and in it was firmly fixed a sword, on the blade of which were written these lines:

Ich am y-hote [*i. e.* called] Excalibore;  
Unto a king fair treasure.  
(On Inglis is this writing)  
Kerve steel, and yren, and al thing.

It was then declared that whosoever should be able to draw this sword out of the stone should be acknowledged as King of Britain. Many were the strong and hardy knights who attempted in vain to withdraw the sword, until at length Arthur came forward—"being then in need of a trusty blade"—and drew it forth with perfect ease. This incident may have been taken from the Volsung Saga: "The Volsungs traced themselves back, like all heroes, to Odin, the great father of gods and men. From him sprang Sigi, from him Volsung. In the centre of his hall grew an oak, the tall trunk of which passed through the roof, and its boughs spread far and wide in the upper air. Into that hall, on a high feast-day, when Signy, Volsung's daughter, was to be given away to Siggier, king of Gothland, strode an old one-eyed guest. His feet were bare, his hose were of knitted

<sup>1</sup> It is said that James VI. learned from Sir Kenelm Digby the secret of this mode of cure, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar in Armenia.

linen; he wore a great striped cloak and a broad flapping hat. In his hand he bare a great sword, which, at one stroke, he buried up to the hilt in the oak-trunk. 'There,' said he, 'let him of all this company bear this sword who is man enough to draw it out. I give it him, and none shall say he ever wore a better blade.' With these words he passed out of the hall and was seen no more. Many tried, for that sword was plainly a thing of price, but none could stir it till Sigmund, the best and bravest of the Volsung's sons, tried his hand, and lo! the weapon yielded itself at once. This was the famous blade Gram."<sup>1</sup>

The Dwarfs in the Norse sagas are the most expert makers of irresistible swords: Sualforlani, king of Gadarike [*i. e.* Russia], captures two dwarfs while out hunting. He orders them to forge him a sword with a hilt and belt of gold, that should never miss a blow and never rust, could cut through iron and stone as through a garment, and always be victorious in war and single combat. On fulfilling these conditions he would grant them their lives. The dwarfs on the day appointed came and delivered the sword to the king, and when one of them stood at the door he said, "This sword shall be the bane of a man every time it is drawn, and with it shall be done three of the greatest atrocities." Thereupon Sualforlani struck at the dwarf so that the blade of the sword penetrated into the solid rock. Thus did Sualforlani become possessed of this famous sword,

<sup>1</sup> A somewhat similar Talmudic legend is told of Moses and the rod with which he divided the Red Sea, so that the Israelites passed over with dry foot, and smote the rock in the wilderness, causing a plenteous stream of pure water to flow forth. It seems that this extraordinary staff was created on the sixth day and given to Adam while yet in Paradise—but for what purpose it does not appear. Adam bequeathed it to Enoch, who gave it to Shem, the eldest son of Noah, from whom it descended to Isaac and Jacob. It was by the help of this staff that Jacob crossed the Jordan—he probably used it as a *leaping-stick*—and he took it with him to Egypt. Before his death he presented it to Joseph, at whose death it was taken, with the rest of his property, into Pharaoh's treasury, where Jethro, then one of the royal magicians, at once recognized its magic qualities, and on quitting the Egyptian court to settle in Midian, he took it with him, and planted it in his garden, where no person was able to approach it, until the arrival of Moses—who had fled thither after slaying the insolent Egyptian—and he, having read the mystical words written on the staff, pulled it out of the ground with great ease; a circumstance which clearly showed that the staff was reserved for him alone.



and he called it Tirfyng, and in single combat he slew with it the giant Thiasse, and took his daughter Fridur.<sup>1</sup>

This grim warrior's first stroke with his new sword Tirfyng, by which he cleaved in two the unfortunate dwarf who helped to make it, recalls a similar incident in the Bedouin romance of Antar, when the equally famous blade Dhamí first tasted blood. A thunderbolt (aerolite?) which had killed a camel was given by an Arab chief to a smith, to be forged into a trusty sword. When it was finished the artisan took it to the chief, with the unlucky remark—

“Sharp is the sword, O chief of the tribe of Ghalib!  
But where is the smiter for the sword?”

“As for the smiter,” quoth the chief—“I am the smiter!” and, suiting the action to the word, he struck off the smith's head. This blade afterwards came into the possession of the renowned poet-hero Antar, in whose hand it caused men's heads to “flee aff like taps o' thistles.”

Among other celebrated swords was that given to the renowned Jack by his friend the three-headed giant, which was “of such exceeding sharpness that it will cut through whatever you strike.” Similar was the sword which the hero Eisen- (*i. e.* Iron) Laczi, in a Polish tale, received from the king of the serpents, in reward for having saved his daughter from a burning hayrick, which cut down every one so long as it was not cleaned: he also received from the same ophidian potentate a shirt that was impenetrable while it remained unwashed.

The Gipsies of Bukowina tell of a sword with which a hero, single-handed, destroyed an entire army. “When he went to battle he waved it to the right, and slew half of the army, and he moved it to the left hand, and slew the other half.”<sup>2</sup>—Not less powerful was the blade of which we read in the Arabian tale of “Júdar of Cairo and Mahmúd of Tunis”: “Genie as well as men dreaded this sword, for when the dervish Sintbut, its maker, was angry with any one, he needed only to raise it against him, when a ray of light issued from it, which divided his adversary into two parts, and reduced them to ashes. If many assailed him at once, he had only

<sup>1</sup> Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, Introd. p. lxi.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Miklosich's *Märchen und Lieder der Zigeuner der Bukowina*, No. XIII.

to touch one of them with the sword, and all fell lifeless on the ground."<sup>1</sup>

Sometimes a magic sword does deadly execution when merely ordered to do so, and even of its own accord. In a German tale, one of the treasures for the possession of which two buffle-headed giants are disputing is a sword to which you have only to say, "Heads off!" and off goes every head—except that of the owner, of course. So, too, in Spitta Bey's French rendering of a collection of modern Arabian tales, there is a sword that spares neither great nor small, if one but draw it and say, "Strike left and right!" In one Hungarian tale there is a sword to which you have only to say, "Sword, come out of your scabbard," when it would leap forth and slash about so that not even a fly could approach, and in another is a blade which "at your command will slay the population of seven countries."<sup>2</sup> In the Kalmuk tales of *Siddhí Kúr*, a sword, and in the *Játakas*, or Buddhist Birth-stories, a hatchet, have only to be ordered to go after such a man, cut off his head, and bring back the treasure on his person, and all is done forthwith.—In the Norse sagas, the sword which Freyr gave to Skirnir slew men of its own accord. Hrolf Krake's sword, Sköfnung, would cry in its scabbard, and of itself leap out to battle: the sword of the Berserker, called Bryn্থware, did likewise. But what were these blades compared with the Sword of Vengeance, which killed eight champions with a single stroke, and spared neither maid nor mother!<sup>3</sup> In the old romance of *Le chevalier a*

<sup>1</sup> Kirby's *New Arabian Nights*, p. 153.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, pp. 66, 293.—I see no reason why the famous Magic Stick, which does such execution in so many folk-tales, should not be considered as a humble but sturdy cousin to these self-acting swords. When the youth has been deprived of his inestimable magic treasures by a rascally landlord, he obtains a stick, to which he has only to say, "Stick, stick! lay on!" and when the stick has given the landlord a few of its gentle pats on the scone the rogue cries out, "Stop! stop! and I'll give you back your things." A sword could have done no more, except perhaps kill the landlord, and that would have been excessive punishment.

<sup>3</sup> See Prior's *Danish Ballads*, i. p. 268.—In a Polish tale, the hero sees on the wall of a room in the castle of Helen the Enchantress a sword hanging, and it continued to leap out of the sheath and back again every moment. He exchanges his own sword for it; and when Helen comes in she seizes the sword on the wall, but no sooner did it touch her own (in the hero's hand) than it flew into bits.

*L'Epée* Gawain is received into an enchanted castle, where a sword cut off the head of any person who took liberties with the daughter of the chatelain.—It would also appear that, in olden times, when what we consider as marvels were almost every-day occurrences, heroes fondly conversed with their swords. Thus in the grand national epic of the Finns, the *Kalevala*, the hero Kullewo asks his sword whether it is disposed to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the guilty, and the trusty blade answers, "Why should I not eat the flesh and drink the blood of the guilty, when I have eaten the flesh and drank the blood of the innocent?" Whereupon Kullewo slays himself with the sword.

Irresistible magic swords and spears often figure—and to some purpose, too—in early European romantic poetry. Thus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. II., c. viii., st. 20 :

For that same knight's own sword this is, of yore  
Which Merlin made by his almightie art  
For that his Noursling, when he Knighthood swore,  
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.  
The metal first he mixt with medaewart,  
That no enchantment from his dint might save ;  
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
Of hellish Styx, which hidden virtue gave.

In Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, B. I., c. i., st. 43, we read of "a lance of gold wrought out with skill and subtle toil. That lance is of such a nature that nothing can resist its thrust: force or slight avail not against it; but both must surely be overcome; enchantment unequalled in the world has girdled it around with such power, that neither the count of Brava, nor Rinaldo, nor [anything in] the world could stand firm against its thrust."—But in the same poem we meet with swords which are wrought with such fine temper as to break the spell of every sorcery—even enchantment avails not where they lay their strokes (B. II. xvii., 13).—In Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* we read, according to W. Stewart Rose's translation :

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"You are my own bridegroom," said she, and so they were married.—*Dublin University Magazine*, 1867, vol. xx. p. 142.



Thus by Rogero's suit the enchantress won,  
 To his first shape transformed the youthful peer ;  
 But good Melissa deemed that nought was done  
 Save she restored his armour and his spear  
 Of gold, which, whenso'er at tilt he run,  
 At the first touch unseated cavalier. (viii. 17.)

On Rabican, pricked forth before his band,  
 Valiant Astolpho, from the other bound,  
 With the enchanted lance of gold in hand,  
 Which at the first encounter bore to ground  
 What knights he smote with it. (xviii. 15.)

The lance, by which who ever in the course  
 Was touched, fell headlong hurtling from his horse. (xxiii. 15.)

We find spears of like quality in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* :

Ah, gallant knight, that ever armor bore,  
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,  
 And brought to grownd, that never wast before ;  
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene :  
 That speere enchaunted was which layd thee on the greene !  
 (B. III. c. i. st. 7.)

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,  
 Which Bladud made by magic art of yore,  
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare ;  
 Sith which it had been here preservd in store,  
 For his great vertues proved long afore :  
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,  
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore. (B. III. c. iii, st. 60.)

A stranger knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,  
 But knowne by fame, and by an hebene [*i. e.* ebony] speare,  
 With which he all that met him downe did beare.

(B. IV. c. vi. st. 6.)

Valent the smith, according to the Edda of Saemund, forged a "sword of sharpness" called Balmung, which had no superior. So sharp was this famous sword that when Valent cleft his rival Emilius with it, the blade seemed to Emilius only like cold water running down his body. "Shake thyself," said Valent. He did so, and fell in two halves, one on each side of the chair.—The same gifted artisan wrought the sword presented to Childe Horn :

Then she lete forth bring  
 A swerd hongand by a ring,  
 To Horn sche it bitaught,  
 "It is the make of Meming,  
 Of all swerdes it is king,  
 And Welend it wrought.

Bitterfer, the swerd hight,  
 Better swerde bar never knight :  
 Horn, to thee ich it thought  
 Is not a knight in Ingland  
 Schal sitten a dint of thine hand ;  
 Forsake thou it nought."

The ballad of Child Orm relates how that hero obtained from his mother's tomb the irresistible sword Birting, with which he slew the giant Berm—

"Grip it with firm and dauntless hand,  
 And none shall ever thee withstand."

Thorpe, in his *Northern Mythology*, iii. p. 276, tells us of a magic sword that had been given by a monk to Mynheer Hineke. "It had been wrought at the hour in which Mars ruled ; the cross was forged on a Tuesday, and on that day was finished. In the hilt was enclosed a piece of wood that had been struck by thunder (*sic*). All this was performed in the hour of Mars. A sword so prepared causes the blades of all opponents to fly to pieces."

But the qualities of swords in Indian tales are as various as they are marvellous. A devotee gives a brave youth a magic blade : "If you say to it, 'Sword given by Siva, take me to such a place,' it will instantly fly with you there ; and you will be victorious in every battle, *and as long as it remains in your possession you will never die*." In another tale the goddess Durga gives the hero a sword, by means of whose magic power he could render himself invisible to his enemies (Tawney's *Kathá Sarit Ságará*, i. 69) ; in another, we read of a sword which, "as long as you hold in your hand, will enable you to travel through the air, and you will be invincible in battle" (i. 503) ; while in yet another tale (i. 378) the hero obtains a magic ointment which he is to smear on his sword-blade, when it will cut through anything.

## II.

MORE than fifty years ago, Thomas Wright, the indefatigable literary antiquary, in the notes to his edition of Chaucer's Poems, published for the Percy Society, remarked that it was then unknown from what source Chaucer derived the *Squire's Tale*: "it is not found, so far as I am aware," he adds, "in any other form in the literature of the Middle Ages." The precise source of the Tale has not yet been ascertained; but it is somewhat strange to find a man so generally well versed in European mediæval literature apparently ignorant of the existence of the French metrical romance of *Cléomadès*, written, in the thirteenth century, by Adenès, chief of the court poets, in which the counterpart of Chaucer's Horse of Brass—only made of ebony—figures prominently almost from the beginning to the end. And even if he did not know of this romance in its original form, he might surely be expected to have been acquainted with the later prose version of it, if only from Keightley's English rendering of Count Tressan's *extrait* of that work, which he gives in his *Tales and Popular Fictions*, published in 1834. Wright has also overlooked the familiar tale of the Ebony Horse in the *Arabian Nights*, to which the romance of *Cléomadès* presents a striking resemblance, while the First Part of the *Squire's Tale* is very near akin to both. Chaucer could not have been acquainted with the Arabian tale, except through oral recitation, and he is not at all likely to have learned it in that way; but he may have been quite familiar—and it is almost impossible for us to think he was not—with the French romance. Yet he could hardly have taken the First Part of the *Squire's Tale* from the French romance, unless we give him credit in this solitary instance for an independent invention of details which he has not been found to exercise, or exhibit, in the case of the other Tales, which are (sometimes avowedly) derived from well-known European sources, which he follows pretty faithfully. One thing is



certain, however, namely, that the incident of the Indian ambassador presenting himself before King Cambyuskán, as he sat in his banquetting-hall on the occasion of a high festival, with a Horse of Brass and other gifts from "the king of Araby and Ind" is not of Chaucer's invention, and it is possible that he had some other version of the romance of *Cléomadès*, now lost, before him as his model; for Chaucer, like Shakspeare, did not give himself the trouble of inventing tales for purposes of poetical embellishment, but laid hold of whatever came to hand that suited his fancy.—We have already sketched the outline of the *Squire's Tale* (pp. 270-274), so far as it goes; and the question of its source will be more intelligibly discussed when we have also before us an abstract of the old French romance of *Cléomadès*, its Arabian prototype, and cognate stories;—though I may as well say at once, that the result will not be conclusive, except perhaps in proving whence Chaucer did *not* derive his Tale.

The old French text of *Cléomadès* was for the first time printed at Brussels in 1865, under the editorship of the learned Dr. van Hasselt, from the MS. (No. 175, "Belles Lettres") in the Arsenal Library at Paris, collated with the MS. 7539, in the Imperial (now the National) Library, at Paris.<sup>1</sup> The MS. in the Arsenal Library is illustrated throughout, and was probably the Count of Artois' own copy. From Dr. van Hasselt's introduction are gleaned the following particulars regarding the author:

Adenès, or Adans, surnamed Le Roi (in all probability because he was "king," or laureate, of the court minstrels to Henri III., duke of Brabant, 1248-1261), was born in Brabant, of poor parentage, about 1240, and owed his education and advancement, as his own words in the Romance declare (l. 18580 ff.), to Duke Henri. Jean, the second son, who, after an interval of civil strife, only terminated by the abdication of his elder brother Henri, succeeded to the dukedom in 1267, continued our minstrel in his service. For some reason, Adenès did not remain long with him, and in 1269 is found

<sup>1</sup> *Li Roumans de Cléomadès*, par Adenès li Rois: publié pour la première fois, d'après un manuscrit de la bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, a Paris, par André van Hasselt. Bruxelles, 1865. T. i. pp. 282; t. ii. pp. 305.

attached to the court of Gui de Dampierre, count of Flanders. His position, as minstrel to the son of Marguerite of Flanders, one of the great vassals of France, made him a partaker in St. Louis' second and last crusade. In the spring of 1270 he is found in the train of Count Gui at Aigues-Mortes, with the royal army. After the disastrous death of St. Louis at Tunis, the expedition returned home by Sicily, where Adenès, among others, was entertained by Gui at a public dinner. By summer of 1271 they were home again. Adenès was a frequent visitor (in his master's service) to Paris, where he used to consult the learned monks of St. Denis for historical materials. He was thus presented to the king's (Philippe le Hardi) sister, Blanche of France, widow of the Spanish Infante, to Robert II., count of Artois (to whom *Cléomadès* is dedicated), and to his daughter Mahaut, or Maud. It was then, doubtless, that *Cléomadès* was suggested to him by the princess Blanche of France, who was herself well acquainted with Spain. The date of his death is uncertain. Paulin Paris says that he was still in Gui's service in 1296; and a document in the British Museum MSS. (No. 6965) mentions one *Adas*, a minstrel of the count of Flanders, who received a gift from Edward I. of England, then (1297) on a visit there to help his kinsman Gui against Philippe le Hardi. *Cléomadès* appeared at the time of Philippe's attempted seizure of Cerdagne and Roussillon (exchanged for Languedoc by Louis IX.—Saint Louis—in 1258), in which he lost his life, 1285. Can the minstrel have had a political motive? He makes his hero's ancestor king of Sartaigne—*i. e.* Cerdagne, and not Sardaigne, as some (De Tressan, Reiffenberg) have thought. Van Hasselt throws out the hint for what it may be worth.

According to Paulin Paris (in a letter to Keightley, portions of which are cited in his *Tales and Popular Fictions*), shortly after Adenès composed the romance of *Cléomadès*, "some copiers produced it under the different names of *Le Cheval de Fust* [the Wooden Horse] and *Celine et Meliarchus*. These copiers changed nothing but the beginning of Adenès, and they followed faithfully the main story and the details of the poem." The French prose version,

*L'Histoire et Chronique du vaillant Chevallier Cléomadès et de la belle Claremonde*, appeared about the year 1480, and of this work Count Tressan published an *extrait* in the *Bibliothèque des romans*, April 1777, t. i., 169 ff.<sup>1</sup> Of this abstract Keightley gives an English translation in his *Tales and Popular Fictions*, pp. 43-69, "divested in some measure of the frippery with which writers under the *ancien régime* in France were in the habit of disfiguring their compositions." In reproducing Keightley's version, as follows, I have added in foot-notes variations from the original metrical text as published by Dr. van Hasselt :

### Romance of Cleomades and Claremonde.

THE young and beautiful Ectriva was queen of that part of Spain of which Seville was the capital. At a tournament held in her presence, Marchabias, son and heir of the King of Sardinia, distinguished himself so much by his address and courage that he won her heart, and she bestowed on him her hand and made him a sharer of her royal dignity. Their marriage was happy, and in the space of four years they saw themselves the parents of a prince and three princesses. To their son they gave the name of Cléomadès ; his sisters were called Helior, Soliadis, and Maxima. All were beautiful ; but, from her very infancy, the charms of Maxima were such as to entrance all beholders.<sup>2</sup>

As soon as Prince Cléomadès had been sufficiently instructed at home, his parents sent him to travel for his improvement. He visited Greece, Germany, and France, and was proceeding to Italy when he was summoned home by the king and queen to give his presence at the nuptials of his sisters, whose hands were sought by three great princes, who were now arrived in Seville, whither their fame had preceded them.<sup>3</sup> For they were not only powerful monarchs,

<sup>1</sup> See also *Œuvres du Comte de Tressan*—Paris, 1822. Tome III., pp. 255-298.

<sup>2</sup> In the original metrical Romance of Cléomadès, Ynabele [? Annabelle], daughter of the King of Spain, is married to Marcadigas, the son of Calvus, king of Sardinia ; their son is called Cléomadès, and the names of the three daughters are, Elyador, Feniadissee, and Marine.

<sup>3</sup> Here the Met. Rom. informs us that Marcadigas had been long at war, defending his land against five kings. He challenges one of them to single



but were deeply versed in astrology and well skilled in the art of magic. One was Melicandus, king of Barbary; the second was Bardigans, king of Armenia; the third, whose name was Croppart, was king of Hungary.<sup>1</sup> This last was ugly and humpbacked; his soul was as deformed as his body, and his tongue was pregnant with falsehood.

These three kings had met together before they set out for Seville, and had agreed that each should give such a present to the king and queen as would entitle him to ask a gift in return. On their arrival they were received with all becoming honours.<sup>2</sup> King Melicandus presented the royal pair with a man of gold, who held in his right hand a trumpet formed of the same metal, made with so much art, that if treason lurked within even a considerable distance from him, he put the trumpet to his mouth and blew a loud and piercing blast.—King Bardigans presented a hen and six chickens of gold, so skilfully formed that they seemed to be alive. He placed them on the ground, and they instantly began to run about, to peek, and to clap their wings. The hen flew up on the queen's knee, cackled, and laid a fine pearl in her lap.<sup>3</sup> "She will do the same every third day," said Bardigans. All present were lost in admira-

combat in two months' time. Cléomadès, then in France, hears of this (he was only twenty-five years old, and none under thirty were then called men), and returns at once to his father, whom he persuades to make him one of his new 300 knights at a festival. Five combats take place: Garsianis, king of Portugal; Bondars le Gris, king of Gascony; Galdas des Mons, sire of Toulouse; Agambart li Lons, king of Aragon; and Sormans li Rous, king of Galicia—such were the names of the princes who accepted the bold challenge of Marcadigas, who had, however, a doughty ally in his son. Cléomadès first overthrows Agambart, then Bondars; while Marcadigas worsts Sormans and Garsianis. Galdas attacks Marcadigas, and kills his horse under him. Marcadigas is surrounded by foes. Cléomadès spurs to the rescue, and driving at the bold King Galdas unhorses him, and the spectators call Cléomadès "the god of arms" (l. 1154). The five kings return to their respective countries, after doing fealty to him and his father. So did the gallant Cléomadès prove himself in arms (l. 1410).

<sup>1</sup> The names of these three kings, in the Met. Rom., are: Melocandis, of Barbary; Baldigans, of Morocco; and Crompart (sometimes written Crompars), of Bongie—or Bugia = Bujaiyah = the fourth of the provinces into which Muslims divide North Africa, viz.: Tunis, Tripoli, Constantina, and Bugia.

<sup>2</sup> In the Met. Rom. the three kings arrive at "Seville the Great" while Marcadigas is celebrating his birthday by a grand feast.

<sup>3</sup> A hen and *three* chickens, in Met. Rom., and no mention of pearls.

tion of these wonderful gifts.—King Croppart now came forward with a large wooden horse,<sup>1</sup> magnificently caparisoned, with pins of steel on his head and shoulders. “Sire,” said he, in a harsh and discordant voice, “with the horse which I offer you one may mount in the air, cross the seas, and travel at the rate of fifty leagues an hour.”<sup>2</sup>

The king and queen, who yielded to none in generosity, offered the strangers in return anything that was in their power to bestow. At once they craved as a boon the hands of the three fair princesses of Seville; and Marchabias and Ectriva, seeing no sufficient reason to justify a refusal, accorded them their demand. The two elder princesses and the whole court were pleased with the kings of Barbary and Armenia, who were handsome and agreeable in their persons. But the princess Maxima, when she saw that she was the choice of King Croppart, burst into tears, and running to her brother implored him to deliver her from such a hideous monster, or to put her to death with his own hand.<sup>3</sup> Cléomadès, who loved his sister tenderly and could not endure the idea of her being thus sacrificed, arose and declared to his father that he had bound himself by oath to defend the liberty of his youngest sister and that he could not consent to such a union. On the other hand, Croppart insisted on the promise of the king. The prince, darting at him a look of indignation, said: “The two other kings have merited by the value of their gifts the performance of the king’s promise; but what claims do this paltry wooden horse and the fable you have ventured to tell us give *you*?” “My lord,” said Croppart, gladly seizing the opportunity presented of getting rid of the prince, “be judge yourself of the merits of my horse. There is nothing I will not submit to if I deceive you.” “Yes,” cried the prince, “I will make trial of him this very instant.” So saying, he had the horse brought into the garden: the golden man gave a loud blast on his trumpet, but

<sup>1</sup> A horse of *ebony*, in Met. Rom.

<sup>2</sup> “Faster than arrow shot from bow.”—Here follows a very long account of Virgil and his skill in the magic art. (l. 1650 ff.)

<sup>3</sup> The statement (p. 385) that Cléomadès was summoned home to attend the nuptials of his sisters is thus rendered utterly absurd. Of course, this is due to Tressan, who could not, or would not, take the trouble to account for the presence of Cléomadès, who had returned to assist his father against his enemies.

his warning was unheeded, all being so occupied about Prince Cléomadès. The prince mounted the horse, but it remained immovable: he began to menace Croppart. "Turn the steel pin in his forehead," cried the latter:<sup>1</sup> the golden man blew his trumpet more fiercely than before. The king heard it and called to his son to dismount. But it was now too late; the prince had turned the pin and was aloft in the air, carried along with such velocity that he was speedily out of sight.

The king and queen, full of grief and indignation, instantly had Croppart seized, menacing him with the most cruel death in case any evil should befall their son. But he replied with the greatest calmness: "The fault is not mine; he should have waited till I had told him how to manage the horse." There appeared so much reason in what he said that they did not feel justified in having recourse to any measures of extreme rigour against him. He was therefore only confined in an apartment of the palace, but in other respects honourably treated. To the two other kings they made an apology for deferring the nuptials till they should have tidings of their son, at the same time assuring them that they had no idea whatever of not fulfilling their engagements.

Meanwhile the gallant Cléomadès was carried along with great rapidity. He lost neither his courage nor his self-possession. At first he expected that the horse would bring him back to where he had set out from; but when he saw the appearance of the country continually changing beneath him, and at last found that he was passing over the sea, he perceived to his grief that he was quitting Spain. Night was now spread over the earth, but still the speed at which he was proceeding remained unchanged. Recollecting, at length, that there were pins on the horse's shoulders similar to that on his forehead, he took advantage of the first rays of light to make trial of them. He found that by turning one of them to the right or left, the horse went in that direction; and that when the one on the other shoulder was turned, he slackened his pace and descended towards the earth. This discovery cheered the prince, and he even

<sup>1</sup> In the original Croppart himself turns the pin.



began to entertain hopes of some fortunate adventure. The rays of the sun, now reflected from glittering domes and spires, informed him that he was passing over some great and magnificent city; so, skilfully managing the reins on the shoulders of his horse, he descended on the leads of a lofty tower, which stood in the midst of the gardens of a great palace.<sup>1</sup>

The prince, who was both fatigued and hungry after so long a journey through the air, dismounted, and leaving his horse on the roof of the tower, opened a trap-door and went down a flight of steps, which led him to a hall where stood a table still covered with the remains of a feast. He sat down and regaled himself, and, having drank some delicious wine, ventured to enter a chamber, the door of which was half open. The first object that met his view was a huge giant, lying stretched on the ground, and fast asleep. The prince softly drew from his hand a key which he saw in it, and coming to a richly-ornamented door, tried the key and opened it. He there beheld three beds, on each of which was reposing a young and beautiful maiden. The prince gazed for a moment on their charms, and then passed on to a door which was standing open and which gave him a view of a chamber still more magnificent than that which he was in. He entered and found a bed with rich hangings, and occupied by a maiden in the flower of youth, whose beauty far surpassed that of her companions. She was in a profound sleep.<sup>2</sup> Cléomadès stood lost in rapture, and then for the first time felt the influence of love. As he gazed on her a bee flew into the apartment, and was about to settle on her bosom. Fearing to awake her, the prince blew at the bee with his breath, and the insect turned and stung him on the cheek.

Just at that instant the maiden awoke, and seeing a man in her chamber gave a loud cry.<sup>3</sup> "Rash man," said she, "how have you

<sup>1</sup> "Chastiau noble."

<sup>2</sup> No mention of a key in original Met. Rom. He passes the "grant vilain," crosses a corridor on the garden side, and opens an ivory door. To the right of the three beds is that of the princess. The names of the three female attendants are: Florete, Gaieté, and Lyadès.

<sup>3</sup> The incident of the bee is the invention of the prose adapter of the romance—or of Count Tressan. The prince ventures to kiss her as she sleeps, and at the *second* kiss she awakes.

presumed to enter this chamber? Are you King Liopatris,<sup>1</sup> whose bride I am destined by my father to be? If you are not, nothing can save you from death." "Yes, princess," instantly replied Cléomadès, "I am. By my address, and under cover of the night, I have penetrated into this chamber. I wished to see and do homage to the beauty destined for me, before I offered her my hand. Haply my respect had led me to retire without awaking you, had not this cruel bee menaced your bosom; and I could only avert the stroke by receiving it myself." He took her lovely hand. The princess was moved, and said: "I pardon you this indiscretion: retire into the garden, while I summon my attendants to aid me to dress."

The prince obeyed without hesitation, and the three attendants, coming at the call of their mistress, prepared to attire her. She related to them with a blush her adventure, and did not conceal the impression which the appearance and manners of her future husband had made on her mind. When dressed, the fair princess, followed by her maids of honour, went down into the garden, where she found Cléomadès expecting her. They entered an arbour, and in the course of the conversation which ensued he learned, by what fell from the attendants, that the name of the princess was Claremonde, and that she was the daughter of Cornuant, king of Tuscany,<sup>2</sup> who had engaged her to Liopatris, king of Astrachan.

Cléomadès could not avoid secretly reproaching himself for the deception he had practised; but he was too deeply in love to run the risk of losing his present bliss. Under his assumed character he proffered vows of everlasting attachment; and taking advantage of the momentary absence of the princess's maidens, who had risen to gather flowers, he fell on his knees before her, and drew from the fair Claremonde a confession of corresponding affection, and a vow of eternal fidelity. Just then a loud noise was heard, the doors of the garden flew open, and King Cornuant entered, followed by his courtiers and a troop of armed men.

<sup>1</sup> Bleopatris, king of Arcage, son of Balcabé, a king of high renown, according to Met. Rom.

<sup>2</sup> In the metrical original, the princess is called Claremondine, and is the daughter of Carmant, king of Tuscany, and his queen, Claremonde, who, indeed, is a quite subordinate character in the romance (ll. 2650—2750).

The giant on awaking had gone to look after his fair charge. Not finding her in her apartment, he became uneasy ; but hearing the voices of her maids in the garden, he looked out of a window, and beholding a young knight at the feet of the princess in the arbour, he went with all speed and gave information to the king.<sup>1</sup>

Cornuant in a rage demanded of his daughter, how it happened that he thus found a stranger at her feet. "Surely," replied the princess, "it must be with your own consent that he is come hither, for he is no other than the prince to whom you have engaged me." "Traitor!" cried the king in a fury, turning to Cléomadès, "what madness has induced you to intrude on the retirement of my daughter, and to call yourself Liopatris?"

"Ah, sire," replied Cléomadès respectfully, "have pity on a young and helpless knight, who is persecuted by the vengeance of the fairies. My father, one of the sovereigns of Europe, having given them some offence, they condemned me at the moment of my birth to be exposed for three days in each year to the greatest perils, and the moment in which these perils excite fear in my soul is to be the last of my life.<sup>2</sup> From the moment I was knighted they have every year caused me to be carried off by a wooden horse that flies through the air and takes me all over the world, exposing me to the most appalling dangers ; but as yet my courage has never given way. Deign now, sire, to send up to the leads of this tower and the horse will be found, who of himself descended in that place. Overcome with hunger and fatigue, I went down in search of relief. Entering the chamber of your daughter, I heard her cry out : 'Rash man, if you are any other than Prince Liopatris, I will call for aid, and your head will be cut off.' I must confess, sire, that the natural love of life made me have recourse to a stratagem, which I now strongly condemn, and I submit to whatever you may please to determine regarding me."

Cornuant was amazed at this relation, to which he did not, however, give full credit. He sent some persons to the roof of the tower,

<sup>1</sup> The king first privately sends for Lyadès, one of the princess's maidens, for fear of compromising his daughter too hastily, in *Met. Rom.*

<sup>2</sup> Three days at the end of every *three* years ; and not a word about "fear," and so on.



and, contrary to his expectations, saw them return, bearing with some difficulty the wooden horse. He assembled his council, and their unanimous opinion was, that the stranger was deserving of death for having dared to deceive the princess Claremonde and assume the name of King Liopatris. King Cornuant then directed him to prepare for death, as he had not many moments to live. "I expected nothing else," replied the prince with calmness; then turning to Claremonde, who seemed overwhelmed with affliction, "Pardon, divine princess," said he, "the artifice to which I had recourse. Impute it to love, and believe that the most devoted of lovers will expire before your eyes." The princess sighed and wept, and, unable to speak, covered her head with her veil. The executioners approached.

"King Cornuant," cried the prince, "I am a knight, and of noble blood; let me die according to the manner of my own country, where a knight always receives his death mounted on a war-horse. Let me mount this instrument of the fairies' malignity; it may suffice to save my honour and that of my country."<sup>1</sup>

Cornuant, who felt a secret pity for the prince, readily granted his request. Cléomadès mounted the wooden horse, turned the pin in its forehead, and was in an instant high in the air, and beyond all danger. He hovered about for some time, to the utter terror and amazement of the beholders, and then crying aloud, "Charming princess, I shall ever remain faithful," directed his course homewards. As he now perfectly understood the management of the horse, he speedily reached Seville. He dismounted, and left the horse at a small country palace not far from the city, and hastened to console his anxious parents.<sup>2</sup>

The nuptials of the two elder princesses with the kings Melicandus and Bardigans were no longer delayed. But as the princess Maxima persisted in her aversion from King Croppart, and the golden man blew his trumpet every time he renewed his proposal, and Prince Cléomadès moreover still declared himself the champion

<sup>1</sup> At first he is condemned to be hung, but ultimately gains permission to be cut to pieces ("decoupez d'espées"), seated on his horse, in *Met. Rom.*

<sup>2</sup> In the original the magic horse takes him straight home.

of his sister, King Marchabias gave him a positive refusal, accompanied with orders to quit the court immediately.

Croppart, having been obliged to leave his own country, and stay away for the space of a year,<sup>1</sup> on account of some crimes which he had committed, resolved to remain in the neighbourhood of Seville. He disguised himself, and passed for an Indian physician, and, taking up his abode in one of the villages near the city, watched the movements of the royal family.<sup>2</sup> He soon learned that Prince Cléomadès had set out on another expedition. For this young man, unable to control the violence of his passion for the fair Claremonde, had made a confidante of his mother, who, feeling that it would be useless to detain him, had consented to his returning, by means of the wooden horse, to the abode of that princess, only enjoining him prudence and caution.

Cléomadès arranged the time of his departure so as to arrive by night at the tower of his beloved Claremonde. Instead of alighting on the leads, he directed his horse to a little garden, whose only entrance was from the apartments of the princess, and concealed him in an arbour. Full of hope, fear, and love, he then drew nigh to the door. It was open; he entered and advanced towards the chamber of Claremonde. He found her lying in a gentle slumber; a single lamp gave light in the apartment. Having gazed for some moments with rapture on her charms, he gently awoke her.<sup>3</sup> "Ah, rash youth," said she in a tender and affectionate tone, "why will you again venture on certain death? What do you purpose, since you are not King Liopatris?" "To adore you while I live," returned he, "and give you a station worthy of you. I am Cléomadès, son of the King of Spain. My parents know of my love, and will press you to their bosoms, and make you mistress of one of the most splendid thrones in the world." "What!" cried the princess, "are you that Cléomadès whom fame proclaims to be the

<sup>1</sup> Seven years, in *Met. Rom.*

<sup>2</sup> No mention of disguise: he remains in Seville, and takes to visiting sick persons; "for he was skilled in the physician's craft—from thence to Salonica [perhaps Salerno] was no such lord of leechcraft."

<sup>3</sup> He hides in a grove until nightfall, and then guides his magic horse into the palace-garden. Stealing in, he awakes her with two kisses.

most gallant and accomplished of knights?" The prince replied by presenting her with a splendid bracelet, containing his mother's portrait and his own. The princess avowed her love; she told him that Liopatris was to arrive that very day, attended by all the knights of his court, and that nothing would induce her father to break his word. Cléomadès then informed her of his plan, and she consented to mount the enchanted horse, and suffer him to conduct her to Spain.

Day was now approaching. She summoned her three attendants to her presence, who were greatly surprised to see there again the young man who had already run such a risk. Their surprise was augmented when their mistress informed them that he was the celebrated Prince Cléomadès. They made no needless remonstrance, but attired the princess in her most costly dress. One packed up her jewels in a small writing-case; another made ready a basket of provisions for the journey. The third, more cautious, begged of Cléomadès to defer his departure till the sun was risen, and to carry off the princess in the sight of King Cornuant, who every morning walked in the gardens adjoining those of the princess; by which means, she said, she and her companions would escape all blame. Cléomadès consented: the maids retired to their beds, and leading the princess into the garden he placed her behind him on the magic horse.

The sun was now spreading his beams over the earth. Cléomadès turned the pin in the forehead of his horse and the steed rose into the air. When he had ascended as high as the tops of the palace towers he beheld the king and his courtiers in the gardens beneath. "Sire," cried he, "know that I am Cléomadès, Prince of Spain. Be not uneasy about the princess;—my father and mother will receive her with all respect and affection. If King Liopatris, who has never beheld her, should feel offended, I will give him satisfaction; or if he will, I will bestow on him the hand of my sister."<sup>1</sup> So saying, he made an inclination to the king; the princess stretched forth her arms to her father, but the rapidity of the motion soon made her clasp her lover round the waist.

<sup>1</sup> No mention of Liopatris, or Bleopatris, in the *Met. Rom.*



The aërial travellers did not arrive at Seville till early the next morning. The prince descended, as before, at the small summer palace, and leaving the princess there to take some repose and recover from the fatigues of the journey, he proceeded to the city to announce her arrival to his father and mother.<sup>1</sup> Marchabias and Ectriva were charmed at his success. They ordered their most splendid equipages to be prepared, and in a few hours the whole court set forth to conduct the fair stranger to the city.

Meantime Claremonde, having taken some repose and refreshment, went forth into the garden, where she amused herself with gathering flowers and weaving them into a chaplet, singing the while some extemporaneous verses. As ill-luck would have it, the malignant Croppart was at one end of the garden culling simples, in his assumed character of a physician. Hearing a melodious voice, he drew near unperceived, and the first object that met his view was his own wooden horse. He then looked on the princess, and thought her still more beautiful than Maxima. Just then Claremonde gave a sigh, and began to weep, crying: "Cléomadès—beloved Cléomadès, where are you? Could you have deceived me when you said you were going in quest of those who would receive me with honour? Haste—haste!—delay no longer!"

Croppart instantly formed his plan. He approached the princess. "Fair and noble lady," said he, "dry up your tears. The prince, on arriving at the palace, finding himself unwell in consequence of fatigue, said to me, for I am in his most secret confidence: 'Mount the enchanted horse—fly to her whom I adore, and bring her hither with all speed.' He then taught me how to manage him. So, lady, mount, and I will with speed conduct you to the prince."

The unsuspecting Claremonde mounted the horse without hesitation.<sup>2</sup> Croppart turned the pin, and they ascended into the air with such velocity that the princess was obliged to shut her eyes to avoid

<sup>1</sup> After the first stretch, for the greater ease of the princess, he goes, with many halts, by river or spring. Seville is reached at sunrise on a Tuesday. He leaves her, at her own request, in a garden under the city walls, as she was very weary.

<sup>2</sup> In the Met. Rom., the golden man blows his trumpet loudly and incessantly all the time Cléomadès and his parents converse, to their great surprise (ll. 5652—5750).

becoming dizzy. But when she at length ventured to look below and saw no signs of a city, but, on the contrary, forests, lakes, and mountains, she became aware of the extent of her misfortune. Croppart, heedless of her reproaches, grasped her fair hands, and turning the head of his horse from the direction of Hungary, whither he was at first proceeding, urged his course over Italy towards Africa. Suddenly the princess gave a piercing cry, and Croppart found that she had swooned away.

He immediately made the horse descend in a mead, watered by a fountain. He took her down, and sprinkled her with water till she revived. He then began to make proposals of love to her, declaring that he had been so captivated by her charms that he had considered every stratagem lawful, but that it was to raise her to the rank of queen of Hungary that he had carried her off.

The princess, who did not want for quickness of intellect, instantly replied: "Ah, sir, what are you thinking of? Would you make a queen of a poor peasant girl, whom Prince Cléomadès purchased of her parents for his pleasure?"<sup>1</sup> "No matter," said Croppart; "your beauty makes you worthy of the first throne in the universe." His respect, however, now in a great measure declined, and he urged his suit to the princess in such a manner that she began to grow terrified. She had again recourse to art. "Stop," said she, "or I shall expire before your eyes. I consent to marry you, if you will only wait till we come to some town where we may be legally united."

Croppart, who, bad as he was, did not wish to be needlessly lowered in her opinion, assented to this reasonable request; and, being nearly overcome by the heat and fatigue, he went and plunged his arms into the fountain. He also drank of the water to quench his thirst, and the cold of it was so great that he fell nearly senseless on the ground.<sup>2</sup> Claremonde also sat down at a little distance, and, exhausted by grief and fatigue, fell fast asleep.

<sup>1</sup> In the metrical text, she tells him that she is of Lombardy, born at Milan, of a silk-weaver, and had lost both parents this very year: she owes the gown she wears to a charitable dame who had maintained her. Cléomadès was taking her to work for his sisters.

<sup>2</sup> Halting by a spring, Crompart decides to leave the magic horse outside,

In this state they were found by the falconers of the king of Salerno, who were in pursuit of one of their hawks which had flown away, and had seen him alight at the fountain to drink. They were not a little amazed at finding in this lonesome place an ugly little hunchback, who was breathing as if struggling against death, and near him a lady of surpassing beauty lying fast asleep. They immediately despatched one of their number with the strange tidings to the king of Salerno, whose name was Mendulus.<sup>1</sup>

This prince, who was of a voluptuous character, instantly mounted his horse and rode to the mead, where he found Croppart and Claremonde in the same state in which the falconer had left them. The beauty of Claremonde astonished him, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, he experienced love mingled with sentiment and respect. On their awaking he interrogated them. Croppart asserted that he was a free man; that he had fallen asleep at the fountain; and that the young woman was his wife. Claremonde, being asked if this was true, positively denied it, and implored the king to protect her against him. Mendulus had them both brought to the palace. The horse, of which he knew not the use, was not left behind. The fair Claremonde was assigned an apartment in the palace. Croppart was placed in confinement; but the disorder which he had caught at the fountain was so severe that he expired during the night.

Next morning Mendulus, all impatience, waited on Claremonde with the offer of his hand. But the princess pretended to believe that he was only mocking her. She told him that she was nothing but a foundling, picked up by some persons, who gave her the name of *Trouvée* [*i. e.* Foundling], and had afterwards married her to a gentleman; but that the hunchback, who was a great clerk and physician, had carried her off, and brought her with him from country to country, where he made a great deal of money by his philtres and tricks of sleight-of-hand; so that he had always kept her

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for fear of attracting attention. It is evening, and Croppart is suddenly seized with sickness, and is fain to sleep. No mention of a surfeit of cold water, but sunstroke ("*maladie de chalour, li douloit li chiés*") seems to be meant.

<sup>1</sup> Meniadus, king of Salerno, in *Met. Rom.*



well clothed and fed until the evening before, when he had beaten and abused her without reason.

Mendulus, who was a good sort of man, and not troubled with too much delicacy, was not at all repelled from the alliance which he proposed by this frank confession. Having, for form-sake, held a council, composed of the companions of his pleasure, and obtained their approval of his design, he returned and announced it to the princess. Claremonde now saw no other means of retarding the marriage, which she dreaded, than to feign that joy had turned her brain.<sup>1</sup> She committed acts of the greatest folly and extravagance, and at length became so violent that the king found it necessary to take measures for her cure, and he put her under the care of ten of the most sensible and strongest women he could find.

The court of Spain was meantime in the utmost affliction. When the king and queen arrived with Cléomadès at the summer palace they sought in vain for the princess Claremonde. Cléomadès picked up one of her gloves, but no other trace of her or of the enchanted horse could be discovered. His parents brought him back to the palace in a condition which caused apprehensions to be entertained for his life.

In the course of a few days came ambassadors from the court of Tuscany, and the royal family were filled with shame at being obliged to declare that they knew not what was become of the princess. The chief of the embassy, however, who was a prudent and sensible man, saw that reproaches would be cruel, and he set about giving consolation to the prince. At the same time he could not refrain from upbraiding him for thus giving himself up to despair, instead of setting out and searching the whole world for a princess so deserving of regret.

Cléomadès felt his strength and courage revive at this reproof; and as soon as he was able to bear the weight of his arms he

<sup>1</sup> When the king declares his intention of marrying her, she obtains a respite for three months; and when but three days are left before the nuptials, Claremondine—who fears that if she should discover herself and be restored to her father, he will marry her off-hand to the detested Bleopatris—has no resource but to feign that she is demented.

mounted a gallant steed and directed his course towards the kingdom of Tuscany, in the hope of there hearing some tidings of his adored princess. He reached the lofty mountains which surround it, passed through them, and it was far in the night when he came to a castle which stood alone, where he resolved to request hospitality.<sup>1</sup> As the drawbridge was raised, he called aloud, and a man answered him from the battlements, and told him that it was the custom of this castle that any knight who was entertained in it should next morning leave his arms and his horse, unless he were willing to singly engage two valiant knights in arms. "The custom is a discourteous one," replied Cléomadès. "It was established," said the other, "in consequence of a traitor who was entertained here having assassinated the lord of the castle during the night. When his two nephews found him next morning weltering in his blood, he made them swear, ere he expired, to maintain this custom."<sup>2</sup>

Cléomadès was not to be daunted by the proposed terms of hospitality. The drawbridge was lowered; he entered, was well received

<sup>1</sup> Met. Rom. (l. 7825 ff.): Meanwhile Cléomadès learns that Crompart is also missing from Seville; guesses the rest, and the mere hope of recovering his princess enables him to rise from his bed. Much to his parents' vexation, he determines to seek her over the world, and, with a retinue of 100 knights, visits Brittany, Normandy, England, Wales, Scotland; from Dover crosses to Wissant, and, going through Germany, Hungary, Poland, reaches Greece at a time when the Greeks are at war with Primonus [Priam?], the king of Chaldea. They seek his aid, and he helps them to defeat and bring the Eastern king to subjection, by a battle under Mount Arestain [Marathon, says Paulin Paris]. Cléomadès does not remain in Greece, but, loaded with honours and praise, takes leave of his would-be subjects and presses on his way, with less than a third of the following he had when he left Spain (l. 9000). Along the sea-shore, mourning for Claremondine, goes Cléomadès (9050), till, reaching a port opposite Sicily (Sézile), he crosses and searches through the island, but in vain. He puts to sea again, and reaches Venice, where he makes some stay and many inquiries. It is but three days' journey thence—by Pavia, Ferrara, and Bologna—to Tuscany; but Cléomadès does not dream of going *there*. Unperceived by any but his chamberlain, whom he charges with secrecy, he steals away from Mestre—the *land terminus* of Venice—at day-break, to go by wild and unfrequented ways (9220). His retinue haste back to Spain, where Marcadigas dies of grief not long after (9400). No one can hear of Cléomadès, and his mother and sisters are distraught with sorrow.—Cléomadès rides with great speed all day (he is *not*, however, going to Tuscany), and by night reaches the castle of Mount Estrais (9490).

<sup>2</sup> Cléomadès, in the Met. Rom., is informed of the origin of this strange custom by one of the ladies, while at supper: "an armed man once murdered the lord of the castle and more than two hundred of both sexes."

and entertained, and then retired to repose.<sup>1</sup> In the morning the knight, who had done the honours of the house, required him to surrender his arms or to fight. The prince forthwith mounted his horse, grasped his lance, and rode forth to where two armed knights awaited his arrival.<sup>2</sup> Immediately the two charge him together; their lances are shivered against his shield, but he remains firm in his seat, while one of the knights is unhorsed, and his shoulder put out of joint by the stroke of the prince's lance.<sup>3</sup> The other then draws his sword, and a long and dubious conflict ensues. At length Cléomadès proves victorious, and disarms his opponent, whom he now finds to be a most valiant knight, whom he had met with in his travels. They both go to the aid of the wounded knight, who, on being informed of the illustrious name of his adversary, assured him that it was against his will he had aided to maintain that iniquitous custom; adding that he only regretted his wound because it would prevent his undertaking the defence of a damsel wrongfully accused of treason.

They convey the wounded knights to the castle, and then Cléomadès learns that the damsel is one of the princess Claremonde's maids of honour. For on the arrival of Liopatris at the court of Tuscany, three knights of his train had forthwith accused the three ladies of honour of being accomplices in carrying off their mistress. The two knights confess to Cléomadès that they are enamoured of two of the accused damsels, and the wounded man again bemoans his inability to defend the life and innocence of his mistress. "Ah, sir," replies Cléomadès, "cease to afflict yourself. No one is more bound than I to defend the fair Lyriade.<sup>4</sup> I will depart with your comrade, and trust speedily to restore her to you."

Cléomadès, having selected a suit of plain armour,<sup>5</sup> that he might not be known, set out with his comrade<sup>6</sup> for the court of King

<sup>1</sup> After supper Pinçonnes, the minstrel, sings to his *kitaire* (*cithára* = Pers. *Sitár* = guitar), and he has no need to call for silence.

<sup>2</sup> The two knights are: Durbant Dabel, the lord of the castle, and Sartans de Satre.

<sup>3</sup> It was not an uncommon occurrence in the be-praised age of chivalry for two, and even three, knights to attack a single knight—ideas of "fair-play" being somewhat obscure.

<sup>4</sup> Lyadès, in Met. Rom.

<sup>5</sup> Black armour.

<sup>6</sup> With Durbant, accompanied by Pinçonnes, the minstrel.



Cornuant. On their arrival he halted in the suburbs, while the knight of the castle went forward to announce that two knights were come to undertake the defence of the accused damsels against the three accusers.<sup>1</sup> Next morning the combatants appear in the lists. The word of onset is given: the knights dart forth and encounter. The strongest of the champions of Liopatris singly engages Cléomadès, whose lance penetrates his shield and corslet and enters his heart. He then flies to the aid of his companion, whom the other two had unhorsed. Ere long they cry for mercy and deliver up their swords. According to the law of combat, the accused damsels are now pronounced innocent and delivered to their defenders;<sup>2</sup> and mounting their palfreys they set forth with them, and accompanied by their relatives, for the castle whence the victor-knights had come.

When Cléomadès disarmed himself, the damsels, to their great surprise and joy, recognized in him the lover of the princess Claremonde. Their gratitude to him knew no bounds; but their inquiries after their mistress awoke his grief, and they mingled their tears with his. All now began to consult on the means of obtaining tidings of her; but none of the proposed plans seemed to offer a likelihood of success. At length an old knight said he knew at Salerno an astrologer, "who saw the most secret things quite clearly." Cléomadès instantly resolved to go and consult this sage; and accordingly, next morning, after taking leave of the lovers and making them promise to come to Spain to him if he should find his Claremonde, he set out for Salerno.<sup>3</sup>

On his arrival in that city Cléomadès put up at an inn in the suburbs. His first care was to inquire of the host after the sage of

<sup>1</sup> They lodge at an inn in the town, beneath Castle Noble (10,840). Cléomadès cannot bear to look from the inn-window upon Claremondine's home; and, dissembling the reason, prays Durbant to find him another abode. Durbant sends him to the castle of Verde Coste (Green Bank), the abode of Lyadès' father, where he would be welcome.

<sup>2</sup> Bleopatris, the disappointed suitor of Claremondine, admits the honourableness of Cléomadès.

<sup>3</sup> No mention of the astrologer in *Met. Rom.* Cléomadès, accompanied by Pinçonnes the minstrel, takes the road to Rome, searching many countries, far and wide. Pinçonnes informs him that they are approaching the realm of Meniadus, king of Salerno, an honourable lord, who exacts no toll of merchants or any others who will tell him news of strange lands.

whom he was come in quest. "Alas, sir," said the host, "it is now a year since we lost him; and never did we regret any one more; for were he now alive he might be of the most essential service to our prince, by restoring to reason the most beautiful creature that ever lived, of whom, though she is of low origin, he is so enamoured that he is resolved to marry her."

Cléomadès was filled with melancholy at hearing of the death of the sage; and the host, to divert him, related the tale of the hunchback,<sup>1</sup> and how the king had met with that lovely creature, and how her head had turned with joy at the idea of being married to a king. He ended his narrative by what he deemed the least interesting part of it, namely, by telling of the wooden horse, which had been found near where the rascally hunchback was lying. When he mentioned the horse, Cléomadès threw his arms about his neck: "Ah, my dear friend," said he, "both your fortune and mine are made; for I possess infallible cures for madness. Lead me at once to your prince;—but stay: as my arms might excite some suspicion, get me a false beard and the dress of a physician. Depend upon my success, and on a full half of the reward."

The host quickly supplied him with all that he required, and then going to the court, announced the arrival at his house of a most renowned physician,<sup>2</sup> who would undertake the cure of the mad lady. The king ordered him to be brought to court without a moment's delay.

Cléomadès, taking with him the glove of Claremonde, which he had filled with some common herbs and flowers, repaired to the palace.<sup>3</sup> King Mendulus himself conducted him to the apartment of the fair patient, who, as soon as she saw him approaching, redoubled her demonstrations of frenzy. "Sire," said Cléomadès, "be under no apprehension; I will soon make her calm." He then drew nigh to her, and put her glove near her face, as if to make her smell it.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Croppart, or Cromptart.

<sup>2</sup> Not said to be a physician in Met. Rom.:

k'en Gascoigne manoit  
Et k'en Sezile aler vouloit  
Et estoit de Portugal nés—

"a Portuguese residing in Gascony" is what is meant.

<sup>3</sup> He sleeps at the castle; in the morning has an interview with the king.

Surprised at seeing her own glove, she looked sharply at the pretended physician, and at once recognized Cléomadès. Instantly she became quite calm : she took his hand, and he felt the pressure of love and recognition. "Doctor," said she, "your glove is full of virtue, for it has done me some good. But as for yourself, poor creature, I believe you are just as mad as I am. With all your airs of importance, I'll wager that my wooden horse knows more than you do. But, by the way, I am afraid they will let him die of hunger. I wish they would bring him here to dispute with you. O how he would argue if he could get some Seville oats to eat!" and she raised her eyes to heaven.

Her lovely countenance had now resumed all its beauty. Mendulus, enraptured, but at the same time grieved to hear her, as he thought, talking more irrationally than ever, implored the physician to employ all his skill for her recovery. "I will," replied he ; "but we must begin by giving way to her little caprices and fancies. Fair Trouvée," then continued he, "I have not the slightest objection to argue with your horse. I have often before now disputed with those animals. It is, to be sure, no easy matter to convince them ; but by proper management one may succeed in training them and making them useful. Let them lead in your horse then, and"—"Ha ! ha ! you poor fool !" cried Claremonde in a fit of laughter ; "my horse is of another sort from those you are used to hold arguments with. Lead him in ! He will not himself be led ; he likes to be carried by asses like yourself. So go and fetch him, and then, if you dare, dispute with him in my presence." Cléomadès pretended not to understand her. "Sire," said he to Mendulus, "she has got some fancy about a horse into her head. Let one be brought out of your stables." Mendulus, who thought himself now wondrous wise, replied : "I see how it is. I know better than you what she wants" ; and he ordered the wooden horse to be brought into the garden.

"Fair Trouvée," said he then with a smile, "you know the horse might dirty your chamber. Come down into the garden, and he shall be there for you." "Ah," cried she, "*you* talk sense, not like this sprig of a physician. Come, give me your arm and let us go down." She then caught Cléomadès by the ear, as if to pull him



after her; and all the court followed, laughing at her acts of folly. When she saw the horse, she ran up and embraced him. "Ah," said she, "how lean you are—they have half-starved you!" and she at once began to gather grass and flowers to feed him.

Cléomadès, showing the king a little phial, said: "We must lose no time in making her swallow this." Claremonde instantly changed her tone, and affected to feel great confidence in the physician and his remedies. "O thou great man," cried she, "mount this horse with me, and take me away from this rabble, who are tormenting me. You will find my cure in the horse's ear." Cléomadès shrugged his shoulders, as if he now doubted of her cure. But Mendulus pressed him to comply with her whim, and he himself placed her behind him on the horse. The prince, with the phial in his hand, affected to search the ear of the horse, and, watching his opportunity, turned the pin. The horse rose, like an arrow from a bow, into the air, and all present uttered a cry of amazement. "Mendulus," said the prince, as they went off, "I am Cléomadès, prince of Spain, and this is the fair Claremonde, daughter of the king of Tuscany," and they were soon out of view.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Before going up to the castle, Cléomadès charges his companion, Pinçonnes, the minstrel, to salute Durbant and Sartan, with the ladies of their house (Claremondine's three maidens), and bid them come at once to him in Spain; he will himself send for King Carmant (Cornuant). If he do this, Pinçonnes and all he loves will be made rich for ever (13,335). Meniadus (Mendulus) demands an explanation from Pinçonnes, who tells him the whole history. The king listens patiently, and admits that he has been befooled: "Meniadus, the caitiff [good-for-nothing?] king," he exclaims, "my name will be all my life long. It is my rightful name. I have justly deserved it; for never lived so caitiff a king as I, so God help me!" (13,770). Pinçonnes takes the opportunity of getting his *congé*, and the morrow morn sets out on Cléomadès' palfrey, which the prince had given him. He is gladly welcomed at Verde Coste, and tells Lyadès all that had happened; then goes to King Carmant, and informs him to his great joy that his daughter is safe, and in no less worthy hands than Cléomadès' (14,000). Pinçonnes then returns to Mont Estrais, Durbant's castle, and tells him that the strange knight who had helped them and had given his name as Meschéans (= Ill-luck?) was no other than the renowned prince Cléomadès.

Meanwhile Cléomadès, unwilling to weary his beloved Claremondine, brings the magic horse down in a fair and pleasant place where a fountain murmurs under a tree in the meadow slope, up and down which many flowers were blooming. There they have a long talk, and assure each other of their unswerving fidelity. They eat and drink but little (for "pure love was their *entremet*"), and then Claremondine sleeps near the tree, covered by Cléomadès' cloak. He watches her with rapture, drinking in her wondrous beauty ("rose

Next morning the happy pair arrived at Seville. The nuptials were immediately performed, and shortly afterwards King Cornuaut came, with a part of his court, to visit his daughter. King Liopatris, who also came, in disguise, was so smitten with the charms of the Princess Maxima that he forthwith asked and obtained her in marriage. Claremonde's maids of honour, and their lovers also, made their appearance at the court of Seville, and all respired joy and happiness.<sup>1</sup>

Keightley has remarked that the name of Claremonde occurs in the romance of *Valentine and Orson*, it being that of the lady beloved by the gallant hero, and also that a magic horse figures in the same work; but he has strangely overlooked a number of incidents which have been evidently adapted from the story of *Cléomadès et Claremonde*. The magic horse is thus described in the twenty-first chapter of a chap-book version of *The Renown'd History of Valentine and Orson, the two Sons of the Emperor of Greece*:

"Now you shall understand, that within this castle where Clerimond was, dwelt a dwarf, whom she had brought up from a child,

and lily made a covenant to share her face between them"). Hardihood persuades him to steal a kiss, but Reason bids him suffer a while. The result of the dispute is that he decides to hold by Reason. Then is Desire overcome by Temperance. And when she wakes, it is from a dream of his saving her from a lion and slaying it. This he interprets allegorically by his recent struggle. Delighted, she grants him a kiss for reward, which having softly taken, he sets her on the magic horse again. (Met. Rom.)

<sup>1</sup> With frequent stoppages to repose his beloved, they at last arrive safely at Seville on a Tuesday, and are received with the utmost joy (14,650). Letters are written on parchment and on wax [tablets covered with wax?], and sent throughout Spain (14,875). Everybody flocks to Seville. On the second day after his arrival Cléomadès hears of his father's death, and the mourning causes him to postpone the nuptials for a little time. Meanwhile he sends a "vallet" on his horse to inquire after King Carmant with letters of love and greeting (14,970), praying him to send Durbant, Sartan, Lyadès, Florete, and Gaiete, and not to forget Pinçonnes, his old friend. To the great feast which he holds at Arainne [= Arena = Old Seville: the ancient Italica, birthplace of Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius] are invited and welcomed Meniadus (Mendulus), his queen-mother, and his sister Argente; also his own sister's spouses, Melocandis and Baldigans (15,478). The five kings overthrown by himself and his father are also bidden (16,101). The marriage is elaborately described (16,890 ff.). Meniadus—no mention of Bleopatris, or Liopatris—marries Marine (or Maxima); Carmant (who has lost his wife) espouses Ynabele (or Ectriva), now a widow; Pinçonnes is knighted; Durbant and Sartan are made dukes. (Met. Rom.)

named Pacolet, being of more wit than stature, and who had by study got a great insight into necromancy: by which art he composed a little horse of wood,<sup>1</sup> in the head of which he had artificially fixed a pin, that every time he mounted him he would turn the pin towards the place he would go, and suddenly he would be there without danger."

In the thirty-fourth chapter the abduction of the fair Claremonde by the rascally King Croppart is thus adapted:

"Pacolet led Adrimain [a great magician] to his chamber; but this proved fatal, for about midnight he enchanted all within the castle, and among the rest Pacolet himself. Afterwards he got the wooden horse, and going to Clerimond, caused her to mount behind him; so by turning a pin, they suddenly arrived at the tent of King Tompart. Being come, he called the King from his bed, telling him he had brought the fair lady Clerimond, whom he had stole from Aquitain, and along with her Pacolet's horse. 'But,' says the King, 'art thou acquainted with this horse?' 'Yes, long since, worthy King; and by virtue of the pin, I know how to govern him.' Having made this known to Tompart, he thought to make experience himself; and taking Clerimond behind him, would carry her into his own country, and there marry her.

"Adrimain was present all this while, and tells him that if he failed one jot of the true sense of the horse, that both he and the lady were in danger. 'Fear not that,' quoth Tompart, so turning the pin, he flew swiftly into the air, and was two hundred miles on his journey, before the lady awaked from her enchanted sleep; who seeing herself deluded, fell into a swoon, which so affrighted King Tompart, that turning the pin, he set the lady down by the side of a fountain, in order to comfort her. Being come to herself a little, she uttered these words: 'Unhappy am I above all creatures! for I have lost my joys by this cursed treason. Alas! Valentine, my love, cursed be he that separated us!' 'Lady,' said Tompart, 'leave off these foolish words: Is it not better for thee to be my wife, who

<sup>1</sup> Why it should be described as "a little horse" is not easy to understand, since we read subsequently that it carried three persons on one occasion. Perhaps it had the quality, like some enchanted steeds met with in fairy tales, of lengthening itself, to accommodate any number of riders!



am lord of this jurisdiction, than to have a beggarly start-up, that hath neither land nor living?' And at this he offered to kiss her, but she hit him on the mouth with her fist.<sup>1</sup> Tompart being enraged at this usage, caught her up and set her on the horse again, thinking to go directly to his own palace, but turning the pin the contrary way, unexpectedly set her down at a large town in India. Clerimond by this time knew the horse to be Pacolet's, and began to renew her lamentations; but Tompart reprimanded her, thinking he had been in his own country. But this fell out ill for him, for the news being brought to the King of India, he caused Tompart to be brought before him, and ordered his head to be cut off forthwith, in revenge for the death of his brother, whom Tompart formerly had slain. After this the lady was led to the King's palace, and entertained with all manner of splendour and magnificence."

In the thirty-sixth chapter we find the distressed lady has recourse to the same *ruse* as her namesake of the French romance, in order to avoid the unwelcome addresses of her royal captor:

"You heard already of King Tompart's death, and Clerimond's time expired,<sup>2</sup> she was put to her shifts, to save her maidenhead from the Indian King; to which purpose she feigned herself mad, and she acted the matter so well, that all her attendants took her really to be so, for none would come near her. The King lamented her exceedingly, and many ways were used to recover her, but all in vain."

The lady's rescue has, of course, also been adapted from the French romance, though, unlike Cléomadès, her lover does not boldly fly off with her in broad day and in presence of the King and his courtiers, but steals away with her in the dead hour of the night. This is how it is related in the fortieth chapter:

"News being brought to Valentine of Clerimond, he resolved to take shipping with the Indian merchant, attended only by his squire, and after a long voyage arrived in that King's dominions, and there put himself in the habit of a physician, who undertook to cure any

<sup>1</sup> The sweet creature! Claremondine adopted a policy more appropriate to her sex.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the period of grace before her marriage, for which she stipulated.

distemper, especially madness. At last the tidings of his skill came to the King's ear, and thinking he might recover Clerimond, sent for him; and being at dinner, made him sit down, and thus said: 'Sir, I have a beautiful lady in my palace, whom I would fain make my queen; but her being possessed with Lunacy, obstructs it; now if you can restore her to her lost reason, I will give you whatever you ask.' Valentine replied: 'Great King, I doubt not effecting it, so your majesty grant my being alone with her all night, to observe the nature of the frenzy; to which the King agreed.' Now in the middle of the night, Valentine espying Pacolet's horse, in a secret place of the chamber, and well-knowing the use of him, he with Clerimond, and his squire, mounted immediately, and rode through the air to Angory, where they were joyfully received, and the marriage rites performed. Next morning the Indian King missing the lady, he caused search to be made through all his dominions, but to no purpose."

It is worthy of note, that here the name of the king who carries off Claremonde is *Tompert*, which is evidently a corruption of *Crompart*, the name in the original metrical romance, and this should seem to indicate that *Valentine and Orson* was composed before the appearance of the prose version of *Cléomadès*.

In the entertaining romance of *Reynard the Fox*, the magic horse of Cléomadès and his adventures therewith are thus referred to by Reynard, when he is enumerating the priceless treasures he has lost, among which was a magic glass—see *ante*, p. 306:

"The tree<sup>1</sup> in whiche this glas stode was lyght and faste, and was named Cetyne,<sup>2</sup> hit sholde endure ever, er it wold rote, or wormes shold hurte it, and therefore kynge Salamon seelyd<sup>3</sup> his temple wyth the same wode, withynforth Men prysed it deerer than fyn gold; hit is like to a tree of Hebenus,<sup>4</sup> of whyche wode Kynge Crompart made

<sup>1</sup> In old English, "tree" is used for wood. Thus in the fine ballad of "John the Reeve" we read:

"His stirrups were of tree."

We still retain the term in "roof-tree," "boot-tree," and "cross-tree."

<sup>2</sup> "Cetyne" is doubtless the shittim wood of the Bible. <sup>3</sup> Ceiled.

<sup>4</sup> Ebony.—The horse in the metrical romance of *Cléomadès* is also of ebony.

his horse of tree for the love of kynge Morcadigas<sup>1</sup> daughter that was so fayr, whom he had wende for to have wonne. That hors was so made within, that wosomever rode on it yf he wolde, he shold be within lesse than an hour, an hondred myle thens; and that was wel prevyd, for Cleomedes, the kynges sone, wolde not byleve that that hors of tree had suche myght and vertue. He was yonge, lusty, and hardy, and desyred to doo grete dedes of prys, for to be renowned in this world, and leep on this hors of tree. Crompart torned a pynne that stode on his brest,<sup>2</sup> and anon the hors lyfte him up, and wente out of the halle by the wyndowe, and er one myght saye his Pater Noster, he was goon more ten myle waye. Cleomedes was sore aferd, and supposed never to have torned agayn, as thistorye therof telleth more playnly; but how grete drede he had, and how ferre that he rood upon that horse made of tree of Hebenus, er he coude knowe the arte and crafte how he shold torne hym, and how joyeful he was whan he knewe it, and how men sorowed for hym, and how he knewe all this, and the joye therof when he came agayn, al this I passe over for losyng of time."

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Paulin Paris, in his letter to Keightley, says: "I am strongly inclined to believe that the original fiction of *Cléomadès* is really Spanish or Moorish. All the personages are *Saracens* or *Spaniards*; the scene is in Spain; the character of the fiction is akin to that of the fictions of the East." It is passing strange how M. Paris could make such an utterly unwarranted assertion as that all the characters are *Saracens* or *Spaniards*, and not less so that Keightley, with Count Tressan's *extrait* before him, could have cited it without question. If we examine the romance, we shall find that in the *prose* version, as represented by the *extrait*, the only characters that could be considered as *Saracens* are two of the three kings who came to Seville with gifts to Marchabias and sought his daughters in marriage,

<sup>1</sup> The king is called Marchabias in the prose romance, and Morcadigas in the metrical version.

<sup>2</sup> Here, I think, we have clear evidence that the author of *Reynard the Fox* followed the original metrical romance, where the name is also Crompart, and where *he*—and not *Cléomadès*, as in the prose version: *ante*, p. 388—turned the pin.



namely, Melicandis, king of Barbary, and Bardigans, king of Armenia; the third being Croppart, king of Hungary. But in the metrical romance of Adenès all three are decidedly Saracens of Northern Africa: Melocandis, of Barbary; Baldigans, of Morocco; and Crompart, of Bougie = Bujaiyah; but the two first have no part in the events narrated in the romance after their first appearance at the Court of Seville, until the conclusion, when there is the usual marrying and giving in marriage all round. The scene is seldom in Spain: it is also in Tuscany (*ante*, p. 390); in Salerno (p. 397); in Greece (p. 399, note 1) and many other places. The Spanish characters may be almost said to be "conspicuous by their absence." Yet I quite agree with M. Paris in considering that the original of the French metrical romance was Morisco-Spanish, whether Adenès derived his materials from Blanche of Castile (*ante*, p. 384) or from some written source.

It has been conjectured that Marco Polo's *Travels* suggested to Chaucer the idea of his *Squire's Tale*, the scene of which is at the court of the khán of Tartary = Jenghiz-khán = Canjus-kan = Camius-kan. From the general interest in the Far East which was created in Chaucer's time by Marco Polo's *Travels*, the poet may have been induced to lay the scene of his Tale in "the lond of Tartary," and on the occasion of the public celebration of the khán's birthday. "You must know," says the Venetian traveller, "the Tartars keep high festival yearly on their birthdays. And the Great Kaan was born on the 28th day of the September moon, so on that day is held the greatest feast in the year at the Kaan's court, always excepting that which he holds on New Year's Day."—"The beginning of their New Year is the month of February, and on that occasion the Great Kaan and all his subjects make such a feast as I now shall describe. It is the custom on this occasion that the Kaan and his subjects should be clothed entirely in white; so that day every body is in white, men and women, great and small. And this is done in order that they may thrive all through the year, for they deem that white clothing is lucky. On that day also all the provinces, and governments, and kingdoms, and countries that own allegiance to the Kaan bring him great presents of gold, and silver, and pearls, and

gems, and rich textures of divers kinds. And this they do that the Emperor throughout the year may have abundance of treasure, and enjoyment without care. And the people also make presents to each other of white things, and embrace and kiss and make merry, and wish each other happiness and good luck for the ensuing year. On that day, I can assure you, among the customary presents there shall be offered to the Kaan from various quarters more than 100,000 white horses, beautiful animals, and richly caparisoned.”<sup>1</sup>

The name of Cambyuskán's second son, Camballo, is clearly derived from Cambaluc, the capital of Cathay, which Chaucer would also learn from Marco Polo. But there is nothing in the Venetian's narrative at all suggestive of the First Part of the *Squire's Tale*, if we except his description of the khán's celebration of the New Year, when the tributary princes sent him so many splendid gifts; but “the king of Araby and Ind” owed him no allegiance, and, moreover, it was not at the New Year festival but the khán's birthday feast that the Indian ambassador came with his master's free-will offerings. On the other hand, there existed long before Chaucer's time the French romance, to the beginning of which the First Part of the *Squire's Tale* is very nearly related, and I cannot think the resemblance merely fortuitous. It is true, there is an important difference between the two, which, however, may be due either to Chaucer himself, or to his having had before him another version of the *Cléomadès* story. In both cases the gifts are presented at the birthday festival (*ante*, p. 270 and p. 386, note 2); but in Chaucer's Tale there is only one person who brings the presents, from his master the Indian king; in *Cléomadès* three kings each bring a gift and in return demand the daughters of the king of Seville in marriage. The gifts are four in Chaucer, three in the Romance; in both, two of the objects possess similar qualities, the horse and the mirror in Chaucer, and the horse and the golden man in the Romance. If the sword and the ring be of the poet's own invention—which I very much doubt—he is in this respect greatly superior to the author of *Cléomadès*, or its prototype, as the golden hen is a mere useless toy,

<sup>1</sup> Yule's edition of Marco Polo's *Travels*, vol. i., book ii., ch. xiv., p. 343; ch. xv., p. 346.

for it does *not* lay pearls in the metrical version. Another circumstance which goes far to show that Chaucer had before him a model such as *Cléomadès* is found in the concluding verses, in which he rapidly sketches some incidents of the rest of the Tale :

And after wil I speke of Algarsif,  
How that he wan Theódora to wif ;  
For whom ful oftè in grete peril he was,  
Ne had he been holpen by the hors of bras.

What can this mean, if not that Algarsif, like *Cléomadès* for Claremonde, was to be in danger of his life because of his love for Theodora, and finally carry her off on the magic steed? As for Cambyuskán's own exploits in winning cities—his “aventures and batailles,” the like of which was never heard of—and never will be now, unless we accept John Lane's “filling in” of Chaucer's outlines ; and the strange passage in which it is hinted that Camballo is to fight with “the brethren tuo” on behalf of Canacé ;—I say nothing ; and all the conjectural “explanations” I have seen leave the matter as much in doubt as ever. I simply hold fast by Algarsif's love-adventures.

There is a curious wooden-horse story which Prof. Kittredge seems to be the first to point out (*Englische Studien*, b. xii., s. 6, foot-note) as being connected with the romance of *Cléomadès*, and which is given by Delrio, in *Disquisitiones Magicae*, lib. ii., q. 6, Venice, ed. of 1616, p. 102, from *Roberti Trizii Insulensis li. de technis et imposturis daemonum*, c. 5 : “De certamine duorum magorum. Rapuerat unus puellam forma egregia et equo ligneo impositam per aera adportabat. Alter in castra quodam Burgundiae, celebri convivio praesens, quod castrum raptor praetervolabat, carminibus cogit raptorem in castrum aream descendere, et immobilem illic coram omnibus maestum cum praeda erubescere sistit,” and so forth.<sup>1</sup>

We shall see, as we proceed, that in most variants of the *Cléo-*

<sup>1</sup> “Of the strife between two magicians. One [magician] had seized a girl of remarkable beauty, and having put her on a wooden horse was carrying her off through the air. The other, who was in a castle in Burgundy, at a great supper, which castle the ravisher was flying over, compelled the ravisher by his incantations to descend into the courtyard of the castle, and there to remain motionless and sorrowful in the presence of all, with his blushing prey.”



*madès* story a girl is carried off on a magic horse or some similar contrivance, but this version is unique in representing the magician who perpetrates the high crime and misdemeanour as being vanquished by another magician—whether with good or evil intentions does not appear in the passage cited by Prof. Kittredge, as above.

## Arabian Tale of the Ebony Horse.

THE tale of the Magic Horse in the *Arabian Nights*, familiar to every schoolboy, presents a striking resemblance, save in a few unimportant details, to that of Prince Cléomadès, and it is very evident that both have been derived from one source. In the Arabian story a king of Persia, who has one son and three daughters (like the king of Seville in the Hispano-French romance), and is keeping the festival of the New Year,<sup>1</sup> according to the ancient custom, when three sages

<sup>1</sup> The “Nú Rúz,” or New Day, one of the two great festivals of the ancient Persians, the first day of the month of Farwardín (March), when the sun is in Aries; the other festival is that of the Autumnal Equinox. Jamshíd (B.C. 800) established the feast of the *Nú Rúz*, and it is observed by Muslims, Parsís, and Armenians; the Jews, to be different, hold it ten days later. Nizamí, in his *Sikandar Nāma*, or Alexander-Book, tells us that the world-conqueror

Sate and drank wine on the feast of Nú Rúz,  
Listened to the song of the singers;  
Until the time of sleep, far from the king would not be  
The musician, nor the cup-bearer, nor music and wine.

(Clarke's translation, Canto xxii. 12, 13.)

On this day the king of Persia attended by his nobles and his army marches out of the capital, reviews the troops, and receives tributes and presents, and gives robes of honour to his courtiers.—“The exact period of commencing the New Year,” says Mrs. Meer Hasan Alí, in her *Observations on the Mussulmans of India*, “is calculated by practical astronomers, who are in the service of most great men in India, and according to the hour of the day or night when the sun enters Aries, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments during this festival. If at midnight, the colour would be dark puce, almost black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus to the intermediate hours is given a shade of colours applicable to the time of the night or the day when the sun enters that particular sign; and, whatever be the colour to suit the hour of the *Nú Rúz*, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject. ‘Mubarak Nú Rúz!’ (May the New Year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, and so forth.”

Among the Hindús, the great vernal festival is held “in celebration of the return of spring, and said to be in honour of Krishna and of his son Kāma-deva, the god of Love. It is identified with the *Holi*, or *Dolá-yátra*, the

appear before him, and make obeisance. One of the sages presents the king with a golden peacock, which was so formed that when an hour of the night was past it flapped its wings and uttered a loud cry; another presents a figure of a man, made of gold and set with precious gems, having in its hand a golden trumpet, the peculiar property of this figure being that if it were placed at the gate of the city it would at once sound an alarm on the approach of an enemy; while the third sage (who was of hideous aspect, as in *Cléomadès*) presents a horse of ebony and ivory, which could carry its rider wherever he pleased. The king tests the qualities of the golden peacock and figure with the trumpet, and being fully satisfied with their performances,<sup>1</sup> then orders the two first sages to name their reward. They reply: "Marry us to two of your daughters." To this the king at once consents, and his two elder daughters have no objections, seeing that their suitors are well-favoured men. The third sage now makes a similar request—that he should have the king's youngest daughter in marriage. But the king must first test also the properties of the ebony horse, and grants his son permission to make the trial. The prince accordingly mounts the magic horse, but it won't move. Then the ugly owner explains that he has simply

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Saturnalia, or rather Carnival, of the Hindús, when people of all conditions take liberties with each other, especially by scattering red powder and coloured water on the clothes of persons passing in the street, as described in the play of *Ratnāvali*, where syringes and water-pipes are used by the crowd. Flowers, and especially the opening blossoms of the mango, would naturally be much used for decoration at this festival and as offerings to the god of Love. It was formerly held on the full moon of the month Chaitra, or about the beginning of April, but now on the full moon of Phálguna, or about the beginning of March. The other great Hindú festival, held in the autumn, about October, is called *Durgá-pújá*, being in honour of the goddess Durgá."—Sir Monier Williams' notes to his translation of Kálidasa's drama of *Sakúntalá*, or the *Lost Ring*.

The Persian festival of the Autumnal Equinox was established by Farídún, in the month of Mihrgán (September), and is of two kinds: (1) *Mihrgán-i-khassa*, or the day Mihr, the sixteenth of the month Mihr, when the sun is in Libra; and (2) *Mihrgán-i-'amma*, the twenty-first of the month Mihr, on which day Farídún captured Zuhak, according to Firdausi's *Sháh Náma*, or Book of Kings. From one to the other, a period of sixty-days, the Persians give themselves up to pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear how the king managed to test the qualities of the golden peacock and the golden man: as the former gave notice when "an hour of the night was past," and the latter blew his trumpet on the approach of an enemy.

ply to turn the pin that is fixed in the horse's head in order to put it in motion, which the prince does, and the steed instantly springs up into the air and is soon out of sight, to the consternation of the king and all his courtiers. Of course the sage is clapped into prison, pending the result of the prince's aerial excursion.

Meanwhile the young prince, after having mounted to a very great height, discovers another pin in the head of the magic horse, on turning which it descends rapidly and alights on the roof of a palace, from which the prince finds his way into a chamber of the harem, where he sees a most bewitchingly beautiful damsel among her female attendants. The prince now acts very differently from Cléomadès in the like circumstances: he knocks down the eunuch who guarded the door, and scatters the slave-girls right and left. He then learns from the damsel that she is the daughter of the king of Yemen, and that this is San'á the capital city;—her father had but yesterday refused her to the ill-favoured king of India. When the eunuch has "gathered himself together," the brave prince tells him that he is the son-in-law of the king, who had given him permission to come and introduce himself to his bride. The eunuch forthwith proceeds to the king and informs him of all this strange business, and his majesty hastens full of wrath to confront the bold intruder into the presence of his daughter. But the prince (unlike Cléomadès) bullies the king, who soon begins to change his tone, and treat him with courtesy—for the prince is evidently much the stronger man. Our hero then challenges the king to meet him in single combat for his kingdom, or, if he would prefer it, draw out his whole army in battle array, and he would encounter them. The king adopts the latter alternative, and the prince mounts his magic steed and canters up in front of the troops. After putting his horse through various exercises he makes it ascend and speedily reaches home. On learning that the sage has been thrown into prison the prince causes him to be set at liberty, but he is not to get the youngest princess in marriage, at which the sage is secretly wroth, and resolves to be revenged. The conclusion differs little from that of *Cléomadès*, and altogether the Arabian tale is much inferior to the Romance.



### Turkish Variant.

It is well known to such as are familiar with Eastern fictions, that Turkish fables and popular tales have all been translated or adapted from Arabian and Persian sources, but it is seldom that they are improvements on their originals or models. There occurs a very singular version of the story of the Magic Horse in a Turkish collection, written about the close of the last century by a Cretan named 'Alî 'Azîz, and entitled 'Phantasms from the Presence of God.'<sup>1</sup> This is how the story begins: The king and his son, Prince Nezlî, with all the members of the divân, were assembled at a place half an hour's distance from the city, in order to celebrate New Year's Day, according to the ancient custom of Persia. There they pitched the tents, and spread out trays of food, and high and low feasted. For three days were exhibited, with playing and singing and ear-rejoicing melodies, all manner of strange and wonderful shows; and with a thousand divers games and tricks they observed the olden rules and kept the ancient rites. While they were thus employed, an Indian brought up to the royal tent a horse fashioned of pure gold,<sup>2</sup> and in likeness of a hobby-horse, that he might show the wonder of its contrivance. When they had looked at the perfection of its fashion, the Indian, its owner, said: "This thing hath a yet more marvellous virtue, and it is this: when I mount upon it, it taketh me to what place soever I would, and it accomplisheth a three months' journey in a single day." And he mounted upon it and rose into the air, and alighted on a mound that was over against them. After tarrying there a brief space he came again and descended before the king's tent, and all were astonished at the strange thing. The king gave the Indian many gifts, and said to him: "Sell me this horse, and I will give thee therefor whatsoever thou mayest wish." The Indian made answer, saying: "My lord, this horse came into

<sup>1</sup> *Mukhayyalât-i Ledun-i illahî-i Givridli 'Alî 'Azîz Efendi*.—I am indebted to Mr. E. J. W. Gibb for the use of his translation (in manuscript) of this curious, mystical work.

<sup>2</sup> Here we have, as in Chaucer, an *Indian*. In the Arabian tale *three sages* come with gifts, in *Cléomadès*, we have *three kings*. This agreement of the Turkish tale with Chaucer would seem to point to the existence in the poet's time of a version of the story resembling the First Part of the *Squire's Tale*.

the hands of thy slave by a hap, so that he knoweth not the value thereof ; but it is very precious to him, and there is none could give him the price he would say that he should sell it." On being asked what he meant by this riddling, he thus answered them :

" I, your slave, am a man poor of estate, from among dwellers in the city of Lár. I gained my livelihood by serving as sweeper and caller to prayer at the parish mosque. I had no one in the mansion of the world save one lonesome daughter, and I owned nought of that which is called wealth. One day, thirty days ago, when I had performed the afternoon prayer, and the congregation had departed, an elder entered the mosque, and coming up to me took me by the hand. The two of us sat down together in the middle of the mosque, and he opened his mouth and said : ' Brother, I have a word to say to thee a little. I am not of the sons of Adam ; I am a spirit, but I have come purposing good to thee.' He saw that there was in me no sign of dread, so he took me by the hand and led me to one of the caves without the city, and showed me this cunningly devised horse. And first he pointed out to me the device of it, how to make it rise in the air, and how to make it descend, and how to stop it, and how to quicken it. Then he said : ' The price of this horse is not in the world. It passed by a hap into my hands, but as we are spirits it is useless to us. My desire is to barter it with thee.' I smiled and said : ' I am a poor man. I possess nothing that I should make exchange with thee.' He answered : ' Thou hast a daughter. If thou wilt give her to me, I will give thee this ; but take heed that thou spoil it not, coveting the gold thereof ; for if thou knew its worth thou wouldst barter it for a hundred times its weight in gold.' After much thought the urgings of lust impelled me to acceptance, and when he saw that I was willing he took from his pocket a pen-case and a piece of paper, and said : ' Now write this our exchange upon this paper.' And I wrote it and gave it into his hand. Then saying, ' Now take this horse and go to thy house,' he vanished from before me. When I went to my house I found not a trace of my daughter, and straightway I fell a-grieving that he had come and taken off my daughter, and I wept much. But knowing that remorse would profit not, I bethought me thus : ' If I

show this horse in my own city, it is certain that I shall be straitened by their asking me where I found it.' So having heard of your fair and kingly qualities, I said to myself: 'If there be any who will know its worth, it is the king.' So I have brought it into your presence. If you desire it, I request full ten times its weight in gold."

Prince Nesl is at once enamoured of the wonderful horse, and persuades his father, Kharezmi Sháh, to purchase it. The Indian instructs the prince how to manage it, and he mounts on its back, and the horse ascends into the air. "Pull not hard," the Indian exclaimed, but the prince did not hear him, and was quickly out of sight. The king was sorely grieved at his son's disappearance.—The remainder of the tale recounts the marvellous adventures of Prince Nesl, who arrives at a large city, where there is a castle, which he boldly enters, and finds in one of the chambers a young lady who has been enchanted by a genie, who is in love with her. He discovers the mode of doing away the spell, and on the return of the genie compels him to obey all his behests, and in the end is duly married to the damsel.

A more clumsy contrivance is the Flying Chair, in a story which Dr. Jonathan Scott translated from a fragment of an Arabic MS. text of the *Thousand and One Nights*, procured in Bengal, and included in his *Tales, Anecdotes, and Letters from the Arabic and Persian*:

### Arabian Tale of the Flying Chair.

THERE was formerly in Baghdád a curly-pated, avaricious fellow, who worked hard under an herb-seller, and by dint of penuriousness became possessed of fifteen gold dínars,<sup>1</sup> with the counting of which he amused himself nightly. One day, when he was walking in the serai of Khalayl, there passed by a broker carrying a chair of wood for sale. The labourer purchased the chair for fourteen dínars, but after taking it home became discontented with his bargain, and returned next day to the broker, saying: "Either tell me the

<sup>1</sup> About seven pounds and ten shillings.



properties of this chair or give me back my money." The broker took him to the man for whom he had acted, who was a Jewish magician. On being interrogated, he said: "The property of the chair is this: whoever sits in it must take a green switch in his hand, and strike the chair with it, commanding the chair to convey him wheresoever he chooses, and it will do so in an instant."

When night fell, the labourer seated himself in the chair, struck it with a green switch, and ordered it to carry him to the terrace of the sultan's palace. Instantly the chair ascended to the heavens, until he heard the angels singing the praises of Allah in the Milky Way. Then it gradually descended, and alighted on the roof of the palace. On entering he found the sultan's daughter asleep on a sofa, and approaching, he kissed her hand. The princess at once awoke, and cried out in great fear: "Who art thou?" Said he: "I am 'Azrá'il, the angel of death,<sup>1</sup> and am come to take thy soul, and the souls of thy father and thy mother, and the vazírs and the generals of the army." The princess, greatly terrified, asked the reason of this, to which he replied that it was in consequence of his love for herself, but if her father would marry her to him all their lives should be spared. The princess promised to acquaint her father of this, and the impostor, re-entering his chair, was immediately conveyed to his own house.

In the morning the daughter of the sultan told him of the angel 'Azrá'il having visited her during the preceding night, and that he required her for his wife as the condition of sparing their lives; and the sultan at once caused the marriage contract to be drawn up in due form. When it was dark the impostor returned in his flying chair, and finding everything done as he desired, appointed the next Friday for the night of consummation, and he passed the interval at his own house. On the Friday night he came in his chair, gaily dressed for the occasion, and profoundly impressed the sultan and his courtiers with his dignified appearance. The marriage was duly consummated, and he spent several happy days with his beautiful

<sup>1</sup> Muslims reckon four archangels: (1) Jabrá'il (*i. e.* Gabriel), who is God's messenger; (2) Miká'il (Michael), who is the protector of the Jews; (3) Isráfíl, who will sound the last trumpet; and (4) 'Azrá'il, the angel of death.

bride, till, unluckily, an ignorant cook, being in want of firewood, chopped up his precious chair for fuel.

The pretended angel, naturally fearing detection after this calamity, slipped out of the palace at midnight, and returned to his home, where he wept and bitterly lamented his lost grandeur. While thus plunged in the sea of grief and vain regrets, the genie of the chair appeared before him, touched by his misfortune, and presented him with a cap and a ring, saying: "When thou puttest this cap on thy head thou shalt be invisible to all eyes; and as for this ring, should any trouble befall thee, press it and I will come to thee instantly, and do thy bidding." And he returned to the palace without being discovered, as he wore the cap of invisibility; and, buoyed up by the genie's promise of aid, he continued for some time happy in the society of his royal spouse.

Meanwhile the vazirs, having ascertained the real condition and rank of the son-in-law of the sultan, disclosed the whole affair to him, suggesting that, as a proof that the self-styled 'Azrá'il was no impostor, he should be required to bring some of the fruits of Paradise. The sultan then went to his daughter privily, and bade her desire her husband to bring fruits from the spirit-world, which she did very willingly; and her husband, going into another apartment, summoned the genie by means of his ring, who speedily brought him the required fruits.

Some time after this occurrence the sultan fell in love with, and purchased a beautiful slave-girl, offered for sale in the market-place. But scarce had she been placed in the royal harem when a prince of the red genii, charmed by her sweet voice, carried her off to grace the nuptials of his son. One of the wedding guests, a hideous 'ifrit, became enamoured of her, and in the midst of the festivities, seized her in his arms and conveyed her into his cave, which was in the seventh depth of the earth. The aid of the "angel 'Azrá'il" was invoked by the sultan, through his daughter, and the obedient genie of the chair, cap, and ring slew the 'ifrit after a desperate conflict, and restored the fair slave to her royal lover. But her charms soon proved so attractive to the sultan that, shutting himself up with her, he neglected the affairs of the state, in consequence of which a

neighbouring prince invaded the country, and, meeting with no opposition, actually encamped under the walls of the capital. In this strait the sultan again had recourse to his son-in-law, who, clad in armour, with the cap of invisibility over his helmet, and attended by the genie, who was also invisible, entered the invader's camp at midnight and utterly routed his troops. The prince himself was taken prisoner by the sultan's son-in-law, and, with all his treasure and the army equipage, led into the city, after the pretended angel had removed his cap of invisibility. Then the sultan caused the prince to be confined in one of the palace-towers, and ordered public rejoicings to be held throughout his dominions; after which he resolved to spend the rest of his life in company with the beautiful slave-girl, and resigned his kingdom to his son-in-law, who lived in the utmost felicity with the princess until death, the destroyer of all, separated them.

We have somewhat similar incidents to those of the Arabian tale of the Flying Chair in the "*Histoire de Malik et de la Princesse Schirine*," in *Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans*, translated by Petis de la Croix, Paris, 1710-12, 5 vols., of which the following is an abstract:

### *Persian Tale of the Flying Chest.*

In days of yore there dwelt at Surat a certain merchant, who at his death left all his wealth to his only son, named Malik. This youth in a very short time spent nearly all his patrimony in riotous living. It happened one day that a man from Sarandib (Ceylon) came to dine with Malik, and talked much to him of the pleasures and advantages of travelling to foreign countries. Malik confessed that he did not now possess sufficient means to allow him the indulgence of visiting strange places, and remarked that there were the dangers of shipwreck on the sea and of robbery on the land to be set against the advantages of travel. "I will undertake," rejoined his guest, "to provide you with the means of travelling free from all such risks." On the following day the stranger desired Malik to order a joiner to make for him a wooden chest, six feet long



and four feet broad. When the chest was brought the stranger fixed into it certain screws and springs, and on the third day, having caused Malik to send his slaves out of the way, he entered the chest, which instantly rose high in the air, then proceeded some distance very rapidly, and returned and descended on the spot where Malik stood gazing in astonishment, after which he took Malik with him into the chest, and made a short excursion through the air. The stranger presented the wonderful contrivance to Malik, who gave him a purse of sequins, and was shown how to guide the machine by means of the screws and springs.

In the course of a few days Malik's creditors became very clamorous, and as a last resource he entered his flying machine at night and escaped. After journeying through the air a day and a night, he descended into a wood, near a large city, where he carefully concealed his machine. From a peasant Malik learned that it was the city of Ghazní, the capital of King Bahaman, whose daughter, the beautiful Shírín, being threatened by her horoscope that she should be betrayed by a strange man, he had caused a lofty palace to be erected, with gates of China steel, of which the sultan himself kept the keys, and they were moreover guarded by soldiers night and day. The sultan visited her once a week, and her companions were her old nurse and some female slaves.

When it is dark Malik enters his flying machine and descends on the roof of the palace, whence he contrived to find his way into the apartment of Shírín, whom he discovers asleep on her couch. For a time he contemplates her surpassing beauty with rapture, then kneeling beside her, he kisses her fair hand, on which she awakes and cries out in alarm. The nurse comes into the room and charges her with complicity.<sup>1</sup> Malik declares that he is the prophet Muhammed, and that, pitying her having to pass her life in a prison, albeit a gilded one, he has resolved that she shall be his wife. They credit his story, and Malik quits the princess before daybreak. Having procured a supply of food sufficient for eight days, and some fine clothes, he passes all the succeeding day in the wood, and at night

<sup>1</sup> The nurse might have known that the cries of the princess betokened her innocence—but *n'importe!*

again visits the princess, who asks him: "How comes it that you look so youthful? I always understood that the Prophet was a venerable old man." Quoth he: "So I do sometimes appear to the faithful; but I thought that you would prefer to see me as a young man."<sup>1</sup>

Thus several days are passed very pleasantly—Malik taking care to leave each morning before dawn—when the sultan comes to visit his daughter, who is rather vexed to see him. She tells him at last, however, that he is father-in-law of Muhammed. "Nonsense," exclaims the sultan. "Alas! I now see how useless it is to strive against the decrees of fate. Your horoscope is fulfilled. A traitor has seduced you!" So saying, he rushes out of the room and searches everywhere, without finding any trace of the impostor. He summons all his ministers, and tells them of the heavy calamity that has befallen both himself and his daughter. The chief vazír says that the alleged marriage may have actually taken place, although the story has all the appearance of a mere invention. Great families, he adds, have before attributed their origin to similar events. Most of the other ministers professed to be of the same opinion; but one said that he was surprised to find the slightest degree of credence placed in such a story;—was it likely that the Prophet, amidst the húrís of Paradise, would seek a bride on earth? He was of opinion that the sultan should institute a thorough search for the impostor.

The sultan dismisses the ministers, saying that he will stay all night with the princess, and investigate this matter himself. Shírín tells him that her husband would never eat anything while with her—itself a proof that he is what he represents himself to be. As the usual hour for the impostor's visit draws near, the sultan seats himself in his daughter's apartment, with a lighted taper and a naked sword in his hand, determined, if necessary, to wash out the stain on his honour with the villain's life-blood. Presently it happens to lighten, and a flash dazzles the sultan, who concludes that the

<sup>1</sup> Malik, if not the princess also, should have known that in Paradise the faithful are blessed with perennial and *vigorous* young manhood, since the Prophet has not only promised that each of the faithful is in those happy regions to have *seventy* of the húrís, or black-eyed beauties, but that he shall be endowed with the strength of *seventy* men.

lightning indicates the descent of the Prophet. At this moment Malik enters, and the sultan, instead of being enraged, is struck with awe, and, dropping his scimitar, falls prostrate and kisses Malik's feet, exclaiming: "O great Apostle! what am I, to deserve the honour of being your father-in-law!" Full of gratitude, the sultan then discreetly withdraws from the apartment, leaving the princess with Malik, who passes the night with her as usual, and departs before the first rays of the sun begin to illumine the horizon.

The vazirs are again sent for and informed by the delighted sultan that the princess Shírín is really the spouse of the Prophet, but they do not credit such a very improbable story. But one of their number, returning home, falls from his horse and breaks his leg, and his colleagues look upon the mischance as a punishment for his impious incredulity. The sultan gives orders that all the city be decorated, and public rejoicings be held in celebration of his daughter's marriage with Muhammed, the Apostle of God. When Malik returns at night, the sultan tells him of the accident to one of his ministers, and Malik declares that it will in future cost the life of any doubter. The sultan takes his vazirs before the princess next day, and begs her to intercede with the Apostle for their pardon, to which she generously consents.

By this time Malik has eaten up all his provisions in the wood; the "Prophet" is actually reduced to as great straits for a meal as ever was beggar going about from house to house. So he says to the princess: "My beloved, you have omitted to give me a dower." "True," she replies; "but I will speak of it to my father in the morning." "No, no; there is no necessity for doing so. I do not care for wealth—it is of no use to me. Sufficient will it be if you give me some of your jewels." The princess would readily have given him all that she possessed, but Malik contented himself with two large diamonds, which he sold to a jeweller next day.

Malik has enacted the part of the "Prophet" for about a month, when an ambassador from a neighbouring king arrives at the court of Sultan Bahaman to demand the princess Shírín in marriage. The sultan informs him that his daughter is already married, and to no less a personage than the holy Apostle himself. The ambassador



thinks the sultan is mad, and returns with the strange answer to his royal master, who deems it an insult, and at once musters his army and marches to attack Ghazní. Sultan Bahaman is in despair, for the invader is more powerful than he; but Malik bids the princess tell her father that he will give him his aid in defeating the enemy. Having filled his flying chest with stones, he goes up into the air about the middle of the night, and descending close to the foreign king's tent unperceived by the sentries, peeps inside, and seeing him asleep strikes him on the forehead with a stone, wounding him severely; after which he again ascends in his chest, and showers stones on the troops below, who all fly in dismay, leaving tents and equipage behind them. The invading king is, however, taken prisoner; and Malik, to signalize the victory, prepares some fireworks on the following day, and taking them with him in his chest at the darkest hour of the night he goes very high into the air, where he lights them, with very good effect. In the morning he goes into the city, to hear what the people are saying about his pyrotechnic display. Some are swearing that they actually saw the "Prophet" amidst showers of meteors, and so on. All this delights Malik very much, of course; but in the meantime his precious chest is burning in the wood. A spark of a firework had somehow caught the chest and smouldered until the morning breeze fanned it into flames. When Malik discovered the extent of the calamity he rent his clothes and beat his face. But all in vain: he must now seek his fortune elsewhere; and so he departed with a caravan for Cairo, where he became a weaver.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "O most lame and impotent conclusion!"—Hans Andersen, in his Danish collection of fairy tales, has re-cooked this tale for the special benefit of youngsters; his version is therefore valueless for purposes of comparison: A merchant's son squanders all his heritage—all but four shillings, a pair of slippers, and a dressing-gown. One of his friends sent him a trunk, and as he had nothing to pack into it, he went inside of it himself, and the moment he had closed the lid the trunk flew up the chimney and soared far above the clouds. He alighted in Turkey, and hid the trunk under leaves in a wood. Meeting a nurse and child, he asked who lived in yonder castle, and was told, the king's daughter, of whom it had been predicted that she should be unhappy through a lover. He reaches her chamber window in his trunk, is admitted by the princess, and tells her that he is *a Turkish god*, and so on. Needless to say that this tale is not Danish, but probably derived from either the Arabian story of the Flying Chair, or the Persian story of the Flying Trunk.

There is another Persian version which occurs in a collection by an author of whom nothing seems to be known, except that he was 70 years of age when he made it, and that his name was Muhammed Kázim bin Mirak Husain Muzaffarí Sajávandí, poetically surnamed Hubbí. This collection, which is described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian Manuscripts in the British Museum*, vol. ii. pp. 759, 760, Or. 237, has no specific title, but is merely called *Hikáyát-i 'Ajíb u' Gharíb*, Wonderful and Strange Tales, and it may have served as the model of the Turkish story-book, *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shiddah*, Joy after Distress, many of the tales in both being identical, and the story in question being No. 13 of the Turkish MS. 375, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. This is an abstract of the

### Persian Tale of the Weaver as the angel Gabriel.

A WEAVER and a carpenter, in Nishapúr, are both in love with the same girl. For her sake each makes a masterpiece of his craft; the weaver, a seamless shirt, and the carpenter, a magic coffer. Induced to try the coffer, the weaver enters it, and on turning a peg finds himself flying up to the sky.<sup>1</sup> Having bethought to turn the peg the other way, he rapidly descends and alights in view of a castle in which the daughter of the king of Oman is jealously kept under seven locks. Coming down upon the roof at night, he finds the princess in bed, and declares that he is the angel Gabriel, to whom she has been given by God as his bride. He becomes her accepted lover, and visits her in the same way every night. At length the king is told of this wonderful occurrence, and accepts his celestial son-in-law. He is confirmed in this belief by farther evidence of his divine power: "Gabriel" crushes the head of an unbelieving courtier; he puts to flight a king who claimed the hand of the princess, first by bombarding him and his army with stones, and then by showering fire down on his camp. On the latter occasion, however, the magic coffer is accidentally burnt. "Gabriel" is reduced to the necessity of earning bread by his old trade. In this humble condition he is recognized by the princess, and he explains that he has

<sup>1</sup> The carpenter apparently wished by this means to get rid of his rival.

incurred the displeasure of the Almighty and that the gates of heaven are for a time closed to him. At this juncture a new enemy appears. The unwilling "Gabriel" is clad in armour and put upon a horse. The fiery steed rushes with him on headlong career into the enemy's camp, knocks down a tree, which crushes the hostile king, and finally falls into a pit, where "Gabriel" is afterwards found half-dead. In the end he confesses his deceit to the king, who, grateful for past services, condones the offence and keeps the secret for himself.<sup>1</sup>

We shall probably find the prototype of the different versions in a tale in the *Panchatantra*, Book I., Fab. 5, Benfey's German translation, which is now to be presented in English for the first time. The *Panchatantra* (Five Chapters) is a Sanskrit version of the celebrated collection known in Europe generally as the Fables of Pilpay, or Bidpai. About the year 531, an old Indian book of fables and tales was translated into Pahlavi, the ancient language of Persia, by order of King Nûshîrvân, surnamed the Just, and entitled *Kalîlag and Damnag*, from the names of two jackals who play a leading part in the first section. From Pahlavi this work was translated into Syriac, about 570, and into Arabic, under the title of *Kalîla wa Dimna*, by Ibn Almukaffa, about the year 754. From the Arabic, a Greek translation, entitled *Ichnelates and Stephanites*, was made by Simeon, the son of Seth, in 1080. Two Hebrew versions were made from the Arabic or the Syriac, both in the 13th century, one of which is anonymous, the other is by Rabbi Joel. In 1168 a Persian translation, from the Arabic, was made by Nasr-'ullah. *Directorium Humance vitæ* is the title of a Latin version by John of Capua; and an Italian translation, by Doni, was rendered into English under the

<sup>1</sup> There is a story, common to most European countries—but I cannot locate it anywhere at present—in which a lucky impostor, who had got a great reputation for strength and courage, through a series of mere accidents, is compelled by the king (whose daughter he had married) to go and attack an invading army single-handed. He is tied down to the saddle of his horse, who rushes gallantly to the attack, and the "hero," in sheer desperation, lays hold of a branch of a tree which comes off in his hands, and grasping it tightly he approaches the hostile troops, who fly in dismay at seeing a man wielding such a formidable weapon; and the repute of this favourite of fortune is ever afterwards beyond the sneers of envious courtiers.



title of *Moral Philosophy of Doni*. Another Sanskrit version of this famous work is the *Hitopadesa* (Friendly Counsel), but neither it nor the *Panchatantra* can be considered as representing the text which was done into the Pahlavi language, if we may judge by the Arabic version. The following tale is peculiar to the *Panchatantra*; I have added some explanatory notes to the translation, which has been kindly furnished to me by Mr. Thomas Davidson, who is enriching the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* with able articles on folk-lore subjects:

### Hindu Prototype: The Weaver who personated the deity Vishnu.

IN a certain place there dwelt two friends, a weaver and a carpenter. They were very much attached to each other from their childhood, having always lived in the same neighbourhood. Once there happened to be held in the temple of the gods a grand festival, in the course of which there was a procession. Actors, dancers, and singers were there in great numbers, and people from different countries had assembled. Now as the friends were making their way through the crowd, they perceived on a young elephant the daughter of a king, who had come, attended by eunuchs and other servants of the harem to behold the images of the gods. The weaver, immediately on seeing her, was struck by the arrow of the god of Love,<sup>1</sup> and fell to the ground as though he had taken poison or some evil demon possessed him. The carpenter, when he saw him in this plight, felt sympathy with his pains, and had him lifted up by strong men and carried to his own house. There, by the agency of divers soothing draughts which the physician had prescribed, and by the aid of conjurors<sup>2</sup> also, he was after a long time and with difficulty brought back to consciousness. Then the carpenter inquired of him: "O friend! why didst thou swoon away without any cause?"

<sup>1</sup> Kámadeva, the Hindú Cupid. His poetical name is Ananga, *lit.*, incorporeal. He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort, Rati, in his gardens and temples; sometimes riding on a parrot, or lory, and attended by dancing-girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his standard, on which is a fish on a red ground.

<sup>2</sup> Professional exorcists of demons.

Tell me, and speak the truth." The other replied: "If thou wilt hear it from me, we must be alone, so that I may speak without concealing anything." When this was brought about, he said to him: "Dearest, if in truth thou lovest me as a friend, do me the kindness to carry wood for my funeral fire. Do as I desire; for what is done for the sake of a little affection cannot be out of proportion to the abundance of thine." But the other when he heard this said, with tears in his eyes and with a broken voice: "Whatever may be the course of thy suffering, do thou declare it, so that help may be provided, if possible; for do not they say:

'The egg of Bráhma in this world contains nought but it may be set to right by herbs, money, counsel, and prudence.'<sup>1</sup>

If, then, it can be remedied by these four, I shall remedy it." The weaver replied: "Against these my sufferings neither those four remedies nor a thousand others can avail. Therefore retard not my death." The carpenter said: "Dear friend, let me know nevertheless, so that, if I cannot bring help, I may perish in the flames with thee. Separation I could not bear for a single moment. That is my firm resolve." The weaver said: "Friend of my youth, listen, then. Immediately when I had beheld the king's daughter on the elephant I was reduced to this condition by the eminent deity who bears a fish in his banner;<sup>2</sup> and now I cannot bear this torment. Even as it is said:

'When shall I sleep, weary with this battle of love, my breast sunk between a pair of milk-white bosoms, moist with saffron, and round like the globes of the love-ardent elephant, caged up in her arms, and but for one moment blest with her embrace?'

And thus:

'The red bimba-like lips,<sup>3</sup> the chalice-like bosoms, swelling in the pride of youth, the deeply-sunk navel, the bent lotos-flower of the yoni, the dainty narrowness of the waist—may well bring suffering

<sup>1</sup> The egg of Bráhma, the first of the Hindú triad: the egg is the world, the orphic or mundane egg which floated amidst the water before the creation, and from which Bráhma, the first-born, according to some legends, emerged, but according to others, merely resolved itself into the upper and lower spheres—Wilson's *Hindú Theatre*, ii. 58.

<sup>2</sup> *I. e.* the god of Love—Kámadeva.

<sup>3</sup> Bimba, or vimba = the *Bryonia grandis*.

to the impassioned heart; but that her fair cheeks should ever and ever consume me, that is not well.' "

But the carpenter, when he had heard this tale of love, said smiling: "Friend of my youth, if that is the cause, our goal is easily reached: even this very day shalt thou be with her." The weaver said: "When nothing but the wind can enter the maiden's chamber, and guarded as it is moreover, how should a meeting be possible? Why wouldst thou deceive me with an untruthful tale?" The carpenter said: "Friend, thou shalt see the power of my cunning." When he had said this, he forthwith constructed from the timber of the Váyudsha-tree<sup>1</sup> a Garuda moving on a pivot; also two pairs of arms, furnished with the shell, the discus, the club, and the lotus, together with the diadem and breast-jewel. He then made the weaver bestride it, and having thus fitted him with all the attributes of Vishnú,<sup>2</sup> he showed him the mode of working the pivot, and said: "Friend of my youth! go at midnight in this shape of Vishnú to the maiden's chamber, who dwells alone at the end of the palace having seven storeys, win her love with feigned words, as in her inexperience she will believe thee to be Vásudeva,<sup>3</sup> and so make her thy own."

Then the weaver after hearing this went thither in such shape, and said to her: "Art thou asleep or awake? For thy sake have I come in my own person from the milky way of Love, leaving Lakshmi behind.<sup>4</sup> Come, then, to my arms." When she saw him riding on the bird Garuda, with four arms, with weapons, and the breast-jewel of Vishnú, she rose in astonishment from her couch, folded her hands reverently, and said: "O mighty one! I am an impure, worm-like mortal, and thou art the object of adulation, and the creator of the

<sup>1</sup> Benfey says: "I do not know any tree which is called the Váyudsha. May it not be an enchanted tree, formed in a wonderful manner? (See the magical spells in the *Vetálapanchavinsati*, in Lassen, *Anthol.*, 36, 37.)"

<sup>2</sup> Vishnú is the second deity of the Hindú triad. He is worshipped by sixty millions of the people of India, as the personification of the preserving power. Vishnú is represented as riding on the Garuda, a mythical bird of the vulture species, half-man, half-bird; in one of his four hands he holds a lotus, in another a club or mace, in another a conch-shell, and in the fourth a discus;—thus our hero was thoroughly equipped for the personation of this deity.

<sup>3</sup> Vásudeva is one of the many names of Vishnú.

<sup>4</sup> Lakshmi, the sea-born goddess of beauty and prosperity, consort of Vishnú, obtained by him at the churning of the sea.



three worlds. How can such a thing be?" The weaver said: "Blessed one! what thou sayest is true. But was not my spouse, of the name of Rádhá, once born in the house of Nanda?<sup>1</sup> She has embodied herself in you. Therefore have I come." The other said: "If such be the case, prefer thy claim to my father, that he may give me up to thee without any demur." The weaver said: "Blessed one! I do not allow myself to be seen by men, far less converse with them. Therefore deliver thyself up after the manner of the Gándharva.<sup>2</sup> If not, I will pronounce a curse to reduce thy father and all his family to ashes." Having thus spoken, he alighted from the Garuda, took hold of her left hand, and led the frightened, abashed, and trembling maiden to the couch, and after caressing her all night according to the teachings of Vátsyáyana,<sup>3</sup> went home in the dawn without having been observed.

Thus the weaver passed some time in constant intercourse with her. One day, however, the servants of the harem noticed that her

<sup>1</sup> Rádhá was the celebrated mistress of Krishna (an incarnation of Vishnú), and wife of Ayana-Gosla, a cowherd of Gokal. Nanda, the cowkeeper, was foster-father of Krishna, who was brought up in his house.

<sup>2</sup> In Hindú fictions it is quite a common occurrence for a wandering prince who has been smitten by the charms of some beauteous damsel he chances to meet to espouse her by the "Gándharva" form—that is to say, without the usual ceremonies. It was supposed to be the form of marriage—if a form it could be termed—which prevailed among the nymphs of Indra's paradise, Armarávatí. In the Hindú drama of *Sakúntalá*, the king marries the fair heroine by this form, explaining to her that

"In Indra's heaven (so at least 'tis said)  
No nuptial rites prevail, nor is the bride  
Led to the altar by her future spouse;  
But all in secret does the bridegroom plight  
His troth, and each unto the other vow  
Mutual allegiance. Such espousals too  
Are authorised on earth, and many daughters  
Of royal saints thus wedded to their lords  
Have still received their father's benison."

Sir Monier Williams, from whose translation of Kálidasa's great drama these verses are taken, says that in the Second Book of Manu (v. 22) the Gándharva is included among the various marriage rites, and is said to be a union proceeding entirely from love, or mutual inclination, and concluded without any religious service, and without consulting relatives.

<sup>3</sup> Vátsyáyana (5th century B.C.) was the author of the *Káma Sutra*, or Aphorisms of Love, from which have been derived many similar works on the art of *venery*, such as the *Ananga Ranga*, also in Sanskrit, the *Lizzat en-Nisá*, ascribed to the Persian Nakhshabí, and several in Arabic, such as *Kitáb rijzi' esh-Shaykh ila Sibahi*, by Ibn Kamál Báshá.

coral-like under-lip showed traces of bites,<sup>1</sup> and said to one another : "Lo, the limbs of the princess look as though she were loved by a man! How can such a meeting take place in a house so well guarded? We must go and inform the king." When they had thus resolved, they all went to the king, and said : "O master! we know not how, but notwithstanding that this house is so well guarded, a man enters the chamber of the princess! Our lord may give his commands." The king on hearing this thought, with a perplexed mind :

"A girl is born—great care. Who shall woo her?—great deliberation. Then : Will she be happy or unfortunate in wedlock? Unfortunate indeed is the father of a girl!"

"Girls and rivers are doing alike, with the banks, with families : through water, through vices, they ruin them—these, the banks, the others, the families!"

And thus :

"Brought into the world, she steals the mother's heart ; grows up under the care of her friends ; married, she dishonours herself. Alas, daughters are an incurable misfortune!"

After thinking for some time in this wise, he said to his consort when they were alone : "Queen, what these servants of the harem say must be inquired into. Against him who has committed this crime the god of Death<sup>2</sup> is much in wrath." And the queen after hearing this was much troubled, and, going to the chamber of her daughter, saw how her lips were bitten and the members of her body scratched with nails. She then said : "O thou wicked one!—shame and disgrace to thy house! Why hast thou thus prostituted thy virtue? Who is he, for whom the god of Death waits, who has come near thee? Tell me the plain truth!" Whilst the mother spake thus in high wrath and pride, the princess in fear and shame bowed her head towards the floor, and said : "O mother, the great Náráyana<sup>3</sup> comes to me bodily every night, riding on the Garuda. If my words do not seem true, let some woman be concealed in some

<sup>1</sup> Frequent reference is made to this singular kind of caress in Oriental poetry as well as prose fictions.

<sup>2</sup> Yama, the Pluto of Hindú mythology.

<sup>3</sup> Náráyana is by the Vashuava sect identified with Vishnú.

private place, and she will behold at midnight the mighty husband of Lakshmi."

Then the mother, hearing this, with a face beaming with delight, every hair on her limbs bristling with joy,<sup>1</sup> went to the king and said: "O King, glory and blessing have come upon thee! Every night the mighty Náráyana visits thy daughter. He has taken her for his wife according to the rule of the Gándharva. Thou and I will stand by the window at midnight, and see him, for he will not converse with men." The king when he was told this was so full of joy that the day seemed to him a hundred years long. And when he and his wife stood concealed near the window at night, with their eyes constantly fixed on the sky, he saw at the stated time Náráyana descending through the air, astride the Garuda, shell, discus, club, and lotus in his hands, and furnished with all his attributes, he felt as though he were swimming in a lake of nectar, and he said to his beloved: "Dearest, no man in this world is happier than I and thou! For the mighty Náráyana has approached our offspring, and he loves her; and thus are all the wishes of our hearts fulfilled. Now shall I, through the power of my son-in-law, subdue the world!"

Having thus resolved, he began to attack all the neighbouring kings; but they, seeing that he was unjust, joined their forces together and overran his kingdom. Then the king, through the voice of his wife, spake to his daughter, saying: "Daughter, since the mighty Náráyana has, through thee, who art my daughter, become my son-in-law, it ill befits that all the neighbouring kings should make war against me. Therefore thou must this day induce him to cause my enemies to perish." When the weaver arrived at night, he was addressed by her devoutly: "O mighty one! it behoves not that my father, whose son-in-law thou art, should be overcome by his enemies. Therefore show thy favour and destroy them all." The weaver replied: "Blessed one! how small are thy father's enemies! Be of a light heart! With my discus called Sudarsana I shall crush them to dust in a moment." But at length

<sup>1</sup> In Indian poetry horripilation is often said to be produced by joy as well as fear.



the king's possessions were reduced to his stronghold; and so he sent to the weaver in the form of Vāsudeva, as he did not know him, an endless quantity of the finest camphor, aloes, musk, and other perfumes, as well as manifold garlands, flowers, dainties, and beverages, and made his daughter say to him: "O mighty one! to-morrow the fortress will assuredly be taken. Provisions and fuel are all exhausted, and the people are so weak from wounds in their bodies that they can fight no longer, while many have been slain. Think of this, and do what is so urgently required." The weaver, hearing this, thought within himself: "If the citadel surrender, I shall certainly be lost myself and separated from her. So I will mount the Garuda, and show myself with my weapons in the air. Perchance they may take me to be Vāsudeva, and, overcome by terror, I shall be slain by the king's soldiers. As they say:

'Even the snake without poison boldly lifts up its crest: poison or no poison, the mere sight of the crest strikes terror.'

Moreover, it were surely much more noble should I die in defending the city. As it is said:

'Who finds death for the sake of a cow, for Bráhmans,<sup>1</sup> for his master, for his wife, or for his town, shall have everlasting life.'

Besides, it is said:

'The sun holding the moon in her disk falls into the mouth of Ráhu:<sup>2</sup> dying yourself for him you protect well repays a hero.'

<sup>1</sup> The cow is an object of adoration among the Hindús; while the Bráhmans in all their writings have so exalted their caste that it is as heinous a crime to kill one of them as to kill a cow. Leave priestcraft everywhere alone to take good care of its own interests!

<sup>2</sup> Ráhu, in Hindú astronomy, the moon's ascending node, is derived from a verb literally meaning, to abandon, or void; hence also, black, darkness, shadow, etc., and is represented in Hindú mythology as having no body—the *umbra* of the astronomers. The *umbra* may be said to devour, as it were, the luminaries. In a physical sense, the Hindús consider it as one of the obscure planets which occasion eclipses, but, according to mythology, Ráhu is the head of a monster of which Ketu, the descending node, is the trunk. Ráhu is fabled to have been transferred to the stellar sphere, and became the author of eclipses, by occasionally swallowing the sun and moon. The origin of the hostility of Ráhu to the sun and moon is this: When the gods were drinking the *amrita* produced at the churning of the ocean, Ráhu, a demon, assumed the form of a god and began to drink also, when the sun and moon, in friendship to the gods, revealed the deceit. His head was then cut off by Vishnú, but, being immortal by having tasted the *amrita*, the head and tail retained

When he had thus determined, he ground his teeth and said to her : "Blessed one ! I shall not touch either food or drink till all the enemies are slain. So why these words ? Even thee I shall not see till then. But thou must tell thy father that to-morrow, in the early morn, he must go out of the town with a strong host to do battle, and I shall appear in the air and take the strength from the others. He will then easily slay them. Were I to kill them myself the villains would go to Paradise ; therefore it must be so ordered that they perish in their flight and not reach heaven."<sup>1</sup> And she, after hearing this, went herself and told the king, who believed what she had said, and at dawn rose and sallied out with a well-equipped army to fight ; while the weaver, ready to meet death, ascended to the sky with a bow in his hand to do battle.

Meantime the mighty Náráyana, to whom the past, the present, and the future are known, said smiling to the bird Garuda, who, remembering, had come to him : "Ha, thou winged one ! knowest thou that a certain weaver, in my shape disguised, and sitting on a wooden Garuda, loveth the king's daughter ?" He answered : "Ah me, I do know of these doings, but what are we to do ?" The mighty one said : "This weaver is now resolved to die ; he has done penance, and has gone to battle. Struck by the arrows of the brave warriors, he will surely find his death. But after his death all the world will say that Vāsudeva and his Garuda have been conquered by mighty warriors allied against them. Then will the world no longer pay us reverence. Therefore do thou hasten and enter this wooden Garuda, while I enter the body of the weaver, that he may slay the king's enemies. By their destruction our glory will be increased." When the Garuda had expressed his consent, the mighty Náráyana went into the body of the weaver. This one, standing on the Garuda in the air, distinguished by his shell, discus, club, and bow, by the power of the mighty one, in one moment, and as it were

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their separate existence and were transferred to the sky. The head became the cause of eclipses by its animosity to the sun and moon, and the head became Ketu, or the descending node.—Balfour's *Cyclopædia of India*.

<sup>1</sup> In Hindú belief, heroes who fall in battle ascend at once to heaven. This is also part of the Muslim creed, and hence the rapid spread of Islám under the early Khalífs.

child's-play, rendered impotent the strength of the bravest warriors. Then they were surrounded by the king's army, conquered in battle, and slain. And among all the people it was reported that the king's enemies had been slain in consequence of his relationship to Vishnú.

The weaver, when he saw them all slain, descended from the sky with a joyful heart. When the king, the ministers, and the people saw the weaver, their townsman, they asked him: "What means this?" And he told them, from the beginning, the foregoing story. The king, having by the destruction of his foes recovered his power, at once received the weaver graciously, and gave him, solemnly in public, his daughter in marriage, and with her a part of his kingdom. And the weaver passed his life with her in the enjoyment of the five kinds of sensual pleasures, which are the essence of the world of the living. Therefore they say:

"Even Bráhma does not find the end of a subtle deceit: a weaver in the shape of Vishnú wins the king's daughter."

The great Indian story-book, *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, has a different, but cognate, version, in which a young man who personates Vishnú rides upon a living Garuda (Prof. C. H. Tawney's translation, vol. i. p. 79 ff.):

### Another Hindu Tale of a Man who personated the deity Vishnu.

IN this tale the hero, Lohajangha, having been scurvily treated by the mother of a courtesan of whom he was enamoured, resolves to be revenged. He receives from Vibhíshana, king of the Rákshasas in Lanká,<sup>1</sup> a young bird of the race of Garuda, a lotus, a club, a shell, and a discus of gold to be offered to Vishnú;<sup>2</sup> then mounting the bird he is carried to Mathurá. The story thus proceeds:

And there he descended from the air in an empty convent

<sup>1</sup> Rákshasas (female, Rákshasís) are goblins or demons, but, like the jinn and the dívs of the Arabian and Persian mythologies, not all equally bad. Lanká was formerly the name of Ceylon, and also of its capital. It was also called Sinhádvipa, or Lion-island, and Suvarnavipa (Sarandíp), or Golden-island.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, note 2, p. 430.



outside the town, and deposited there his abundant treasure, and tied up that bird. And then he went into the market and sold one of his jewels, and bought garments and scented unguents, and also food. And he ate the food in that convent where he was, and gave some to his bird; and he adorned himself with the garments, unguents, flowers, and other decorations. And when night came he mounted that same bird and went to the house of Rúpiniká [the courtesan], bearing in his hand the shell, discus, and mace; then he hovered above it in the air, knowing the place well, and made a low deep sound, to attract the attention of his beloved, who was alone. And Rúpaniká, as soon as she heard that sound, came out, and saw hovering in the air by night a being like Náráyana, gleaming with jewels. He said to her: "I am Hari,<sup>1</sup> come hither for thy sake"; whereupon she bowed with her face to the earth and said: "May the god have mercy upon me!" Then Lohajangha descended and tied up his bird, and entered the private apartments of his beloved, hand in hand with her. And after remaining there a short time, he came out, and mounting his bird as before went off through the air.

In the morning Rúpaniká observed an obstinate silence, thinking to herself: "I am the wife of the god Vishnú. I must cease to converse with mortals." And then her mother, Makaradanshtrá, said to her: "Why do you behave in this way, my daughter?" And after she had been perseveringly questioned by her parent, she caused to be put up a curtain between herself and her parent,<sup>2</sup> and told her what had taken place in the night, which was the cause of her silence. When her mother heard that she felt doubt on the subject; but soon after, at night, she saw Lohajangha mounted on the bird, and in the morning came secretly to Rúpaniká, who still remained behind the curtain, and, inclining herself, humbly preferred to her this request: "Through the favour of the god, thou, my daughter, hast obtained here on earth the rank of a goddess, and I am thy mother in this world; therefore grant me a reward for

<sup>1</sup> Náráyana and Hari are two of the names of Vishnú.

<sup>2</sup> Believing herself the spouse of Vishnú, she thought it would be highly improper to converse even with her mother face to face.

giving thee birth : entreat the god that, old as I am, with this very body I may enter Paradise—do me this favour.”

Rúpiniká consented, and requested that very boon from Lohajangha, who came again, at night, disguised as Vishnú. And then Lohajangha, who was personating the god, said to his beloved : “Thy mother is a wicked woman ; it would not be fitting to take her openly to Paradise. But on the morning of the eleventh day the door of heaven is opened, and many of the Ganas, Siva’s companions,<sup>1</sup> enter into it before any one else is admitted. Among them I will introduce this mother of thine, if she assume their appearance. So shave her head with a razor, in such a manner that five locks shall be left ; put a necklace of skulls round her neck ; and, stripping off her clothes, paint one side of her body with lamp-black, and the other with red lead ;<sup>2</sup> for when she has in this way been made to resemble a Gana, I shall find it an easy matter to get her into heaven.” When he had said this, Lohajangha remained a short time and then departed.

And in the morning Rúpiniká attired her mother as he had directed, and then she remained with her mind entirely fixed upon Paradise. So when night came Lohajangha appeared again, and Rúpiniká handed over her mother to him. Then he mounted on the bird, and took her with him naked and transformed as he had directed, and he flew up rapidly with her into the air. While he was in the air he beheld a lofty stone pillar in front of a temple, with a discus on its summit. So he placed her on the top of the pillar, with the discus as her only support,<sup>3</sup> and there she hung like a banner to blazon forth his revenge for her ill-usage. He said to her : “Remain here for a moment, while I bless the earth with my approach,” and vanished from her sight. Then, beholding a number of people in front of the temple, who had come there to spend the

<sup>1</sup> Ganas are inferior deities, presided over by Ganésa, the elephant-headed god, the god of wisdom, who is always invoked at the beginning of every Hindú literary composition, and often of each section, if a lengthy work.—Siva is lauded as the lord of songs, the best and most bountiful of gods, yet he is also the wielder of the thunderbolt, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Thus she represented the Arddhanárisvara, or Siva, half male and half female, which compound figure is to be painted in this manner.—*Tarney*.

<sup>3</sup> She had to hold on to it by her hands,

night in devout vigils before the festive procession, he called aloud from the air : " Hear, ye people. This very day shall there fall upon you here the all-destroying goddess of Pestilence ;<sup>1</sup> therefore fly to Hari for protection." When they heard this voice from the air, all the inhabitants of Mathura who were there, being terrified, implored the protection of the god, and remained devoutly muttering prayers to ward off calamity. Lohajangha, for his part, descended from the air and encouraged them to pray ; and, after changing that dress of his, came and stood among the people without being observed.

The old woman thought, as she sat upon the top of the pillar : " The god has not come as yet, and I have not reached heaven." At last, feeling it impossible to remain up there any longer, she cried out in her fear, so that the people below heard : " I am falling ! I am falling !" Hearing that, the people in front of the god's temple were beside themselves, fearing that the destroying goddess was falling upon them, even as had been foretold, and said : " O goddess ! do not fall ! do not fall !" So those people of Mathura, young and old, spent that night in perpetual dread that the destroying goddess would fall upon them ; but at last it came to an end, and then, beholding the old woman upon the pillar in the state described, the citizens and the king recognized her at once. All the people there-upon forgot their alarm and burst out laughing ; and Rúpiniká at last arrived, having heard of the occurrence. And when she saw it she was abashed, and with the help of the people who were there she managed to get that mother of hers down from the top of the pillar immediately.

A variant current among the Transylvanian Gipsies, though curiously distorted, is doubtless a survival of one of the old-world tales and fables which those remarkable people brought with them to Europe when they migrated from their native home in the far East : there is a decided touch of Buddhism in it, where the man's good genius appears in bodily form and rewards him for his humanity :

<sup>1</sup> Káli, the spouse of Siva, called also Párvati, Durgá, and by many other names.



### Gipsy Version: The Wooden Bird.

IN a land where it is eternal summer once lived a handsome young man, who willingly bestowed his goods upon all people. He was very rich, and when a poor man came to him he made him a present, gave him drink and meat, presented him with money and fair garments. Now it happened once on a time that an old beggar came to him and spoke thus: "Sir, I am sick. Let me live with thee till I am well. I am poor, and have no hut where I can lay me down." The rich man said: "Gladly will I keep thee with me till thou be well again. And all that thou wishest and I can give thee that shalt thou have." And the old beggar stayed in the rich man's fine house, lay on a soft bed, and ate the best food his host had. After some days the old beggar rose and went to his entertainer's room, and spoke thus to him: "Thou art a rich man, and a good man. I am now leaving thee, and have made for thee in my room a wooden bird. If thou sittest on this bird thou mayest fly whither thou wilt. If thou ever comest to need, I will help thee;—I am Saint Nicholas." The rich man was about to kneel down before the saint and thank him for his goodness, but he had vanished.

He now went into the other room, and found there a large bird made of wood. He thought to himself: "Thou art rich enough now, and needest not to be always sitting at home. Fly thou into the world." He filled the great bird's inside with gold pieces, seated himself on its back, and flew into the world. Once he came to a city in which a king lived to whom it had been foretold that a strange, common man should ravish his daughter from him. Then the king was sore afraid, and had a great house built, which was encircled by seven high walls. In this house he shut up his daughter, and no one was allowed to visit her. He himself came three times a day to his daughter and brought her meats and drinks. All this was told in the city to the rich man, who had hid his wooden bird in the forest outside, and was now walking about in the city.

When he had heard the story of the shut-up king's daughter he went straightway out into the forest and mounted his wooden bird.

It flew on to the house where the king's daughter was shut up. He left his bird behind him on the roof and went down to the fair king's daughter. When the maiden saw him she was sore afraid, for she could not think how a man could have got into this carefully-closed house. The rich man now said to her: "I am the son of the good God, and am come to take thee to wife." It was already evening, and that day the king came no more to his daughter. The rich man stayed with the king's daughter and entertained himself with her the whole night through, all went so well.

Next morning the king came to his daughter, and when he saw a strange man with her he was nearly frightened to death. But when his daughter told him that the man was the son of the good God he was rejoiced, and called all his lords together, and told them that the son of God wanted to have his daughter. All believed that the stranger was the son of God, but one lord said: "If he is so, and flew here, let him show us he can fly away again. If he do this, we will believe that he is the son of God, and he can return and take the king's daughter to wife." The rich man replied: "You shall soon see me fly." And he mounted to the roof to fly away on his wooden bird, but it had vanished! Now did the rich man stand on the roof, and he knew not what to do. So he descended; but the people came upon him, reviled him as a traitor, and would have beaten him nigh to death, had not St. Nicholas suddenly appeared, and said: "Know ye, I am St. Nicholas, and I tell you that our good God's will is that this good man have this king's daughter to wife. May they both live long in peace and joy!" Then he disappeared. And the rich man married the fair daughter of the king, and they lived till their blessed end in joy and peace.<sup>1</sup>

In the following story (for which I am indebted to Mr. F. Hindes Groome, who kindly placed at my service the MS. of a work on Gipsy Tales, which he has been for some time preparing for publication) we have, at the beginning, traces of the Persian tale of the Flying Chest, and, farther on, of the usual elopement—with a difference:

<sup>1</sup> From a paper entitled "Beiträge zu Benfey's *Pantschatantra*," by Dr. Heinrich von Wlislocki, in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, Vol. xxxii. 1888, Part 1, p. 119.

### Another Gipsy Version : The Magic Wings.

THERE was a certain great craftsman, and he was rich. He took to drinking and gambling, and drank away all his wealth, and grew poor, so that he had nothing to eat. He saw in a dream, that he should make himself wings, and he made himself wings, and screwed them on himself, and flew to the ninth region, and flew to the emperor's castle and lighted down. And the emperor's son went forth to meet him, and asked him : "Where do you come from, my man?" "I come from afar." "Sell me the wings." "I will." "What do you want for them?" "A thousand gold pieces." And he gave him them, and said to him : "Go home with the wings, and come in a month." He flew home, and came in a month, and he said to him : "Screw the wings on to me." And he screwed them on, and wrote down for him, which peg he was to turn to fly, and which peg he was to turn to alight. He flew a little, and let himself down on the ground, and gave him a thousand florins more, and gave him also a horse, that he might ride home.

The emperor's son screwed on the wings, and flew to the south. A wind arose from the south and tossed the trees and drove him to the north. In the north dwelt the wind, and drove him to the ninth region. And a fire was shining in the city, and he lighted down on the earth, and unscrewed his wings, and folded them by his side, and came into the house. There was an old woman, and he asked for food. She gave him a dry crust, and he did not eat it. He lay down and slept. And in the morning he wrote a letter for her, and gave her money, and sent her to a cook-shop, and gave a letter to the cook, to give him good food. And the old woman came home and gave him to eat, and he also gave to the old woman.

He went outside, and saw the emperor's palace, with three storeys of stone and a fourth of glass. And he asked the old woman : "Who lives in the palace, and who lives in the fourth storey?" "The emperor's daughter lives there. He won't let her go out. He gives her food there by a rope." And the maid-servant lowered the rope, and they attached the victuals to it, and she drew them up by the



rope. And the maid-servant had a bed-chamber apart, where she slept only of a night, and the day she passed with the princess. And that emperor's son screwed on his wings and flew up to the glass house; and he looked to see how the windows opened, and opened them and let himself in. And she was lying lifeless on the bed. And he shook her, but she never spoke. And he took the candle from her head, and she arose and embraced him, and said to him: "Since you are come to me, you are mine and I am yours." They loved one another till it was day, and he placed the candle at her head and she was dead, and he went out.<sup>1</sup> And he closed the windows again and flew back to the old woman. He went to her half a year. She became pregnant. The maid-servant noticed she was growing stout, and her dresses did not fit her. She wrote a letter to the emperor: "What will this be, that your daughter is stout?" The emperor wrote back a letter to her: "Smear the floor at night with dough, and whoever comes will make his mark on the floor." She placed the candle at her head, and the girl lay dead. And she smeared the floor with dough, and went to her chamber.

The emperor's son came again to her, and let himself in to her, and never noticed they had smeared the floor, and made footprints with his shoes, and the dough stuck to his shoes, and he never noticed it, and went home to the old woman, and lay down and slept. The servant went to the emperor's daughter and saw the footprints, and wrote a letter to the emperor, and took the measure of the footprints, and sent it to the emperor. The emperor summoned two servants, and gave them a letter, and gave them the measure of the footprints: "Whose shoes the measure shall fit bring him to me." They traversed the whole city, and found nothing. And one said: "Let's try the old woman's." And one said: "No; there's no one there." "Stay here; I'll go." And he saw him sleeping, and he applied the measure to his shoes. They

<sup>1</sup> This is a common incident in folk-tales. In the section on Magic Swords (p. 373) we see how a giant, to keep his daughter from any love escapade, cut off her head before going abroad each day, and on his return replaced the head and brought her back to life by means of the same sword that he had employed to decapitate her. And in the Turkish Variant (p. 418) a girl is enchanted to apparent lifelessness with the same object.

summoned him: "Come to the emperor." "All right." He bought himself a great cloak, and put it on, so that his wings might not be noticed, and went to the emperor.

The emperor asked him: "Have you been going to my daughter?" "I have." "With what purpose have you done so?" "I want to marry her." The emperor said: "Bah! you'll not marry her, for I'll burn you both on thorns." The emperor commanded his servants, and they gathered three cart-loads of thorns, and set them on fire, and lowered her down, to put them both on the fire. The emperor's son asked: "Allow us to say a paternoster." He said to the girl: "When I fall on my knees, do you creep under the cloak, and clasp me round the neck, for I'll fly upwards with you." She clasped him round the neck, and quickly he screwed the wings and flew upwards. The cloak flew off: the soldiers fired their guns at it—he flew. She cried: "Let yourself down, for I shall bear a child." He said: "Hold out." He flew farther, and alighted on a rock on a mountain, and she brought forth a child there. She said: "Make a fire." He saw a fire in a field afar off. He screwed his wings, and flew to the fire, and took a brand of it and came back. A spark fell on one wing, and the wing caught fire. Just as he was under the mountain, the wing fell off, and he flung away the other as well.

And he walked round the mountain, and could not ascend it. And God came to him and said: "Why weepest thou?" "Ah, how should I not weep, for I can't ascend the mountain. My wife has brought forth a child." "What will you give me if I carry you up to the top?" "I will give you whatever you want." "Will you give me what is dearest to you?" "I will." "Let us make an agreement." They made one. God cast him into a deep sleep, and her as well; and God bore them home to his father's, to his own bed, and left them there, and departed. And the child cried. The warders heard a child crying in the bed-chamber. They went and opened the door, and recognized him, the emperor's son. And they went to the emperor and told him: "Your son has come, O emperor!" "Call him to me." They came to the emperor; they bowed themselves before him; they tarried there a year. The boy grew big, and was playing one day. The emperor and empress went to church;

and his nurse too went to the church. God came, disguised as a beggar. The emperor's son said to the little lad: "Take a handful of money and give it to the beggar." The beggar said: "I don't want this money. Tell your father to give me what he vowed he would." The emperor's son was angry, and took his sword in his hand, and went to the old man, to kill him. The old man took the sword in his own hand and said: "Give me what you swore to me—the child, you know—when you were weeping under the mountain." "I will give you money; I will not give the child." God took the child by the head, and his father took him by the feet, and they tugged, and God cut the child in halves: "One half for you, and one half for me." "Now you've killed him, I don't want him." God took him and went outside, and put him together, and he was healed, and lived again: "Do you take him now." For God cut off his sins.<sup>1</sup>

### Modern Greek Popular Variant.

A CURIOUSLY garbled form of the same story is given in Geldart's *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece*, under the title of 'The Golden Steed,' p. 92 ff., of which the conclusion is taken from a quite different tale, current in most parts of Europe. A young prince falls desperately in love with a beautiful princess from seeing her portrait, and, accompanied by his bosom friend, the son of his father's chaplain,

<sup>1</sup> 'Der Geflügelte Held': *Märchen und Lieder der Zigeuner der Bukowina*, von Dr. Franz Miklovich. Wien, 1874. No. VIII., pp. 30-34.—The conclusion of this tale is very remarkable, in the Deity being substituted for some species of nether-world spirit, who is invariably the personage in all other tales known to me where a similar incident occurs. The most common form relates how a childless king is compelled to promise one of those mysterious beings (whose nature and character are not very clearly defined in folk-tales) that he will surrender to him "what he has left in the house, but doesn't know about." When the king reaches home he finds that a son has been born to him in his absence, and that this is what he has promised to the demon. After some time the king has to surrender the "heir and hope" of his house, but all turns out well in the end. (See, for example, No. VIII. of M. Leger's French collection of Slav Tales.) It is curious to observe how frequently "the good God" and "the son of the good God" figure in Gipsy tales, and the only reason that occurs to me is that the semi-christianizing which the Gipsies have undergone may have induced them thus to alter their hereditary tales, in order to please their European patrons.



sets out in quest of her whose "counterfeit presentment" has robbed him of his heart. After journeying at random for some time they enter the castle of a sorceress, where the priest's son—who is the real hero of the tale—learns from her conversation with her daughter how the abode of the princess may be reached, and the story proceeds:

When they got down to the shore, the priest's son goes, as the sorceress had said, to the lower pillar and digs. When he had dug some way down, he unearths a bridle (what on earth is the priest's son up to?); he dips it in the sea, and lo and behold! out there comes a horse with wings, and says: "At your service, master!"<sup>1</sup> Then the two mounted him, and in the twinkling of an eye pass over to the country of the Fair One. When they had landed the horse turns into a bridle again, which they take into the town with them. They inquire of one or two of the people there, and they tell them that this is where the Fair One dwells. Then the prince smiled, and did not trouble himself to think how they were to accomplish their object. But lo! the priest's son had the wit of a woman,<sup>2</sup> and did business by the bushel. When they had stayed two or three days, and no one so much as gave them a look, he said to his companion one evening: "Well, brother, what's to be done now?" To which the prince, in a languishing voice, replied: "I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, brother," said his friend, "I have got a plan that I think of carrying out, and I want you to listen to it and see whether it meets your views as well. I have come to the conclusion that we should take a cunning artificer into our house, and get him to make us a horse that a man could get inside of, and to fit it with screws and springs, so that it can be put through all the paces of a live one; and that we should gild it outside, and deck it here and there with diamonds and other precious gems, so as to glitter and gleam; and make it a saddle of velvet, with golden tassels and a golden bridle;

<sup>1</sup> See the note on the bridles of magic horses, *ante*, p. 272, also p. 287.—In the *fabliau* of 'The Mule without a Bridle,' the lady who rides up to the presence of the king might well be desirous of recovering the lost bridle, since it conferred on its possessor eternal youth and unfading beauty.

<sup>2</sup> Yet according to the Turkish proverb "women have long hair and short wits."

and then let's set it going. Only speech will be lacking to it. And if God grant us success, then shall our enterprise thrive, otherwise we shall 'lose both the eggs and the basket.'" The prince, who would have said "very good" to any proposal, on this occasion said it twice: "A very good plan—a very good plan indeed, that of yours." So they engage an artificer of the first rank; they pay him handsomely—for they were boiling with impatience—and he makes a horse, which if any one had seen when fully caparisoned, he would have said: "Good heavens! give me an extra pair of eyes to look at him!" So beautiful it was. But they had bound the artificer on his oath not to tell any one the secret.

The prince gets into it, and the priest's son starts off with it, and they come right into the capital. The sun was just rising, and the people see a sight which dazzled every one's eyes. Heart alive! whatever had legs ran to see the wonderful sight, and only behold the way in which it greeted the populace, curvetting and prancing about like mad! On that day everybody turned out of doors to look at it. The next day the king also heard of it, and gave orders to bring it to the palace, that the princess might enjoy the spectacle too. No sooner had they heard this—a thing they had scarcely hoped for—than they take it to the palace. The king and the princess see it, and are almost beside themselves at its beauty. They overwhelm the priest's son with gracious attentions, and bid him leave it there, and come to fetch it on the morrow, so that they might have a good look at it. What could the priest's son do? It was a king's command. So he rises to depart, against his will. All night long no slumber closed his eyes, for he was afraid they would open the horse; and while it was still quite dark, he ran to the palace and took it away. On reaching their little house he unscrews it, and out comes the prince and says: "We got off cheap last night! My heart went pit-a-pat like a clock, until you came to fetch me." "It fared the same with me, you may be sure. But we have got as far as the palace, and my fears are passing away. All goes well and prosperously."

One day the priest's son said to the prince: "Eh, brother, how long shall we waste our time to no purpose? This evening you

must positively make up your mind to get out of the horse when they are all asleep; and then let's see what happens";—for the princess was wont to take the horse into her chamber to look at it. But do you think the prince (who was very timid) could ever make up his mind to any such thing? So the priest's son for that evening got inside, and went to the palace. Ah, but that evening the horse surpassed itself, for the priest's son knew a number of tricks, and made them all split with laughter.

At length, when the princess was sleepy, she took the darling horse into her room, and played with it again for some time. Then she got into her golden bed, which was filled with roses and other flowers, and just about the time when she was going to close her sweet eyes out comes the priest's son and stands before her. He was seized with a fit of gasping, and could not speak. The princess, who had not yet gone to sleep, opens and shuts her eyes and looks at him, and makes as though she would cry out. Then the priest's son begins, with tears in his eyes: "In the name of God, lady, have pity on me! Don't make them kill me without a cause. Ah, light of my eyes! what pains do I suffer for your sake! You must take *some* young man: look at me. I am neither blind nor lame." At this she stands and considers. She sees before her a handsome youth; she sees him crying like a guileless child. Partly she pities him, and partly she likes him, so she says to herself: "Suppose now I set up a shouting, what should I gain by it? While they are coming to catch him, he may kill me first, and end by being killed himself. On the other hand, as I must marry some one, I shall scarce get a better than he." Then she says to him: "Well, and what do you want?" The heart of the priest's son had recovered itself a little, as it were, and he said to her: "Let us arise, lady, and fly hence." "Swear to me," said she, "that you are not taking me away for another." "Am I such a dolt, my darling, as to risk this for another?" But she seemed as though she smelt the trick; however, what could she do? So she gets up and gathers together all her trinkets, and they make tracks without any one getting scent of them. They run to the house where the prince is hourly waiting them, and without their entering at all, the three take to their heels.



Day dawns: the hour comes when the princess was wont to awake. She neither wakes nor stirs. "Why, what's the matter?" asks the king. "Why doesn't that fellow come to fetch his horse?" For he always came very early. At last he seemed to get an inkling of the state of the case, and shouted that they should break open the door. When the door was broken open, what did they see? No princess!—no trinkets!—only the golden horse lying open on the floor. "Woe betide me!" shouts the king "I have lost my solace! Run to the house of the owner of the horse!" But in vain is all their trouble! To no purpose all their toil! The bird was flown from the cage. They muster an armed force, and start in pursuit. But the fugitives are close to the sea, and fear them not. When the princess saw so large an army, "See!" said she, "my father is after us, and where shall we go now?" Then the prince dips the bridle into the sea, and up comes the horse and carries them across. The king then comes to the shore, but how shall he pass over? He utters a curse on the princess: "Daughter, look to it! Since you have deserted me and fled, the first night you sleep with your husband, may the wall be rent and a two-headed monster come and eat you up!"

Let us now turn to the prince, who was as blithe as a bird on the wing, and wanted to be off at once to his father's. But the princess was not so well pleased with him. The son of the priest proposed that they should first go to the castle of the witch, and afterwards proceed to their own country. So they come to the castle, and the priest's son says to the princess: "This is your husband, lady. He is a king's son, and I am but the son of a priest." She was like to make a wry face, but she gulped down her vexation, and said: "I must put up with him."—The priest's son overhears the sorceress say to her daughter, that whoever should hear or tell of the monster's devouring the princess should be turned into stone. After this all three—the prince, the princess, and the priest's son—return home, and the sequel is similar to the conclusion of the German story in Grimm's collection, entitled '*Der Gute Johannes*.'

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<sup>1</sup> It is a very common feature of Eastern tales for a young prince to be accompanied in his quest of a famous beauty by a clever and devoted friend,

There is reason to suspect Geldart of having "cooked" his versions of modern Greek tales, and I think he has taken considerable liberties with the story of the Golden Steed, which is composed of incidents in at least three tales that are quite separate and distinct in other European countries. I feel pretty confident that, in order to write "a book for children," he represents the prince's companion as making love to the young princess in his own person, instead of as personating some celestial being. Hans Andersen, in his version, does not scruple to say that the adventurer called himself a Turkish *god*, because a European child is not supposed to know that the Ottomans are monotheists, but he glosses over what happened during the night by saying that he "told pretty stories to the princess."—We have not yet quite done with examples of rascals seducing youth and beauty under the disguise of celestials. Here is one from Kempius, *De Osculis*, translated by Beloe, in his *Miscellanies*, published in 1795, vol. ii. pp. 71-74 :

### *A Roman Knight personates the god Anubis.*

THERE was at Rome a lady named Paulina. She was of splendid rank and irreproachable morals, very rich, exceedingly beautiful, in the bloom of youth, and of extraordinary modesty. She was married to one Saturninus, a man of no fortune, and in every respect her inferior. Decius Mundus, a Roman knight of superior dignity, endeavoured to seduce Paulina, and offered her two hundred thousand Attic drachmæ as the price of her modesty. On her refusal his passion was but the more inflamed, till he at length took it so much to heart as to abstain from all food. He had in his family a female slave called Ide, a woman remarkably well skilled in all the artifices of mischief. She soothed the young man with flattering hopes, and promised to satisfy his wishes at no greater sum than fifty thousand drachmæ.

She found that Paulina was not to be corrupted with money,

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as in the Sanskrit story of the Minister's Son, one of the *Vetālapanchavinsati*, or Twenty-five Tales of a Vampyre, and the Tamil romance, *Madanakāmarājān-kadai*, which has been translated into English by Pandit Natēsa Sāstrī under the title of the *Dravidian Nights Entertainments*.

but was blindly attached to the worship of Isis, who was then venerated in Rome as a goddess. She went to some of the ministers of this false deity and offered them large bribes to circumvent Paulina and procure her person for Mundus. They, allured by the money, undertook the office. The eldest among them went privately to Paulina and assured her that Anubis was captivated with her beauty, and required her to grant him an interview. The lady was overjoyed at the idea of being beloved by a god, and scrupled not to acquaint her husband of the fact, who, trusting to his wife's integrity, suffered her to depart with the priest. She was introduced into a grove at the approach of night, where she was received by Mundus in the character of the god Anubis, who passed the night in her company.

On her return she boasted not only to her husband but to her acquaintance of the favours she had received from the god. The third day after this event Mundus met her. "Paulina," said he, "I have kept my two hundred thousand drachmæ and had your beauty for nothing. Your cruelty to Mundus I have revenged in the character of Anubis." The lady was petrified with horror, and informed her husband of what had happened. He complained to the emperor, and Tiberius, on proof of the crime, crucified the priests, pulled down the temple, threw the image of Isis into the Tiber, and banished Mundus—thinking that the excess of passion did not demand so severe a punishment as death.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The same story is told by Josephus, *Ant. Jud.* xviii. 3, a fact which Beloe seems to have overlooked; and also in the *Wars of Alexander*, an alliterative romance, chiefly derived from the *Historia Alexandri Magni de Prclius*, re-edited by Dr. Skeat for the Early English Text Society, where (p. 7) Nectanabus, king of Egypt, deceives Olympias, wife of Philip, telling her that the god Ammon will appear to her in a dream.

A different version is found in Dubois' *Secret History and Love Adventures of the Ladies of Antiquity* (6 vols., Paris, 1726), of which extracts are given in the *Bibliothèque des romans*: Iô, priestess of Argian Juno, believed that for six months she had been honoured with frequent nocturnal visits from Jupiter, by whom she was pregnant. It was really Telegonus, who, having fallen in love with Iô, took advantage of her credulity, found his way to her apartment, and asserted that he was Jupiter himself come to protect and woo her. His visits to her in that character were very frequent, persuading her to keep their intrigue an impenetrable secret, lest she should draw upon herself the resentment of Juno.—The gods themselves, however, if we may credit classical and other tales,



There can be little doubt, I think, that either classical Latin story or Eastern fiction suggested to Boccaccio the idea of his diverting tale of Friar Albert, of which the following is an abstract (*Decameron*, Day iv., Nov. 2):

### *Italian Tale of the Friar who personated an Angel.*

At Imola there lived a man named Berto della Massa, whose lewd and wicked character at length became so notorious that he had to quit the town, and take up his abode in Venice—"the common receptacle of all kinds of wickedness"—where he turned friar, and, assuming the name of Father Albert, affected to lead a most sanctified life, and he soon wormed himself into everybody's confidence. One day there came to him for confession a simple-minded but very vain lady, called Lisetta della Quirino, the wife of a merchant who was gone on a trading voyage to Flanders. The "holy" friar asked her if she had a lover, to which she indignantly replied that certainly she could have as many lovers as she pleased, but beauty such as hers was fit only for heaven itself. Father Albert at once perceived her foible, and, while inwardly resolving to turn it to his own advantage, pretended to be much grieved at her vain-glory. The lady told him that he was a brute, and didn't know beauty when he saw it. Not to farther provoke her, he heard her confession and dismissed her.

Not long after this, Friar Albert goes, accompanied by a friend, to the lady's house, and asks her forgiveness for having blasphemed her beauty; but he had, says this wily one, been so severely chastised for it that he was only able to leave his bed that day. "Who chastised you?" asks the lady. "Thus it was," says the friar, "that same night, when at my prayers, I suddenly perceived a most brilliant light, and on turning round saw a beautiful youth,

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were wont to come down to earth and woo and win the daughters of men, and we have examples of this in Hindú story. In the *Alha Khand*, the Hindi version of which is summarized by Mr. G. A. Grierson in the *Indian Antiquary*, 1885, p. 256, we are told that "one day, as Malna, Parmal's wife, was taking the air on the balcony of her palace, Indra saw her and became enamoured of her. So every night he used to visit her, coming down from heaven on a flying horse."

with a staff in his hand. Seizing me by the hood, he so belaboured me with the staff that I was well-nigh dead. On asking the reason for such treatment, the youth replied: 'Because you presume to despise the surpassing beauty of the signora Lisetta, whom I love above all things.' 'And who are you, then?' I inquired, to which he answered: 'An angel.' Hearing this, I humbly besought him to forgive me. Said he: 'I do so, on condition that you go to her at the first opportunity and obtain her pardon, which if she withhold, I shall return frequently and thrash you as long as you live.' The lady at once pardons him, and he goes on to say that the angel bade him intimate to her that it was his purpose to visit her some evening soon in human form, and desired to know when she'd choose to see him, and whose form and person she'd have him assume. The lady is more than delighted, appoints that very night for the interview with her celestial lover, and says she doesn't care in whose form he may appear. Friar Albert suggests that the angel should assume his form—she need not care, as his soul would be all the while in a trance. She agrees, remarking that it would be some amends for the thrashing he had suffered. "But," says the friar, "as the angel is to come in human form, the door must be left unfastened." Yes, it would be so.

When night comes the friar goes to the house of a woman of his acquaintance, where he fits himself with a pair of "angels' wings," etc., and flies into the lady's chamber, where he remains till just before dawn, when he departs in the same manner. The lady boasts of her angel-lover to all her neighbours, who are tickled with the idea, and the affair is speedily known all over Venice. But her relatives set a private watch over her dwelling. And one night when the friar comes to reprimand her for gadding about the intrigue, he has no sooner taken off his wings<sup>1</sup> than the relatives are thundering at the door. His only course was to open the casement and drop into the canal. Being a good swimmer, he crosses to the other side in safety, enters the open door of a cottage, tells the man he finds there a pack of lies, and is granted shelter. His host, how-

<sup>1</sup> The lady must have been more than "simple" if she thought it quite natural for an angel to take off his wings on any occasion!

ever, presently locks him in and goes about his business in the city, where he hears of the lady's relatives having discovered the wings in her chamber, and at once concluding that he has got the culprit safe under lock and key, hastens home to inform the friar that unless he send immediately for five hundred ducats for his ransom he will deliver him up to the lady's friends. The ransom-money is obtained, and the friar is eager to be off, but the shrewd fellow is not done with him yet: in brief, he first exhibits Father Albert in the marketplace disguised as a wild man of the woods, and then plucks off his mask, when he is recognized by two friars of his own convent, arrested, and thrown into prison.

### Old English Version.

UNDER the title of "The Tale of Friar Onion: why in Purgatory he was tormented with Wasps," this last version has been adapted by the anonymous author of *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*,<sup>1</sup> and it is passing strange that Mr. J. O. Halliwell (now Halliwell-Phillipps), who edited a reprint of this little book for the (old) Shakspeare Society in 1844, should "not recollect meeting with this story in any other writer under exactly the same form as here," though he thinks "it is probably taken from some Italian or French collection." Moreover, he observes that the name of Friar Onion had been "evidently taken from the tale in Boccaccio, Giorn. vi., Nov. 10," which is a quite different story from that of Friar Albert, the adapter of which, in *Tarlton's Newes*, has in some respects improved upon his original. The name of the deluded lady is Lisetta, as in Boccaccio, but she is represented as a widow, and residing at Florence; and the friar—in place of taking a friend with him to her house, and there telling her that an angel has become enamoured of her—tells her while she is at confession that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him the other night, and "charged me to do

<sup>1</sup> *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie. Onely such a jest as his Jigge, fit for Gentlemen to laugh at an houre, &c. Published by an old acquaintance of his, Robin Goodfellow.*—This work "was published soon after Tarlton's death," according to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. "and his name was connected with it no doubt as an additional attraction for the purchaser."



his earnest commendations unto you, with promise that, if he might be assured of your secrecye, hee would at convenient times visit you, and intertaine you with such love as befitteth such holy spirits." Another improvement is found in this passage: "Madam (quoth he), for that the Angell Gabriell is a spirite, and his brightnesse such as no mortall eye can suffer, and therefore must come unto you in some humane shape, I pray you vouchsafe that my bodie may be the receptacle for him, that, while he putteth on my carkasse, *my soule may enjoy the sight and pleasures of paradise*; so shall you not hinder yourself, and doo me an unspeakeable benefite." Friar Onion was evidently one of those genuine humorists who can secretly chuckle at their own jokes, without requiring the appreciative smiles of others! Passing over the narrative of the first interview, and the subsequent public talk about it, which does not differ materially in details from that of Boccaccio, but is better told, it is worth while to reproduce here the remaining part of the story, as even the reprint of *Tarlton's News* is rather scarce:

"This was woorke enough for nine dayes, for the wonder of Madame Lysetta's barne<sup>1</sup> went through all Florence; so that at last it came to the eares of Lisetta's freends, who, greeved that such a clamor should be raysed of their kinswoman, knowing her folly, thought to watch neere, but they would take the angell Gabriell, and clip his wings from flying. Well, secrete they kept it, and made as though they had not heard of it, yet kept they such dilligent watch, that they knew the night when the angell would descend to visit Lysetta: whereupon they beset the house round, and as soone as Friar Onyon was in, and had put off his wings, and was gone to bed, the rushing in of the watch wakened him from his rest, and that with such a vengeance, that, trusting more to his feete than his feathers, he left Madam Lysetta amazed at the noise; and he himselfe was so sharply beset and so neere taken, that he was faine to leape out of a high garrett window, and so almost brake his necke, into a little narrow lane. Well, his best joint scape, but he was

<sup>1</sup> Are we to understand by this term—barne = bairn—that the lady had actually a baby as the result of the "angel's" visits, which, in this case, don't seem to have been "few and far between"?

sore brused : yet feare made him forget his fall, that awaye he ran to a poore man's house, where he saw a light, and there got in, making an excuse how he had fallen among theeves, and so desired lodging.

"The man, having heard talke of the angell Gabriell, knowing very well Friar Onyon, that knewe not him, let him have lodging very willinglye, but all this while that he escapt, were Lysetta's freends seeking for the saint that so tenderly loved their kinsewoman : but they could not finde him, and to heaven he had not flowne, for they had found his wings ; sorrye they were that Gabriell had mist them ; but they chid hard, and rebuked the follye of Lysetta's selfe love, that was not onely so credulous, but such a blab as to reveale her owne secretes : it was late, and because they had mist of their purpose they departed, leaving Lisetta a sorrowfull woman, that she was so deceived by the angell Gabriell.

"Well, night passed, and the morning came, and this poore man, Friar Onyon's hoast, told him that he knewe not how to shift him : for there was that day a great search for one Fryer Onyon, that had escaped naked from Lysetta's house, and whoso kept him in secret should have his eares nailde on the pillory : at this the friar started and said, ' alas ! freend, I am the man, and if by any meanes thou canst convey me to the dortor<sup>1</sup> of our friorye, I will give thee fortye duckats ' : ' if you will,' quoth his hoast, ' followe my counsaile, fear not, I will conveye you thither safe and unknowne ; and thus, this daye there is great shewes made before the Duke of Florence, and strange sights to be seene, and divers wylde men, disguised in strange attire, are brought into the market place : now I will dresse you in some strange order, and with a maske over your face, lead you amongst the rest, and when the shewe is done, carrying you as though I should carrye you home, I will conveygh you into the dortor backside secret and unknowne.' Although this seemed hard to the friar, yet of two evils the least was to be chosen, and he consented to suffer what the hoast would devise. Whereupon hee that was of a pleasant conceipt used him thus : he annointed him over with barme mixed with honeye, and stuck him full of feathers, and tying him by the necke with a chaine, put a visor on his face, and on either

<sup>1</sup> The dormitory.

side tide a great ban dogge; in this *come equipage* marched this poore man with the friar. He was no sooner come into the open streete, but the people, never having seene such a sight before in Florence, did not only wonder at the strangenesse of his dressing, but marvailed what this novelty should meane; whereupon an infinite number, not onelye of the common sorte, but of the gravest citizens, followed to see what should be the end of this wonder.

“With a solemne pace marched his keeper till he came to the market place, where, tying him to a great piller that stooode there, he then let make in all places of the citie solemne proclamation, that whoso should see the angell Gabriell, should presently come to the market place, and beholde him there in that amorous dignitie that hee did usually visit the dames of Florence. At this proclamation there was a generale concourse of people, especially of the better sort, that had heard of Lysetta’s loves, so that the Duke himselfe came thither, and amongst the rest Lysetta’s kinsman.<sup>1</sup> When all the market place was full of people, the hoast pulled the visor from the friar’s face; at which the people gave a great shoute, clapping their hands and crying, ‘the angell Gabriell, the angell Gabriell, he that comes from heaven to make us weare hornes!’ I neede not, I hope, intreate you to beleewe that poore Friar Onyon was heavilye perplexed, especiallye when the day grewe hotte, he naked and annointed with honye, so that all the waspes in the citie, as it were by a miracle, lefte the grocers shops, and came to visite the friar, because his skin was so sweete, but alas to the poore man’s paines, that he was almost stung to death. Divers of his convent came thither to see the strange apparition of the angell, who when they saw he was Fryar Onyon, then they covered there<sup>2</sup> shaven crownes with their cooles, and went home with a flea in their eares. Thus all daye stood the poor friar, wondered at of all the people of Florence, and tormented with waspes, and at night fetcht home to the dotor by some of his brothers: he was clapt in prison, where for sorrow poore Gabriell died, and because he did so dishonor the other fryars, he bides this torment in purgatorie.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Probably a misprint for *kinsmen*.

<sup>2</sup> Misprint for *their*.

<sup>3</sup> Near akin to these stories of men personating deities and angels, to accomplish their own wicked purposes, is the seventh *novella* of Doni, who



## CONCLUSION.

KEIGHTLEY thought the story of the Ebony Horse was of Persian extraction, but he does not adduce any particular reasons for his opinion. It is evident that all the versions are more or less nearly related, though some of them may be found to differ considerably in details. In *Cléomadès* the princess asks the hero if he be not a certain king who has sought her in marriage of her father, and he pretends that he is that personage. In the Arabian tale of the Ebony Horse the hero pretends only to the eunuch that he is the lady's intended husband. But in other versions or variants the hero—or impostor—personates, for his own evil purpose: the Angel of Death, in the second Arabian story; Muhammed, in the first Persian and the angel Gabriel, in the second; the deity Vishnú, in the Sanskrit; the "son of the good God," in the first Gipsy version; and so on.

The versions which present the closest resemblance are, what I consider as the Sanskrit prototype, of the Weaver as Vishnú, and the

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flourished in the 15th century, of which my friend Mr. Chas. J. Pickering has kindly furnished me with the following abstract:

Jacopo Pagni, a solemn rogue, for whom, through his gallantries, Genoa became too hot, betakes him to a valley twenty miles off, gets hold of a simple woman, and begins to preach to her the blessed life ("la vita beata"); makes her believe that God is going shortly to bring about the end of the world, but that, for the purpose of deprecating and delaying the execution of his wrath, a "congregation of devout persons" should be formed, to live in common under "a rule of good life." His fair saint gathers her sisters about her, and he ordains a conventual rule based on the Bible: that their speech should be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay, and that "seven women shall lay hold of one man" (Isaiah iv. 5). Having read them all the "Penitence of Fra Puccio," he tells them that the cherubims are coming down to gather their prayers, and that in nothing must they gainsay their will. Certain rascals of his acquaintance so order it that the women begin to whisper to each other, "I am visited by such and such a cherubim." Then the women are told they will bring forth "angels," who will fight Antichrist, and make them blessed. In nine months, when the game is patent ("la festa si scopesse"), he tells them that their angels' wings will not grow for three years, until the "adoration of the Magi." But the joke does not go so far, because one of them dies. The game is therefore now played out; so Jacopo jumps over the wall by night, and escapes, no one knows where. "God help the country," adds the storyteller, "where that rascal settles down!"

second Persian, of the Weaver as the angel Gabriel. In both we have a weaver and a carpenter, and though in one they are rivals in love and in the other are close friends, yet again in both it is the carpenter who makes the magical machine; while the essentially Hindú device, of representing the god Vishnú himself as defeating the king's foes, is very naturally changed by the Muslim adapter to the incident of the weaver showering down stones on them from his flying chest in mid-air; and even here the parallel does not stop, for in both the king forgives his son-in-law's imposture.<sup>1</sup>

There is a striking point of resemblance in the second Arabian tale and the Sanskrit prototype: in one the fellow pretends to be the angel of death, come to seize the souls of the king and his family, unless the princess comply with his wishes; in the other the pretended Vishnú threatens to pronounce a curse which should reduce the rájá and his family to ashes. Some traces of similarity, too, may be found in the Sanskrit, the first Persian, and the second Gipsy tales: we have a man desperately in love and his friend constructing for him a wooden bird, by means of which he gains access to the well-guarded chamber of the princess; we have a ruined spendthrift obtaining from a chance acquaintance a flying chest; and this latter is curiously reversed in the Gipsy version, where it is the ruined youth who makes a pair of magic wings and sells them to "the emperor's son." The incident of the princess being carefully locked up in consequence of a prediction that she should be deflowered some day by a strange man occurs in the first Persian and the first Gipsy versions. In this comparative analysis I pass over the Turkish story, as it is so evidently a mere imitation, though the circumstance that here, as in Chaucer, it is an Indian who comes with the magic steed may be of some significance. With regard to the Latin and Italian stories, I shall content myself with saying that, though in the former there does not seem to be a *deus ex machinâ*, both are akin to the tales which precede them, while the Italian and old English versions, with the "angel's wings," have probably

<sup>1</sup> In the first Persian tale, Malik, when his Flying Chest has been destroyed, goes to Cairo and there becomes a *weaver*: may there not be in this an indication that the writer had some vague recollection of a version in which the man was *originally a weaver*?

some indirect connection with the first Gipsy story and the second Persian, of the Weaver as the angel Gabriel.

Referring to the Second Part of the *Squire's Tale*, Warton (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*) says: "Every reader of taste and imagination must regret that, instead of our author's tedious detail of the quaint effect of Canacé's Ring, in which a Falcon relates her amours and talks familiarly of Troilus, Paris, and Jason, the notable achievements we may suppose to have been performed by the Horse of Brass are either lost, or that this part of the story, by far the most interesting, was never written . . . By such inventions we are willing to be deceived. These are the triumphs of deception over truth." No doubt every reader regrets the unfinished state of this spirited tale. But what would Warton have thought had a learned and astute scholar told him that the Tale is a historical allegory, and that the "tedious detail of the amours of a Falcon" recounts the misfortunes of an English princess? Yet such a theory was propounded in 1888, and with the characteristic ingenuity and subtlety of the Teuton mind, by Professor Brandl, of Göttingen, in *Englische Studien*, XII., 161—174. According to Dr. Brandl's theory—which, however, he has since, I understand, seen reason to reject—Cambyuskán is meant to represent Edward III.; his two sons, Algarsif and Camballo, are Edward the Black Prince and John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." The main object of the Tale, had it been completed, was to celebrate the valiant deeds of Lancaster in Spain. Canacé, though very plainly called by Chaucer the king's daughter, is really his daughter-in-law, namely, Constance de Padilla, the eldest daughter of Pedro the Cruel, of Castile, and the second wife of John of Gaunt. The Falcon is Elizabeth, daughter of Lancaster and his first wife Blanche. The Tercelet, whose unfaithfulness the Falcon mourns, is John de Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, who married Elizabeth, but divorced her in 1389 or 1390, and married Philippa, sisier of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, and she, of course, must be the Kite for whom the Tercelet abandoned the Falcon. The *Squire's Tale* must have been written early in 1390, not only before the death of Pembroke—which occurred in a tourney in that year—but before his



second marriage, for it was clearly Chaucer's intention to end his tale with his reconciliation to his wife—the Peregrine—"through mediation of Camballo," or Lancaster. Possibly it was Pembroke's second marriage and his sudden death, not to speak of the marriage of Elizabeth—the Peregrine—with John de Holande, that caused the poet to leave his tale half-told. If we had the rest of the poem, it would probably "describe the glorious reign of Edward III. (Cambyuskán), and the exploits of the Black Prince in Spain (1367). We should also hear how John of Gaunt took part in the Spanish campaign, winning his second wife Constance (Canacé) by assisting one brother (Pedro the Cruel) against another (Enrique de Trastámara). A reconciliation brought about by him ('through mediation of Camballus') between Elizabeth and the unfaithful Pembroke was to form the happy conclusion of the whole."

Such is Professor Brandl's key to the *Squire's Tale*. But it deals only with the Second Part, for all we get by way of explanation of the First Part is, who are represented by the fictitious names of the characters, with the exception of Eltheta, the wife of Cambyuskán, whom Brandl does not attempt to identify. As for the presents brought by the Indian knight, all we are told is, that the Horse is "a symbol of kingly power;" the pin in its ear is "the word of command" (but what means the "other pynne," by the "trilling" of which the steed was made to descend?); and the naked sword is simply "a symbol of the royal prerogative"—it cuts through all armour with the edge, but heals every wound by a touch, "of grace," with the flat of the blade. Nothing in the shape of explanation is vouchsafed us regarding the Mirror and the Ring.

Dr. Brandl's theory, ingenious as it is undoubtedly and wrought out with much skill, received its death-blow from Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard University, U.S., in a paper entitled "Supposed Historical Allusions in the Squire's Tale," which also appeared in *Englische Studien*, XIII., pp. 1—24, and in which he conclusively demonstrates that it cannot possibly be supported by historical data, that it is not only inconsistent with Chaucer's language but inconsistent with itself. Nevertheless, nothing but thanks and praise are due to Dr. Brandl's most laborious effort to throw fresh light upon

what has always been considered as the most interesting of the *Canterbury Tales*, and it may be said that it required not less labour and ingenuity than his own to prove the fallacy of his theory.

I cannot believe, with Dr. Brandl (but I presume he no longer entertains the opinion), that this poem was not originally designed for the *Canterbury Tales*. The Second Part *might* be meant for an allegory, but, if it was, it would be quite out of keeping with the First Part, in which it is impossible for any reasonable man to conceive a hidden signification. The scene between Canacé and the Falcon is essentially Asiatic, and Warton's complaint that the bird is represented as talking of Troilus, Paris, and Jason is utterly absurd. It is, in fact, an Indian fable, with a bird talking out of the Grecian classics instead of out of the Vedas and the Shastras. If the poet had any purpose in writing the story of the deserted Falcon it could have been only that of any Asiatic fabler, namely, to convey certain moral lessons through the feigned speech of a bird. That Chaucer had before him, or in his memory, a model for his story of the Falcon is not only possible but highly probable. There exists a somewhat analogous ancient Indian tale of two birds—a male parrot and a hen-maina, a species of hill starling—in which, however, it is the male bird who is distressed at the female's treachery, and is about to cast himself in the midst of a forest fire, when he is rescued by a benevolent traveller, to whom he relates the story of his woes. This tale forms the third of the Twenty-five Tales of a Vampyre (*Vetála-panchavinsati*), and may be found in Tawney's translation of the *Kuthá Sarit Ságara*, vol. ii. pp. 245—250. In the Hindí version of the Vampyre Tales (*Baitál Pachísí*) it is the fourth recital, and the sixth in the Tamil version (*Vedála Kadai*), both of which have been translated into English. It also occurs in Samal Bhat's Gujarati metrical version of the *Sinhásana Dvatrinsati*, or Thirty-two Tales of a Throne, where it forms the twentieth recital.—And now I conclude with the words of Prof. Kittredge: "For all that appears to the contrary, the world has been right for the last five hundred years in regarding the *Squire's Tale* as nothing more or less than a romance."

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

### MAGIC HORSES.

It is perhaps worth while to mention here one or two other very remarkable magical, or fairy, steeds which escaped being noticed in the proper place.

According to the Spanish legend which purports to account for the origin of the princely family of Haro, Don Diego Lopez, lord of Biscay, was lying in wait for the wild boar, when he heard the voice of a woman singing. The damsel was standing on the summit of a rock, exceedingly beautiful and richly attired. Don Diego offered to marry her. She told him that she was of high degree, and accepted his hand, on this condition, he was never to pronounce a holy name. The fair bride had one foot like the foot of a goat, and this was her only blemish. Diego loved her well, and had two children by her, a son, named Iniguez Guerra, and a daughter. It happened as they were sitting at table that the Lord of Biscay threw a bone to the dogs; a mastiff and a spaniel quarrelled about it, and the spaniel griped the mastiff by the throat and strangled him. "Holy Mary!" exclaimed Don Diego, "who ever saw the like!" The lady instantly grasped the hands of her children. Diego seized the brother, but the mother glided through the air with the daughter to the mountains.<sup>1</sup> In course of time Don Diego Lopez invaded the land of the Moors, who took him captive and bound him, and as a prisoner they led him to Toledo. Greatly did Iniguez Guerra grieve at the captivity of his father; and the men of the land told him that there was no help unless he could find his mother. Iniguez rode alone to the mountains, and, behold! his fairy mother stood on a rock. "My son," said she, "come to me, for well I know thy errand." And she called Pardallo, the horse who ran without a rider in the mountains, and put a bridle in his mouth; and told Iniguez Guerra that he must give him neither food nor water, nor unsaddle him, nor unbridle him, nor put shoes on his feet; and that in one single day the demon steed would carry him to Toledo.—The steed of Iniguez Guerra reminds us of the mysteri-

<sup>1</sup> When a fairy consented to espouse a human being, she usually enjoined on her husband secrecy, constancy, and implicit—unquestioning—obedience to her commands, and should he act contrary to this condition he should for ever forfeit her love, but sometimes the penalty was for a limited period. This is fully exemplified in the romance of *Melusine*, and the Lays of *Sir Grutelan* and *Sir Lanval*; in the Persian story of King Ruzvanshah and his fairy bride, and the Turkish story (from the Persian, no doubt) of King Yashrah and the daughter of the genii, for both of which see my *Eastern Romances and Stories*, pp. 472—474.



ous horse of Giraldo de Cabrerio, the Knight of Catalonia, who always brought good fortune to his master. This horse could dance amongst the beauties of the court of King Alphonsus to the sound of the viol, and do many other acts bespeaking strange intelligence, far surpassing a horse's capacity. Gervase of Tilbury could not settle the *genus* of this animal to his satisfaction: "If he was a horse," exclaims the chancellor, "how could he perform such feats? If he was a fairy, why did he eat?"<sup>1</sup>

A king wins a beauteous bride by means of a flying horse in a Siamese romance entitled *Nang Prathom*. This is a story of a wonderful lotus, which a rishi (holy man) saw in a tank, and which after some time increased to such a size that he was induced to open it. To his great surprise, he found a female child in the cup, which he brought up. When grown to woman's estate, she longed for society, and wrote on a slip of paper an account of her solitary mode of life with the hermit, and tying it to a nosegay cast it to the winds. A certain king had a dream, in which he was directed to go in quest of a particular bouquet of flowers. He awoke, and mounting a flying horse set off towards the east. Passing over the rishi's house, he was attracted by plaintive and exquisite vocal music. The flying horse instinctively descended to the earth. The king inquired of the lotus-born damsel if she knew to whom the nosegay belonged. She, abashed at the sight of a youthful person of the other sex, rushed into the house and closed the door. The king pretended to be faint from fatigue, and at his humble intercession was admitted into the house, where he so gained the affection of the girl that she consented to become his wife, and on the return of the rishi from the forest he united them in marriage.<sup>2</sup>

Cervantes avowedly borrowed the idea of the Wooden Horse in *Don Quixote*, of which he makes such diverting use, from the romance of Peter of Provence, but Keightley asserts that there is no such steed in that romance. There is not, certainly, in Tressan's *extrait* of the old French version, which Keightley has Englished; but soon after I began to gather materials for these papers I came upon a statement, in an old *Quarterly* article, I think, to the effect that in some Spanish version—and there can be no doubt of the Morisco-Spanish origin of the romance—the Fair Maguelone is carried off by the hero on a Magic Horse of wood; and I considered this of sufficient authority to "make a note of," which note I cannot now find, unfortunately.

#### MAGIC RINGS.

THE dwarfs and elves possessed rings by means of which they discovered and gained for themselves the treasures of the earth. They gave their friends magic rings which brought good luck to the owners as long as they were carefully preserved, but the loss of them was attended with unspeakable misery.

<sup>1</sup> See the very interesting article on 'Popular Mythology in the Middle Ages,' in the *Quarterly Review*, No. XLIV., January, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> From an account of Siamese Literature, by Capt. James Low, in *Asiatic Researches*, vol. xx. part 2.

A Polish count once received a ring of this kind from a mannikin, whom he had allowed to celebrate his marriage festivities in the state-rooms of his castle. With this jewel on his finger he was lucky in all his undertakings; his estates prospered; his wealth became enormous. His son enjoyed the same good fortune, and his grandson also, who both inherited the talisman in turn. The last heir gained a prince's coronet, and fought with distinction in the Polish army. He accidentally lost the ring while at play, and could never recover it, although he offered an immense reward for its restoration. From that moment his luck forsook him; locusts devoured his harvest, earthquakes swallowed his castles.<sup>1</sup>

There seems indeed no end to the wonderful qualities of magic rings. In a Hungarian Gipsy tale an old woman says to the hero: "Go into that castle, and there is a lady, and take from her the ring, and put it on thy hand, and turn it thrice, and then so much meal and bread will be to thee that thou wilt not know what to do with it."<sup>2</sup>

In the romance of *Mélusine* that fairy lady gives two magic rings to Raymondin, her husband elect, of which, she informs him, "the stones ben of grette vertue. For the one hath suche appropriété, that he to whome hit shal be gyuen by paramours or loue, shal not dey by no stroke of no manere of wepen, ne by none armes, as longe as he shal bere it on hym. And the other is of such vertue, that he that bereth it on hym, shal haue victory of all his euyl willers or enemyes, al be it pletyng in Courtes, or fyghtyng in feldes, or ellis whersoouer it be: and thus, my friend, ye may goo surely." And when her sons Uryan and Guyon are setting out to help the king of Cyprus, who is besieged by the sultan of Damascus, she gives each a magic ring, saying: "Children, here be two rynges that I gyue you, of whiche the stones ben of one lyke vertue. And wete it that as long that ye shall vse of feythfulness, without to think eny euyl, ne doo trychery or hynderaunce to other, hauyng alwayes the said rynges & stones vpon you, ye shall not be dyscomfyted ne ouercome in no faytte of armes, yf ye haue good quarell. Ne also sort or enchauntment of art Magique, ne poysons of whatsomeuer manere shul not lette ne greve you, but that assoone as ye shall see them they shall lese theyre strengthe."<sup>3</sup>

#### LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

THE Troubadours of Provence and their northern brethren the Trouvères were fond of introducing talking birds in their compositions. Thus in the *fabliau* of Florence and Blanche fleur, also called Huéline and Eglantine, or the Judgment of Love, the two damsels dispute regarding the relative

<sup>1</sup> *Asgard and the Gods: Tales and Traditions of our Northern Ancestors*. Abridged from Dr. Wagner's work. London, 1884, p. 41.

<sup>2</sup> One of five Hungarian Gipsy tales given in *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Rom. Sprache*, by Dr. Friedrich Müller, Vienna, 1869.

<sup>3</sup> Pages 33 and 110 of the old English prose romance of *Mélusine*, now being printed for the Early English Text Society, from a unique MS. of about the year 1500. It was originally written in French by John of Arras, and was commenced, he informs us, on St. Clement's Day, 1387.

superiority of a knight or a clerk as a lover, and at length submit their case to a court of Love. The sparrowhawk, magpie, cuckoo, jay, and falcon are in favour of knighthood; the wren, dove, lark, and goldfinch are in favour of clerks. Then the nightingale comes forward as the champion of clerks, as being most courteous, and a battle ensues between him and the parrot, and the nightingale is victor. Florence dies of a broken heart, and on her tomb these words are inscribed: "A Knight's fair mistress here sepulchred lies."

Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, in his *Arabic Authors: a Manual of Arabian History and Literature* (which is at once instructive and entertaining), gives the following little tale: Solomon was returning to his palace one day when he saw a pair of sparrows sitting near the gateway, and heard the male bird telling his mate that he was the person who designed and built all the surroundings. The sage monarch remarked to the male bird that he must be aware he was telling a lie, and that nobody would credit him. "That is true," replied the sparrow; "nobody will credit my story, except my wife, who believes everything I say."—There is another characteristic Eastern tale, found in several collections: Solomon once summoned the different kinds of birds to his presence, and all were assembled but the sparrow, when the king despatched the simurgh (a mythical *wundervogel*, like the rukh, or roc, of the Arabian tales) to ascertain the cause of his absence. The simurgh found the sparrow in his nest along with his mate, and, having duly delivered the king's message, received for answer the sparrow's declaration, that he cared nothing for him or Solomon, which having been reported to the king, he observed that any person was excusable for boasting in his own house, and in presence of his own wife.

*Confab. of the Two Owls*—p. 370. Somewhat akin to this story is one in *Gil Blas*, Book VIII., ch. vi., where the hero gives his master, the Duke of Lerma, a hint of his wretched condition under cover of what he calls "an Indian story from Pilpay or some other fabulist" (it is not in any version of the Fables of Pilpay known to me), to this effect: A Persian minister, Altalmuc, had a secretary named Zeangir, and one day while they were walking together, they observed two ravens croaking on a tree, and Altalmuc wondered what they were talking about. Zeangir said that a dervish had taught him the language of birds, and after pretending to listen for some little time he told his master that one bird was praising Altalmuc for his great wisdom, and so on. "Fair and softly," says the other. "Look how he neglects his faithful secretary Zeangir—never troubles himself to inquire into his condition," &c.

#### ROMANCE OF CLÉOMADÈS.

A MODERN French version—or rather abstract—of this entertaining romance, by the Chevalier De Chatelain, appeared at London in 1859: *Cléomadès, conte traduit en vers français modernes, du vieux langage d'Adenès li Roy*. It was greatly lauded by the English press at the time of its publication, but possesses little merit;—it may be termed a very *Boulevardien* *rechauffée*.



## 'THE FLYING CHEST' (p. 421)—MODERN GREEK VERSION.

IN Hahn's collection of Greek and Albanian popular tales, No. 46, the friend of a rich man makes him a travelling chest which carried him through the air whither he would. He comes to a country ruled by a king, of whose daughter it had been predicted that an adventurer would carry her off, so he had shut her up in a castle. When the traveller learns this he goes in his chest to the castle, and gaining access to the princess tells her that he is "the son of the dear God," who has sent him thither to take her to wife, because he knows that her father is a righteous man. The princess informs her father of this, and he believes it. The impostor tells them: "To-morrow I shall not come to you, for the dear God will thunder and lighten, but you must come before the town and worship him." Next day he buys a lot of powder and pistols, and towards evening mounts in his chest into the air, whence he shoots down on the town, and makes such a racket that all the folk are terrified. He then descends, hides his chest, and goes into the town to hear what the king and his grantees are saying about the "manifestation." On returning he finds his precious chest burned to ashes. He sets out to ask his friend to make him another chest, but he is dead. "The king and the great men thought that something had displeased the dear God, and therefore he had not allowed his son to return."<sup>1</sup>

This version bears a general resemblance to both the Arabian tale of the Flying Chair and the Persian tale of the Flying Chest. No mention is made in the Arabian version of the princess being shut up in a palace because of a prediction of astrologers, though such is implied in the Persian story, from the king's remark, when the damsel informs him that she is become the Prophet's spouse: "I now see how useless it is to strive against the decrees of Fate. Your horoscope is fulfilled. A traitor has seduced you!"—p. 423. On the other hand the impostor's vanquishing an invading army is absent from the Greek version. There is another point of resemblance in some of the versions to the Hindú prototype, in which the princess is confined in a palace having *seven storeys*, p. 430: in the first Gipsy tale she is shut up in a great house, which is encircled by *seven high walls*," p. 440; in the first Persian it is "a lofty palace, with gates of China steel," p. 422. It is also to be noted that the princess is discovered *asleep* by the adventurer in *Cleomadès*, the Arabian tale of the Flying Chair, the Persian tale of the Flying Chest, and *enchanted* in the Turkish and second Gipsy versions, pp. 389, 419, 422, 418, 443.

But what will perhaps be considered by story-comparers as the most remarkable feature of the Greek version is the "rich man's" declaring himself to be "the son of the good God," as in the Gipsy tale of the Wooden Bird (p. 441). Is this merely fortuitous, or did the Greek peasants derive the idea from Gipsy story-tellers? Observe, farther, that in both tales it is a *rich man* who obtains from a friend a magical vehicle. And yet the Greek

<sup>1</sup> 'Der Mann mit der Reiskiste,' Hahn, i. 261. From notes to Mr. Croome's MS. collection of Gipsy Tales—referred to in p. 441.

version is otherwise a much closer parallel to the Persian tale than to the Gipsy variant, however this may have come about—possibly through a somewhat confused recollection of both versions.

‘THE WOODEN BIRD.’

BEFORE citing the Gipsy tale of the Wooden Bird, I remarked (p. 439) that there was in it a very distinct trace of Buddhist extraction. I omitted to say afterwards that I do not understand what Dr. Wlislöcki can mean when he says of this tale that “the description [*darstellung* is his word], in the opening episode, of the sick beggar agrees with the Sanskrit features”—that is, with the opening of the Hindú story of the Weaver as Vishnú. It is true, we have a man sick from love in the beginning of what I consider as the Hindú prototype of all the different versions, but—unlike the sick man in the Gipsy tale—it is not he who constructs the Wooden Bird but his friend. I think, however, that we may fairly trace a resemblance in the conclusion of both tales: In the Hindú prototype the deity Vishnú himself comes to the rescue of the impostor; in the Gipsy tale Saint Nicholas does likewise, in a different manner, for “the rich man,” after his wooden bird had disappeared. And it may be farther worthy of note, for the purpose of comparatively analysing the several versions, that in the second Arabian, the first and second Persian, and the first Gipsy tales, the impostor loses his magical conveyance—moreover, we have a reflection of this also in the second Gipsy tale, where the emperor’s son accidentally burns one of his magic wings and throws the other away, as being then useless (pp. 420, 425, 426, 441, 444). Still farther: in the Arabian tale of the Flying Chair, the genie of that magical vehicle proves a sufficient substitute for St. Nicholas; while we find a striking parallel between the first Persian and the first Gipsy tales, in the circumstance of there being in each *one* courtier among the company of sycophants who had the courage to express his belief that the whole affair was a swindle (pp. 423, 441).

‘THE GOLDEN STEED’ (p. 449)—SEQUEL.

DR. FURNIVALL has suggested that I should give the rest of this story, though it does not belong to our cycle, so here it is:

They come to the castle, they eat and drink, and then the priest’s son says to the princess: “This is your husband, lady! He is a king’s son, and I am the son of a priest.” She was like to make a wry face, but she gulped down her vexation and said: “I must put up with him.” Then the two went to sleep, and the priest’s son hid himself to listen what the sorceress would say when she saw them. The sorceress comes, and straightway her daughter says to her: “Do you see? They’ve managed it—they’ve got her!” Then the sorceress groaned, and her daughter asked: “Why do you groan, mother?” She replied: “Why do you bother about the business of another? They will find what they were seeking.” “Nay, but tell me, mother darling, tell *me* too, what is the matter. I beg it as a favour.” “Well! this girl’s father invoked

a curse on her, that the first night a monster should appear and eat them both up, and whoever should hear and tell of it should be turned into stone." Then they ate and departed. When they were gone, the priest's son, with a heavy heart, wakes them up, and says to them: "It's time to be off now." They arise and look at the priest's son. His countenance is fallen. They ask him what's the matter, but he only answers: "Bless you, brother, I could not sleep, and that has spoiled my humour." When they arrived on the outskirts of the town they saw it all in mourning, and asked some of the people why the town was so afflicted, and they replied that the king had an only son, and sent him with the son of a priest on an excursion with great pomp and escort, and at night, while the guard was asleep, the two lads were lost, and nothing had since been heard of their fate, or whether the wild beasts had devoured them, and on this account the king and the priest no longer desired to live. Then they said to the people: "Go, and give tidings that the prince and the priest's son are both on their way home, and are bringing with them the Fairest Lady in the World." So they flung up their heels shoulders high, each eager to run first to the king, and get from him the reward of the good news that his son was coming home. When the king heard it he ran out into the road and met them and kissed them fondly, and brought them into the palace. The worthy priest went on like a madman. Here was laughing!—there dances and songs!—and the whole town became a paradise!

As soon as evening fell the king called lords and priests and married his son. They sat for some time at table eating and drinking and merry-making, and afterwards got up to leave the happy couple to themselves. But the priest's son said to the prince: "My brother, you know how hard I have toiled that you might have this success. Therefore I have a favour to beg of you, that I may sleep in the same room with you, and give me your word that you do not yet consider her as your wife." What was the prince to do, awkward as he felt it? "By all means," he said; "be it as you will." So the two lie down to sleep on the bed, and the priest's son seats himself in a chair, with his sword in his hand. When it was close on midnight the wall rent in twain, and in leaped a monster. Then the priest's son rushed towards the bed with his sword, cut off the monster's heads, and flung him out at the door, without making any mess. But the prince awoke at the noise, and, seeing him standing over him with a drawn sword, supposed that he was about to slay him, and set up a loud alarm. There was at once a great hubbub in the palace, and every one ran to ask what was the matter. The prince cried and tore his clothes, and said the priest's son was going to kill him through jealousy. They put every possible pressure on the priest's son to tell them why he approached the bed with his drawn sword, but he feared to confess, for he knew that he'd be turned to marble. The priest and his wife entreat the king's mercy, but in vain. Then, the priest's son says: "O King, live for ever! Behold now, since I have not slain your son, banish me to a wilderness. Why do you wish me to perish guiltless?" "Nay—nay, but you shall tell us," said the king. Then the priest's son could bear it no longer,



and he said : "I have but one life to lose. What does it matter? I am only grieved for my father and mother. But you will be sorry afterwards, and the guilt of my undoing be on your heads." So he began to relate how everything had happened, and then how he heard from the sorceress that the girl's father had invoked a curse to the effect that on the first night the wall should be rent and a monster should come and eat them both up. "And this," he added, "was why I rushed, sword in hand, and slew the monster, and cast him forth, and if you doubt my words, come and see for yourselves. But the sorceress said also that whosoever should overhear and repeat her words should be turned to stone." And forthwith he changed to a marble block and fell flat on the floor. Then they all began to pull their beards.

When some days had passed the princess said to her husband, that unless he went to the sorceress to learn how to unmarble the priest's son she would send him away from her. So the prince started for the castle, sorely against his will, for he was afraid. To make a short story of it, he reached the castle and pretended to fall asleep. Again the sorceress and her daughter entered and saw the prince. "Hey!" said the girl, "what does he want now, I wonder?" "Why, don't you remember that I said that whoever overheard and repeated those words of mine should be turned to stone? There was one hidden, who went and told them, and now this one has come to hear something, so that he may go and restore him. But he will not be granted that favour, I trow!" At last, after many entreaties of her daughter, she said : "If he can only bring himself to slay the child which his wife shall bear him upon the marble block, his friend will be restored to his proper form." The prince heard this, and when they were gone he got up and went away. When he came home the princess asked him what he had heard. Said he : "I heard that the only cure is to kill the child that you shall bear, on the marble block, but I cannot do such a thing." "I'll do it myself!" said she. "That poor fellow saved us both when the monster would have devoured us, and you would spare a little puling brat!" Her time came, and she gave birth to a son, an angel of a child, and she slew it on the marble as if it had been a chicken, such a heart of iron was hers. Trickle—trickle! and the marble all melts away, and the priest's son comes to life again and says : "Ah, what a heavy sleep I have had! and how lightly am I awaked! Who showed me this kindness?" In a little while he was thoroughly aroused and saw the slaughtered child, and he learns how this had happened. Then he pitied the babe, that it should have been slain on his account, and went off to the castle.

Now all this long while the priest's son had loved the daughter of the sorceress, for she was the next in beauty to the princess, and he went with the intention of taking her away. And when he arrived at the castle he found the mother and daughter sitting at table. Says he : "Good day, ladies." "Welcome, young master," says the mother; but the daughter looked to the ground, as if she were ashamed, for she had set him deep in her heart from the moment she first saw him. "And why have you come?" "What shall I say? I love your daughter, and that is what has brought me here again."

The sorceress said: "Well, my daughter just suits you, and I loved you from the moment you first set foot in this castle. Take her, and depart with my blessing." And then she added: "Take this string also, and bind up the babe's throat with it, and he will be restored to life." Then they received the old woman's blessing and kissed her hand, and took as much treasure as they could carry and departed. They returned to the town, and the priest's son went at once and bound up the infant's throat and restored him to life. And in the evening the priest called together his brother priests and married his son to the damsel.

This part of the Greek story is peculiarly interesting to students of folklore, since it finds its prototype in the Tamil romance done into English under the title of *Dravidian Nights Entertainments*, where the minister's son overhears a bird predict misfortune to the prince, and threatens death to him who should reveal it to any person—see *ante*, page 352—and the conclusion of the same work is also very similar. The killing of the babe, in order to restore the priest's son to life, has its parallel in the old French romance of *Amis and Amiloun*, which has been introduced into some versions of the *Seven Wise Masters*, where the names of the two faithful friends are changed to Alexander and Ludovic—in short, the Greek story is a curious jumble of incidents which properly belong to a number of quite different folk-tales.

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## INDEX

TO MR. CLOUSTON'S PAPERS ON THE *SQUIRE'S TALE*.

- Abjer, the steed of Antar, 280.  
 Achilles, the spear of, 372.  
 Adenès le Roi, 382, 383.  
 Ainsworth, W. H., 311.  
 'Ajā'ib el-ma'āsir, &c., 362.  
 Albanian Tales, 286, 288, 347, 365.  
 Alchemists, astrologers, &c., 350.  
 Alexander, Wars of, 451.  
 Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shiddah, 426.  
 Alhambra, Tales of the, 289, 305, 358.  
 Ali, Mrs. Meer Hasan, 413.  
 Amis and Amiloun, 471.  
 Analogues compared, 411, 458, 467, 468.  
 Ananga Ranga, 431.  
 Andersen's Danish Tales, 425, 450.  
 Antar's steed Abjer, 280; his sword Dhamí, 377.  
 Apollonius of Tyana, 306.  
 Arabian Tales, 283, 294, 304, 305, 330, 331, 339, 348, 365, 377, 378, 413, 418.  
 Arabic numerals, 350.  
 Arbuthnot, F. F., 466.  
 Archangels, the four, 419.  
 Archytas the Tarentine, 299.  
 Arddhanārisvara, 438.  
 Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, 379.  
 Arthur's sword Excalibar, 375.  
 Aschmedai = Asmodeus, the "familiar" of Solomon, 335.  
 Ashmo'le, Elias, 311.  
 Auspicious day, 293.  
 Automata, wooden, 298, 299.  
 Bacon, Roger, 310, 312.  
 Bahār-i Dāmush, 294.  
 I aitāl Pachisi, 462.  
 Balfour's *Cyc. of India*, 435.  
 Palmung, the sword of Velent, 380.  
 Balsamo, Joseph, 318.  
 Lasque Legends, 365.  
 Beast-Fable, origin of, 351.  
 Beaumont's description of a magic glass, 329.  
 Beloe's *Miscellanies*, 450.  
 Benfey's *Pantschatantra*, 427.  
 Beryn, Tale of, 275, 276.  
 Bibliothèque des romans, 385, 451.  
 Bidpay's Fables, 427.  
 Bimba-tree, 429.  
 Bird-language, 348—351, 465.  
 Birds, magical wooden, 290, 430, 440.  
 Birds, monstrous, 284.  
 Birds' predictions, stories of, 352, 358, 362.  
 Birds, secrets learned from, 351—355.  
 Birds, stories of disputing, 360, 361.  
 Biting and scratching, in love, 432.  
 Blue, colour of truth, 274.  
 Boccaccio's *Decameron*, 275, 452.  
 Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, 379.  
 Boys employed by magicians, 312, 320, 321, 327, 328.  
 Bráhma, the egg of, 429.  
 Brandl on the *Squire's Tale*, 460.  
 Bridle, magical power in, 272, 287, 446.  
 Broomstick, witch's, 296.  
 Brown's *Turkish Evenings*, 363.  
 Browne, Sir Thos., on properties of gems, 346.  
 Buddhist Birth-stories, 378.  
 Burmese Tales, 347.  
 Burton, Sir R. F., 285.  
 Butler's *Hudibras*, 311.



- Cagliostro, 318.  
 Cambyuskán, the name, 270.  
 Cammoen's *Lusiad*, 309.  
 Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, 284.  
 Canacé's Ring, 271, 340, 348, 356.  
*Canterbury Tales*, characters without stories, 275.  
 Carpet, Flying, 294.  
*Celinde et Meliarchus*, 384.  
 Ceylon, old names of, 436.  
 Champion of England, 278.  
 Chariots, Flying, 291—293; Chair, 418; Chest, 421.  
 Charlemagne and his dead mistress, 342.  
*Cheval de Fust*, 384.  
*Chevalier de l'Épée*, 378.  
*Child Horn*, 380.  
*Child Orm*, 381.  
 Clark, J. T., 302.  
*Cléomadès et Claremonde*, 382—413, 458, 466.  
 Clouston's Analogues of the *Tale of Beryn*, 276; *Eastern Romances*, 287, 297, 339, 354, 463; *Popular Tales and Fictions*, 273, 290, 291, 355.  
 Comparetti's Italian Tales, 363.  
 Constantinescu, B., 322.  
 Cow, sacred in India, 434.  
 Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, 364.  
 Dalryell's *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, 310.  
*Danish Ballads*, Prior's, 378.  
 Danish Tales, 353, 425, 450.  
 Dasent's Norse Tales, 372, 377.  
 Davidson, Thomas, 428.  
 Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*, 283.  
 De Chatelain, 466.  
 Dee's magic glass, 310, 311.  
 Dempster's (Miss) Sutherlandshire Folk-Lore, 297.  
 Dickens' *Old Bamboo Hower*, 344.  
 Digby, Sir Kenelm, 373.  
 Dinar, an Arabian gold coin, 418.  
 Dîvs, 291.  
*Don Quixote*, 464.  
 Don Roderic, 306.  
 Doni's *Moral Philosophy*, 428; *Novelle*, 342, 457.  
 Dozon's Albanian Tales, 287, 288, 347.  
*Dravidian Nights*, 347, 352, 450, 471.  
 Dubois' Love adventures of Ladies of antiquity, 451.  
 Durgá, 414, 439.  
 Dwarfs, as ring-makers, 464; as sword-makers, 376.  
 Ebony Horse, story of the, 413.  
 Eddas, the, 349, 350, 380.  
 Egyptian romance, 352.  
 Ellis' *Original Letters*, 319.  
 Enchanted girls, 373, 418, 443.  
*Englische Studien*, 412, 460, 461.  
 Esthonian Legends, 339, 349.  
 Excalibar, the sword of Arthur, 375.  
 Fables, "morals" appended to, 370.  
*Fabliaux*, 463, 465.  
 Fairies and genii, 338.  
 Falcon and tercelet, 273; Indian analogue, 462.  
 Finnish Tales, 379.  
 Firdaus's *Sháh Náma*, 307, 370.  
 Fish, grateful, 355.  
*Florence et Blanchfleur*, 465.  
 Flying Chair, story of the, 418.  
 Flying Chest, story of the, 421, 467.  
 Forgetfulness, rings of, 340, 341.  
 Forty, the number, 287, 288.  
 Frazer, J. G., 315, 348.  
 Frere's (Miss) *Old Deccan Days*, 298, 354.  
 Friar as an Angel, 452, 454.  
 Furnivall, F. J., 265, 266, 275, 276, 277, 468.  
 Gaelic Tales, 284, 295.  
 Ganas, Ganésa, 438.  
 Gándharva marriages, 341, 431.  
 Garuda, 430.  
 Geldart's *Folk-Lore of Modern Greece*, 284, 445, 450.  
 Gems, magic, 342—347; natural properties ascribed to gems, 346.  
 Genii and fairies, 338.  
 Geoffrey of Monmouth, 305.  
 German Tales, 291, 311, 348, 354, 364, 367, 449.  
 Gervase of Tilbury, 303, 461.  
*Gesta Romanorum*, 313, 342, 344.  
 Gibb, E. J. W., 330, 371, 416.  
*Gil Blas*, 466.  
 Gipsy Tales, 294, 332, 377, 440, 442, 465.

- Glanvil, Joseph, 315.  
 Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*, 311.  
 Golden Steed, story of the, 445, 468.  
 Gonzenbach's Sicilian Tales, 284.  
 Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 301.  
 Greek popular Tales, 284, 288, 365, 445, 450, 467, 468.  
 Green, colour of inconstancy, 274.  
 Groome, F. Hudes, 441, 467.  
 Guest, Lady Charlotte, 277.  
*Gul-i-Bukáwál*, 353.  
 Hahn's Greek and Albanian Tales, 365, 467.  
 Hales, John, 277.  
 Halliwell-Phillipps, J. O., 277, 454.  
 Hand, right or left, for rings, 339.  
 Hari, 437.  
 Hasselt, A. van, 383.  
*Hátim Tái*, 343, 344.  
 Hebrew Legends, 289, 294, 335, 336, 376.  
 Heman's (Mrs.), poem on the Magic Glass, 332.  
*Hikáyát-i Aja'ib ú Gharíb*, 426.  
 Hindú Tales—see Indian Tales.  
*Hitopadesa*, 428.  
 Homer's *Iliad*, 292, 307; *Odyssey*, 295.  
 Hood, Thomas, 279.  
 Horripilation, 433.  
 Horses, magic, 272, 280—291, 387, 406, 409, 412, 414, 416, 447, 463.  
 Hungarian Tales, 287, 311, 355, 367, 378.  
*Huon of Burdeux*, 305, 344.  
 Húrís of Paradise, 423.  
 Icelandic Tales, 295.  
 Image, fixing pins into, 313.  
 Images, magic, 302—306, 386, 414.  
 Indian Tales, 282, 283, 284, 285, 290, 291, 293, 296, 298, 330, 343, 347, 351, 352, 354, 361, 368, 373, 381, 427, 428, 436, 452, 462.  
 Indra, 292, 293.  
 Irving's *Spanish Papers*, 306; *Tales of the Alhambra*, 289, 305, 358.  
 Italian Tales, 284, 342, 363, 367, 452, 457.  
 Jacob's staff, 376.  
 Jamshíd's flying throne, 295; magic cup, or mirror, 307.  
 Japanese Tales, 344.  
*Játakas*, or Buddhist Birth-stories, 378.  
 Jinns and perís, 338.  
 Joseph's divining cup, 307.  
 Josephus' *Ant. Jud.*, 451.  
 Kailasá (or Indraloki), 292, 293.  
*Kalevala*, 379.  
 Káli, 439.  
 Kálidasa's *Sakúntalá*, 292, 341, 431.  
 Kalmuk Tales, 290, 347, 378.  
 Kámadeva, 413, 428.  
*Káma Sutra*, 431.  
*Kathá Sarit Ságara*, 284, 285, 298, 351, 381, 436, 462.  
 Keightley's *Tales and Popular Fictions*, 382, 385, 405, 458, 464.  
 Kempius *De Usculis*, 450.  
*King Estimere*, 277.  
 Kirby's *New Arabian Nights*, 304, 378.  
*Kitáb ruju' esh-Shaykh ila Sibahi*, 431.  
 Kite, 274.  
 Kittredge, G. L., 412, 461, 462.  
 Knights riding into Halls, 276.  
 Krishna, 349, 413, 431.  
 Lakshmi, 430.  
 Lane's (E. W.), *Arabian Nights*, 284, 304, 305, 348, 365; *Modern Egyptians*, 320.  
 Lane's (John), "Continuation" of the *Squire's Tale*, 265, 269, 273, 276, 412.  
 Language of Animals, 348—371, 465.  
 Lanka, 436.  
 Lee, Sidney L., 306.  
 Leger's Slav Tales, 288, 358, 368, 445.  
 Legrand's Greek Tales, 288.  
 Leland's *Itinerary*, 281.  
 Life-tokens, 290.  
*Lizzat en-Nisá*, 431.  
 Lucian's story of Pancrates, 297.  
 Lydgate, John, 303, 342.  
 Lytton's *Zanoni*, 332.  
 Mabinogion, 278.  
 Mackay, the Highland wizard, 296.

- Málanakamarájánkadai*, 352—see also *Dravidian Nights*.  
 Maghrabí country, 289.  
 Magic Birds, 290, 430, 440; Carpets, 294; Chair, 418; Chariots, 291—293; Chest, 421, 426, 467; Horses, 271, 272, 280—291, 387, 406, 409, 412, 414, 416, 447, 463; Mirrors and Images, 271, 299—333; Rings and Gems, 271, 334—347, 464; Ships, 295; Sticks, 296—298, 378; Swords and Spears, 271, 372—381.  
 Magyar Tales, 287, 311, 355, 367, 378.  
*Mahábhārata*, 292.  
 Marco Polo, 270, 410, 411.  
*Mélusine*, 463, 465; (journal), 365.  
 Merchant, Bull, and Ass, 365.  
 Merlin's magic mirror, 300, 301; prophecy of London, 305.  
 Metempsychosis, 351.  
 Mew, 274.  
 Miklosich's Gipsy Tales, 294, 377, 445.  
 Mirror, a favourite title of books, 309.  
 Mirrors, magic, 271, 299—302, 306—333; feats with, 310—329.  
 Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, 344.  
 Moorish Tales, 289, 305, 356.  
 Moses' Ring of Oblivion, 340; his Rod, 376.  
 Müller, Friedrich, 465.  
 Nakhshabí, 291, 431.  
 Name, the Ineffable, 335, 338.  
 Náráyana, 432, 437.  
 Nash, Dr., on magic mirrors, 311.  
 Nash, Tom, 310.  
 Nestor's cup, 307.  
 Nizami's *Sikandar Náma*, 306, 307, 413.  
 Norse Tales, 279, 349, 350, 372, 375, 376, 378, 380.  
 Nú Rúz (Persian New Year), 413.  
 Oblivion, Moses' Ring of, 340.  
 Oil of Mercy, 345.  
 Orphic Hymns, 292.  
 Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 292.  
 Owls, the Two, 370, 466.  
*Panchatantra*, 427, 428.  
 Paradise, the húrís of, 423.  
 Paris, Paulin, 384, 409.  
*Partenopea de Blois*, 295.  
 Parvati, 439.  
 Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, 367.  
 Pausanias, 309.  
 Pegasus, 285.  
 Peregrine and tercelet, 273; Indian analogue, 462.  
 Perkins, Rev. W., on witchcraft, 331.  
 Persian Tales, 291, 294, 297, 338, 343, 344, 353, 421, 426, 463.  
 Petis de la Croix, 421.  
 Pickering, Chas. J., 458.  
 Piers Plowman, 309.  
 Pilpay's Fables, 427.  
 Pitre's Sicilian Tales, 367.  
 Polish Tales, 294, 377, 378.  
 Prince and his feathered friends, 356.  
 Prior's *Danish Ballads*, 378.  
 Rádhá, 431.  
 Ráhu, 434.  
 Rákshasas, 436.  
 Rati, 428.  
 Ravens' dispute, 358.  
*Reynard the Fox*, 306, 344, 408.  
*Richard sans Peur*, 294.  
 Rieu's Catal. of Persian MSS., 426.  
 Rings and Gems, magic, 271, 334—347, 464.  
 Roman Knight as Anubis, 450.  
 Russian Tales, 287, 358, 368, 445.  
 Rutter, the English wizard, 281.  
*Sadducismus Triumphatus*, 315.  
 St. George and the Dragon, 288.  
*Sakúntalá*, 292, 341, 431.  
 Sastri, Pandit Natésa, 347, 352, 450.  
*Schimpf und Ernst*, 367.  
 Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 346, 373.  
 Scott, Jonathan, 418.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 316, 373.  
 Scratching and biting, in love, 432.  
 Serpents and bird-language, 349, 368.  
*Seven Wise Masters*, 300, 301, 302, 358, 360, 471.  
 Shakspeare's ref. to magic glass, 309.  
 Shepherd who knew the language of animals, 368.



- Ships, self-moving, 295, 296.  
 Shoes of swiftness, 279.  
 Siamese Tales, 464.  
 Sicilian Tales, 284, 367.  
*Siddhī Kūr*, 290, 347, 378.  
 Signet-ring on thumb, 270.  
*Sikandar Nāma*, 306, 307, 413.  
 Simurgh, 466.  
 Sindibād, Book of, 360.  
 Sinhāvipa, 456.  
*Sinhāsana Dvātrinsati*, 283, 293, 296, 343, 462.  
*Sir Degrevant*, 277.  
*Sir Gruellān*, 463.  
*Sir Lanval*, 463.  
*Sir Perceval of Galles*, 277.  
 Siva, 438, 439.  
 Skeat, Walter W., 451.  
 Snake-stones, 343, 344, 347.  
 Solomon's flying carpet, 294; signet-ring, 334—340; language of birds, 349, 466.  
 Southey's *Kehama*, 292, 329; *Thalaba*, 346.  
 Spanish legends, 306, 463.  
 Spears, magic, 379, 380.  
 Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, 295, 308, 379, 380.  
 Spitta Bey's Arabian Tales, 378.  
 Sprat, Dr., on magic mirrors, 309.  
 Square, magic, 321.  
*Squire's Tale*: outline, 270; analogues, 382—457; comparative analysis of analogues, 411, 458, 467, 468; Brandl's key, 460.  
 Staff, or stick, magic, 297, 378.  
 Stone, W. G., 275.  
 Stow's *Survey of London*, 278.  
 Straparola's *Pleasant Nights*, 367.  
 Surrey and Cornelius Agrippa, 310.  
 Suvarnadvipa, 436.  
 Swords and spears, magic, 271, 372—381.  
 Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 454.  
 Tartar Tales, 290, 347, 378.  
 Tawney, C. H., 284—see also *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*.  
 Temple, Capt. R. C., 282, 283.  
 Tercelet and peregrine, 273; Indian analogue, 462.  
 Thomes' *Early Eng. Prose Romances*, 302.  
 Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, 309.  
*Thornton Romances*, 277.  
 Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, 381; *Yule-Tide Stories*, 353, 372.  
 Three Animal languages, 363.  
 Thrones, Flying, 294, 295.  
 Toledo, magic tower of, 306.  
 Torralava, the Spanish wizard, 297.  
 Towardowski, the Polish wizard, 281.  
 Tressan, Count, 382, 385, 464.  
 Turkish Tales, 330, 362, 370, 416, 426, 463.  
*Tūtī Nāma*, 291.  
 Tyrfling, the sword, 377.  
 Valentine and Orson, 405.  
 Van Hasselt, A., 383.  
 Vāsudeva, 430.  
 Vāsudha-tree, 430.  
 Vātsyāyana, 431.  
 Valent's sword Balmung, 380.  
 Vernal festival in India, 413.  
*Vetālapanchavinsati*, 290, 430, 450, 462.  
 Vikramadityā, 283, 293, 343.  
 Virgil's magic images, &c., 301—304.  
*Virgilius, Life of*, 302.  
 Vishnū, 430.  
 Volsung saga, 375.  
 Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, 275, 310, 460, 462.  
 Wealth, advantages of, 343.  
 Weaver as the angel Gabriel, 426; as the deity Vishnū, 428.  
 Weil's *Bible, Koran, and Talmud*, 294.  
 Weir, Major, the Scotch wizard, 297.  
 Williams, Sir Monier, 293, 342, 431.  
 Wilson's *Hindū Theatre*, 429.  
 Witch's broomstick, 296.  
 Witchcraft, laws against, 331.  
 Wizards, noted, 281, 296, 297.  
 Wlislöck's Gipsy Tales, 441, 468.  
 Wooden Bird, story of the, 440, 468.  
 Wounds healed by sympathy, 373.  
 Wright, Thomas, 297, 301, 382.  
 Yama, 432.  
 Yule, Col. Henry, 270, 411.

# CORRECTIONS FOR THE TEXT OF LANE'S SQUIRE'S TALE.

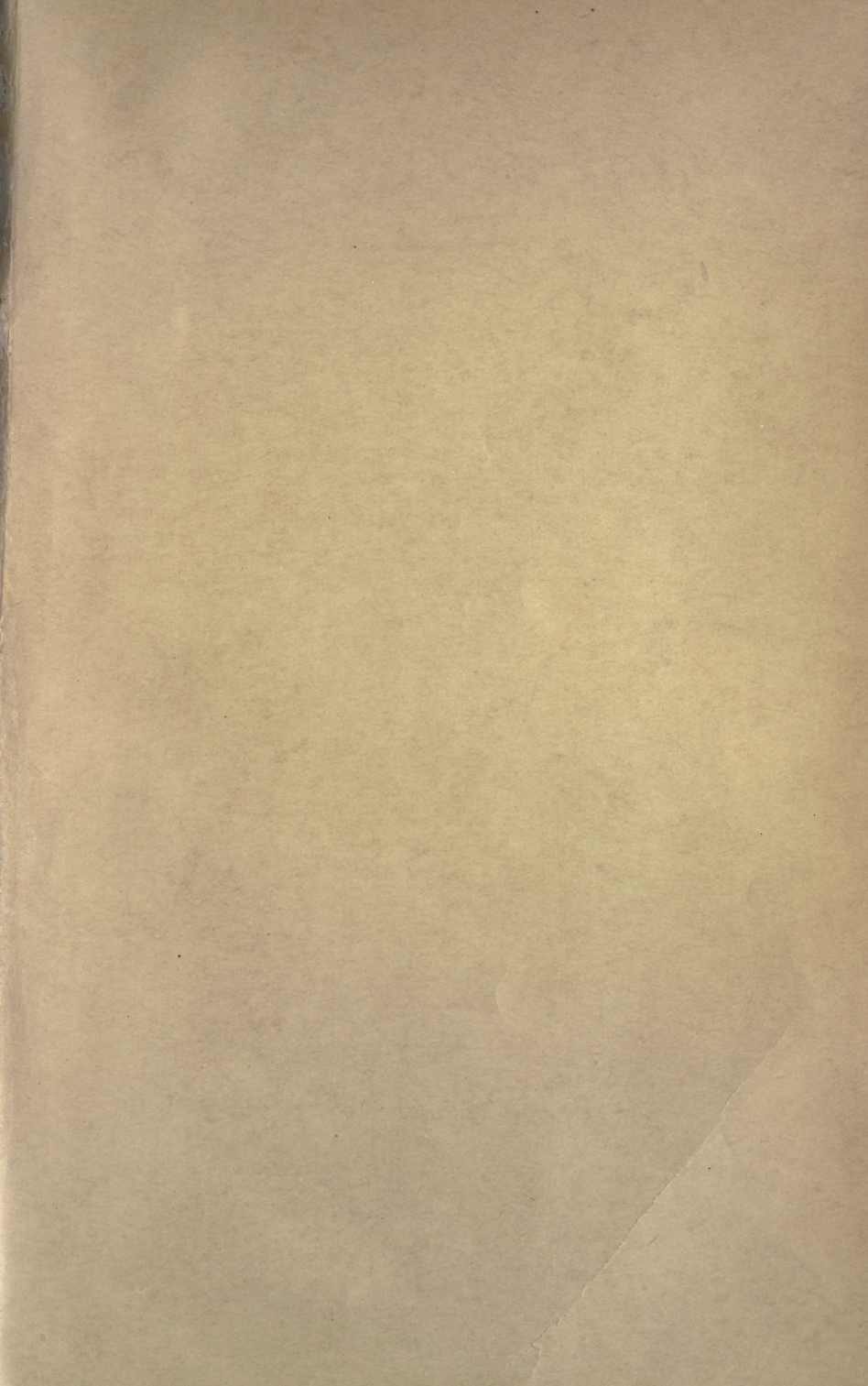
BY MR. THOMAS AUSTIN.

- p. 60, l. 285, evidently means "wave all alofte the mayne-mastes highest stem," *all alofte* being preposition. The stopping is as given.
- p. 88, l. 379, A. has *Canace*, to make metre.
- p. 95, l. 97, A. has *Commaundodore*.
- p. 105, note 3, read *exprobrate*.
- p. 106, note 5, for *hid*, read *did*.
- p. 107, note 19, read "if Land men."
- p. 107, l. 360, "& theare cast ancor to ride permanent" needs no ?, it means "come to a permanent anchor": MS. is thus.
- p. 108, note 6, add *hee* in 1st line, after *that*.
- p. 132, l. 321, looks like "these (seeinge) boies" (MS. *feenige*): this is sense.
- p. 134, l. 365, *Scheone* needs no ?: probably meant for *scheene*, or *scene*, see below.
- p. 137, l. 440, there is full-stop at end in MS., but it should be comma, as the MS. is often badly stopped: here it spoils sense, and the *all* ought to be *are*, as below: the MS. has *all*.
- p. 137, note 2, read "rownd about his wast."
- p. 138, note 3, read "lowe, loft," with comma, *i. e.* = *Alow and aloft*.
- p. 139, l. 14, A. reads *aloff*, and l. 20, *brood*.
- p. 140, note 2, l. 4, read, "and all them in the streetes."
- p. 141, l. 66, read "to the churche pathe, to helpe repulse or chase," *i. e.* to aid if repulsed or chased: there is no comma after *helpe* in the MS.
- p. 143, note 2, l. 2, read "to meete him," making metre.
- p. 143, comma (! in MS.) after *readie*, in note 1, l. 10; comma after *men*, note 2, l. 3.
- p. 148, note 1, read, "and, mawger reskewes, the townes midle gatt," *i. e.* in spite of rescues, reached, or gained, the middle of the town.
- p. 149, note 2, read, "where, as one squadron watcheth, thother wardes;" of mutual foes guarding against surprise.
- p. 153, l. 308, A. has *state rattes*, not *stallinges*.
- p. 154, l. 344, (& note) read "her illious Captaines," *i. e.* jealous, (see p. 95, l. 103): read also thus in note. [My doubt of *illious* led to the mistake in the Text.—F. J. F.]

478 *Corrections for the Text of Lane's 'Squire's Tale.'*

- p. 157, l. 409, A. has here, *have inscribd.*
- p. 158, note 7, comma after *rest*.
- p. 160, note 1, "sterve, and lacke of meate."
- p. 165, note 4, "succeedes theire rowm," or *room*.
- p. 168, note 2, "with paine, to lift up stated": (? = started).
- p. 171, l. 220, "my ffather, (lives hope)," etc.: these brackets are in MS., but quite spoil the sense.
- p. 183, note 12, *slubberinge*, was sent, either as conjecture, or as mistake: MS. has *flubberinge*: see Glossary.
- p. 184, note 4, l. 1, "humblike cogg," feign in a humble way.
- p. 187, l. 564 &c. The line-numbering is out of gear thro' Lane having only 9 lines instead of 10 ryming in *-ie*. The nos. should have run 563, 567, 571 and so on to the end of Part X.—F.
- p. 199, l. 160, read "dilld-*vp*-whiffinge babies," the *vp* belongs to *dilld*: the hyphen is omitted in MS. ? Read even *dilldvp*, they are very close in MS.
- p. 203, note 6, read "Afamin," (apparently a name).
- p. 205, note 7, read, "of Oreng tawnie: none this knight outfaces"; full-stop in MS. after *tawnie*.
- p. 208, note 1, read "Greek Cynickes borne: so yonder knightes!" (! in MS.) meaning yonder knights were also Cynics. Note 4: ? in-print, *vb.*: ? meaning.
- p. 209, note 1, read "yet are not," with comma.
- p. 213, note 4, ? read "for-thie."
- p. 217, note 1, read, "Which Togantillo scorninge."
- p. 222, note 1, l. 1, read "Dueltre," making metre.
- p. 227, note 3, read "at his first entraunce."
- p. 229, note 1, read *capabl*, making metre.
- p. 229, note 5, read *Falen*, making metre.
- p. 232, note 7, read comma after *integritie*.









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